Nov. 14, 1977

THE NEW YORKER

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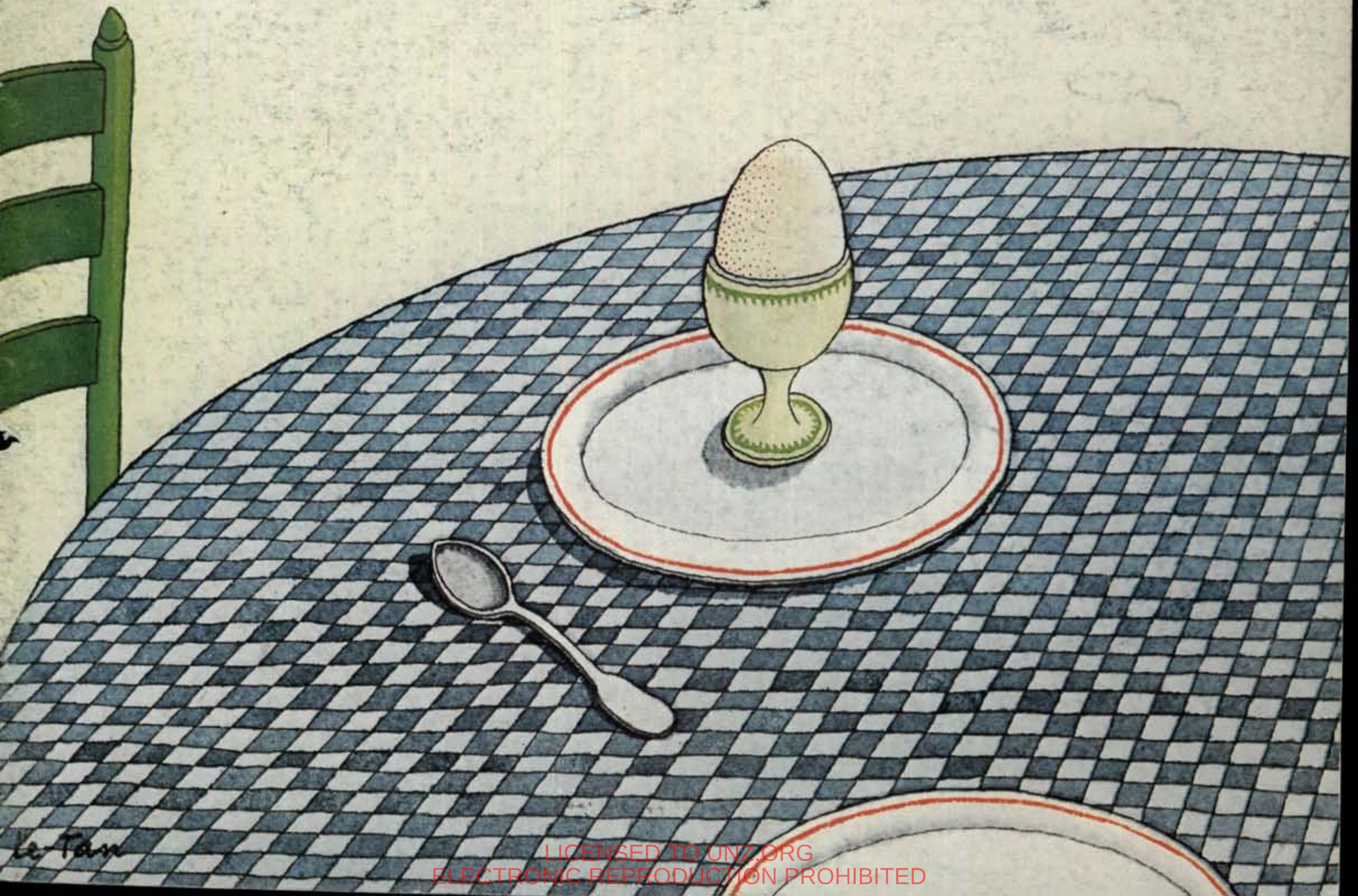

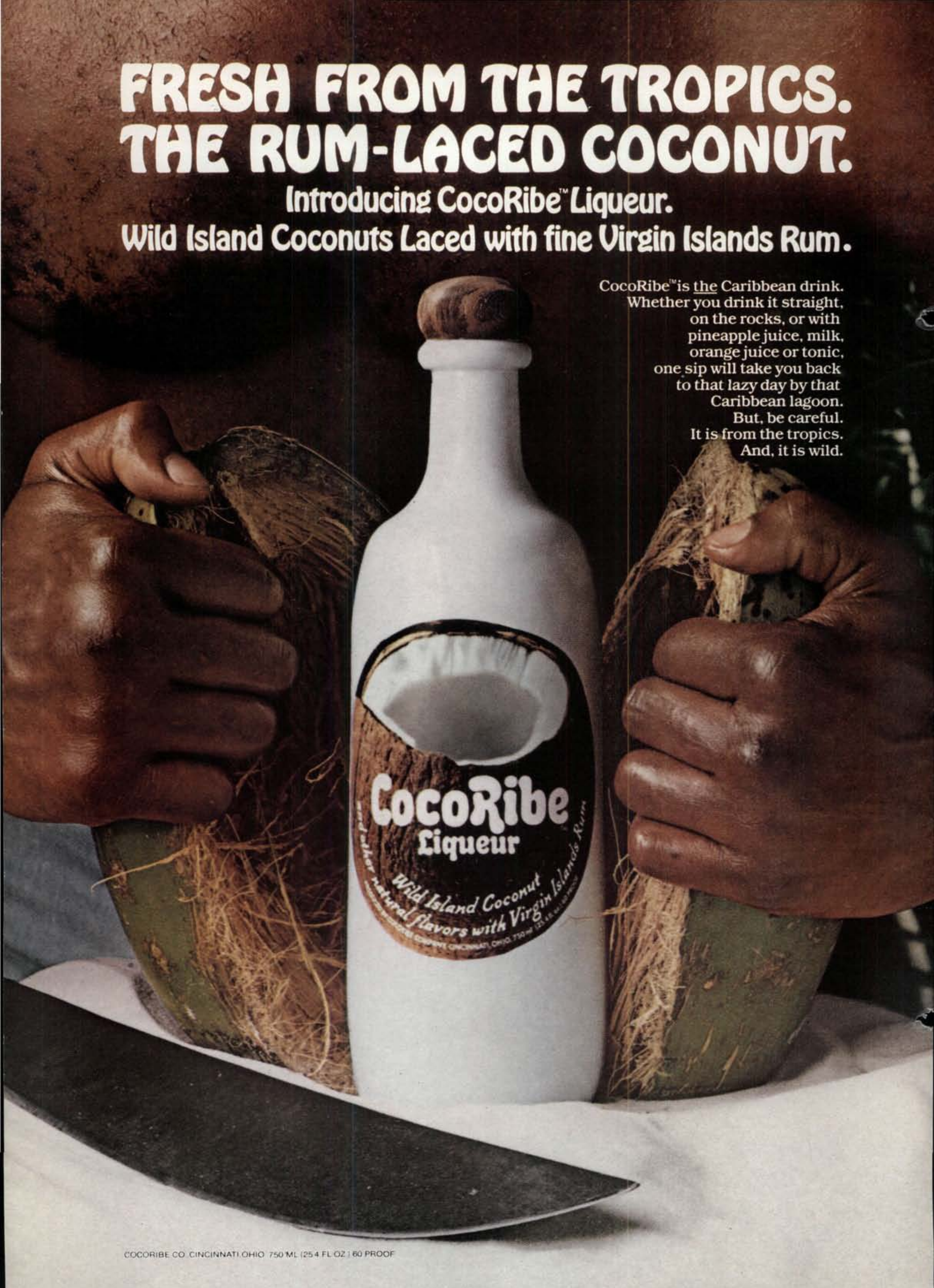
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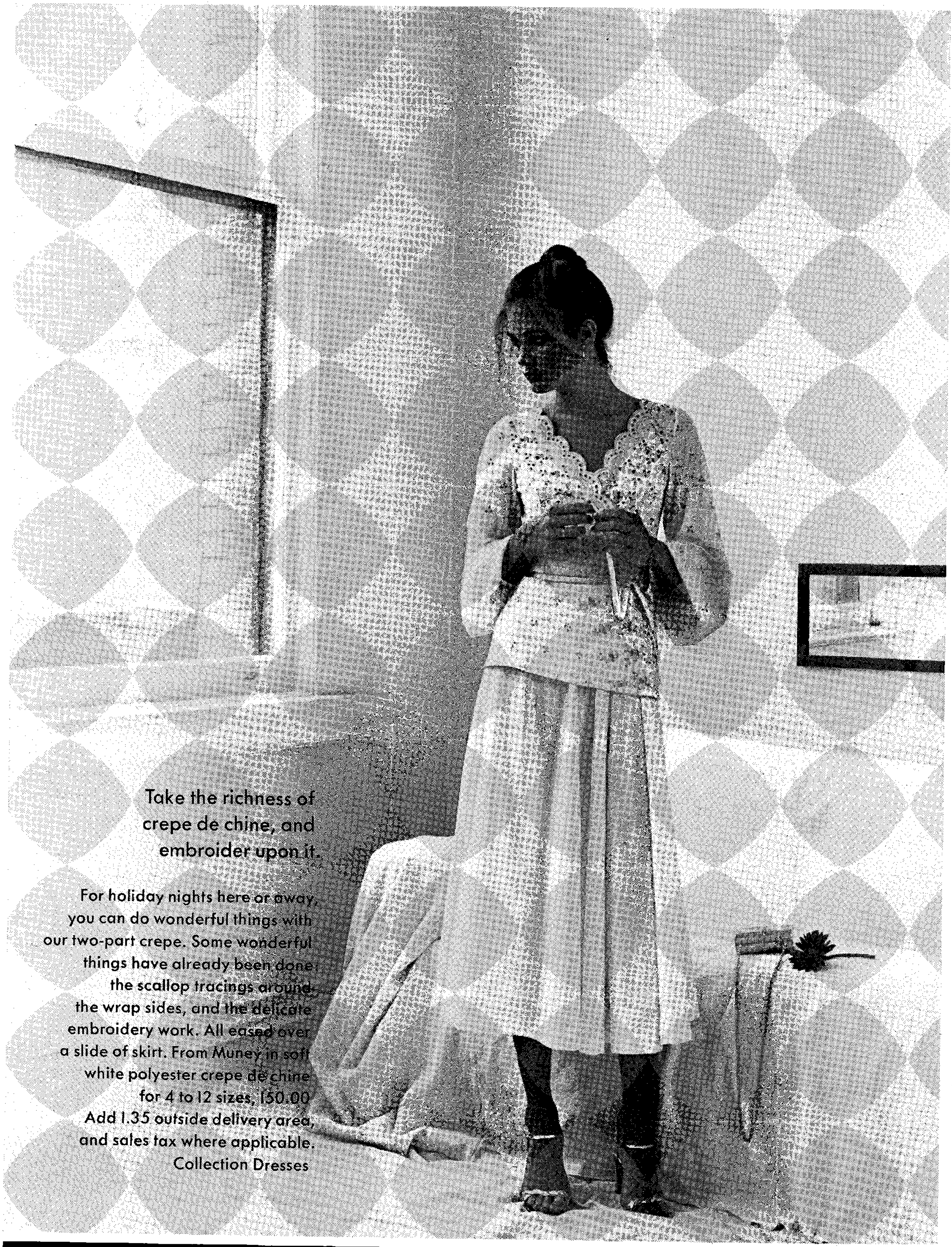

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Act—Liza Minnelli brings this old-fashioned musical to life. Her costumes, by Halston, provide the only wit in an evening of star turns à la Vegas. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

An Almost Perfect Person—Judith Ross has written a pleasant comedy about a woman lawyer seeking political office and winding up with a couple of lovers instead. With Colleen Dewhurst, George Hearn, and Rex Robbins, crisply directed by Zoe Caldwell. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Annie—Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike, in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Chez Nous—A comedy by Peter Nichols. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 27.)

Comedy with Music—Victor Borge is an amateur philologist and a professional musician, and he makes good jokes with words and with the biggest piano in the world. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Nov. 26.)

Dracula—The five-hundred-year-old count from Transylvania never looked rosier. Frank Langella heads an able cast, and the lovely, creepy sets and costumes are by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Bob Merrill's musical **carnival**, with a book by Michael Stewart, is the second in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 20. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Feedlot—A play by Patrick Meyers. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Nov. 19.)

Gemini—In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo, Jonathan Hadary, and Robert Picardo, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Gin Game—An often hilarious comedy about the misery of life in an old people's home. Sounds implausible, but D. L. Coburn performs the feat with ease. The cast consists of Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn, and they suffice. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Golda—Anne Bancroft in a play by William Gibson. Directed by Arthur Penn. Previews through Sunday, Nov. 13. Opens officially on Monday, Nov. 14. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Housewife! Superstar!!—Barry Humphries in a one-man show. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

I Love My Wife—Cy Coleman's winning music and Lenny Baker's clowning justify this mild musical examination of the sexual revolution in Trenton. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The King and I—Yul Brynner is incandescent in this admirable revival of the Rodgers-Hammerstein musical. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Landscape of the Body—This oddity by John Guare combines wild, original comedy, gruesome melodrama, theatrical inventiveness, and rather cloudy abstract thought to tell the story of a woman in Greenwich Village who is suspected of having killed her fourteen-year-old son. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is all that this gifted dramatist could wish for. Shirley Knight is very good in the leading role, and she is well supported by F. Murray Abraham, Paul McCrane, Peg

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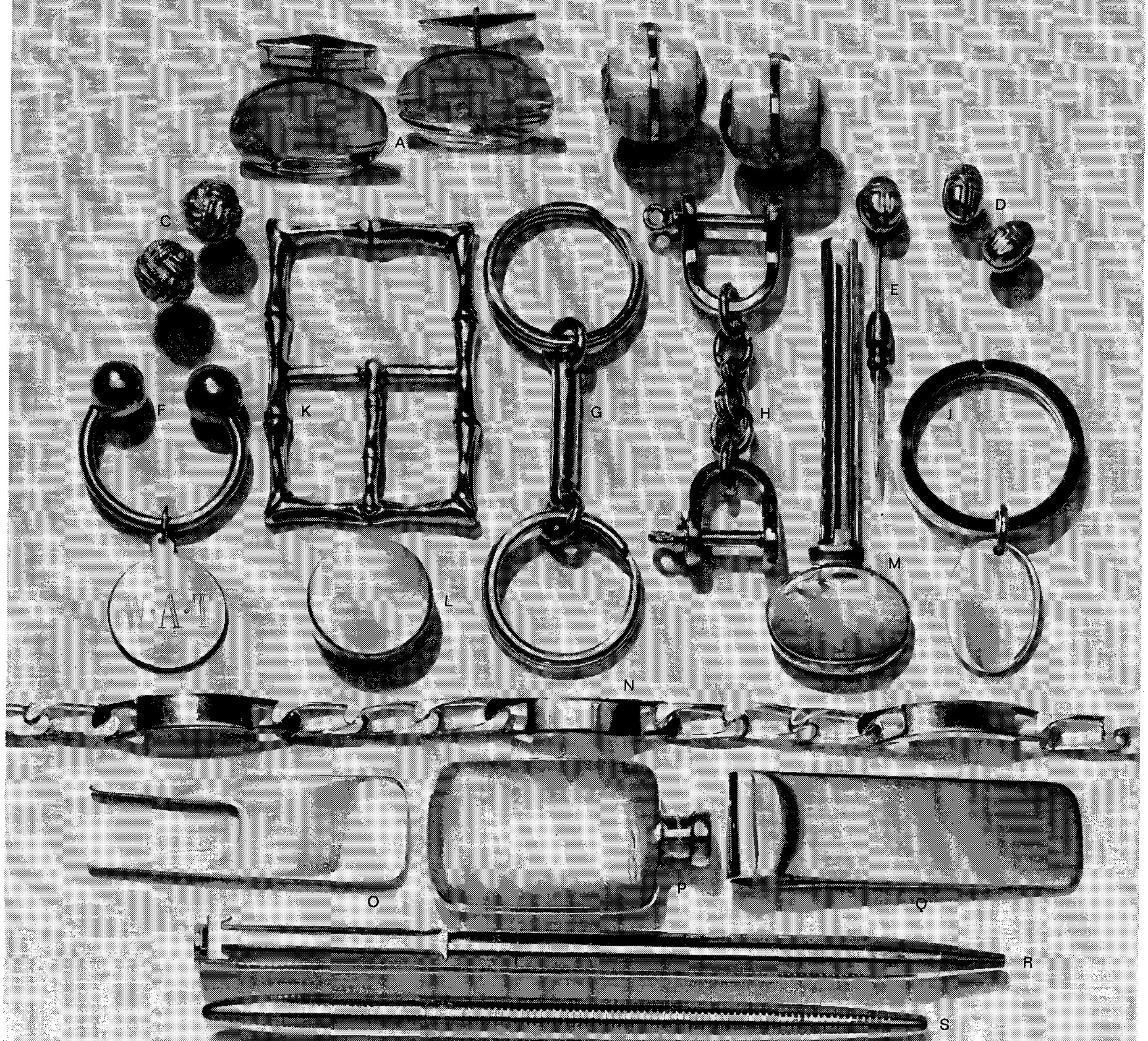

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Murray, and Richard Bauer, among others. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 20.)

A Life in the Theatre—David Mamet's most recent wonder is a loving tribute to the theatre in the form of a collage of the offstage conversations between a seasoned actor and a younger one, and of their onstage dialogues in brief parodies of every conceivable kind of scene. The play is very funny, and subtly haunting as well. With Ellis Rabb and Peter Evans as the actors. Gerald Gutierrez was the estimable director, and John Lee Beatty the estimable scenic designer. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Another admirable revival. Richard Kiley (Chev Rodgers fills in for him on Wednesday afternoons) is the perfect embodiment of the Knight of the Woeful Countenance in the Wasserman-Leigh-Darion musical. He is supported by a strong cast, and Howard Bay's sets and costumes are as marvellous as ever. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Merchant—A play by Arnold Wesker, based on three pre-Shakespearean legends: "The Elopement of Jessica," "The Three Caskets," and "The Pound of Flesh." John Clements, Roberta Maxwell, Joseph Leon, and Marian Seldes head the cast. John Dexter directed. Previews through Tuesday, Nov. 15. Opens officially on Wednesday, Nov. 16. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Thursday, Nov. 17, at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Miss Margarida's Way—Estelle Parsons is very funny as a mad, despotic schoolteacher in what is virtually a one-woman show, by the Brazilian dramatist Roberto Athayde. Miss Margarida, who employs every conceivable form of tyranny over her helpless pupils, is very entertaining, but the play, clever as it is, is far too long. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

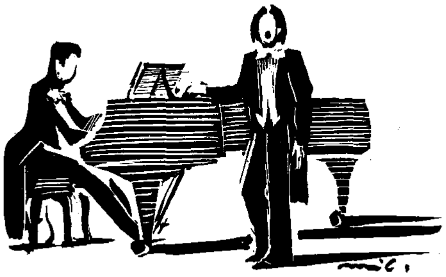
Mummenschanz—A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players—Andrés Bossard and Bernie Schürch, from Switzerland, and Floriana Frassetto, from Italy. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Naked—A play by Luigi Pirandello. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 27.)

The Passion of Dracula—Christopher Bernau makes an effective, menacing Count, and Giulia Pagano is good, too, as the object of his predatory affections in this unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters, Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 11; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Rum an Coca-Cola—Mustapha Matura's distinguished play—humorous, ironic, and tragic—is set in Trinidad and is about an aging calypso writer and singer and his loyal, eager apprentice. The performances of Leon Morenzie and Lou Ferguson are splendid. Donald Howarth directed. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 13.)

The Shadow Box—An impressive Broadway début by a young playwright named Michael Cristofer. The subject of his play is the difficulty in our society of facing the intolerable fact that we die; contrary to what one might expect, the play is not in the least a gloomy one. The superior cast has been ably directed by Gordon Davidson. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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Side by Side by Sondheim—Thirty-odd ravishing songs by Stephen Sondheim, with Nancy Dussault, Larry Kert, Georgia Brown, and Hermione Gingold. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Survival—A stirring import from South Africa that depicts, in words, dances, and songs, the inhumane treatment of the indigenous black population, in prison and out. The words are by the four actors—Fana David Kekana, Themba Ntinga, Selaelo Dan Maredi, and Seth Sibanda—and their director, Mshengu. The music is by Mr. Maredi; Clyde Kuemmerle designed the show and produced it with the Negro Ensemble Company. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 6 and Sundays at 3.)

Tartuffe—Molière's harsh, hilarious comedy about how hypocrites succeed and the rest of us fail. With a strong cast—John Wood, Tammy Grimes, Patricia Elliott, Stefan Gierasch, and Mildred Dunnock. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 20.)

The Wayside Motor Inn—A play by A. R. Gurney, Jr. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, Nov. 27.)

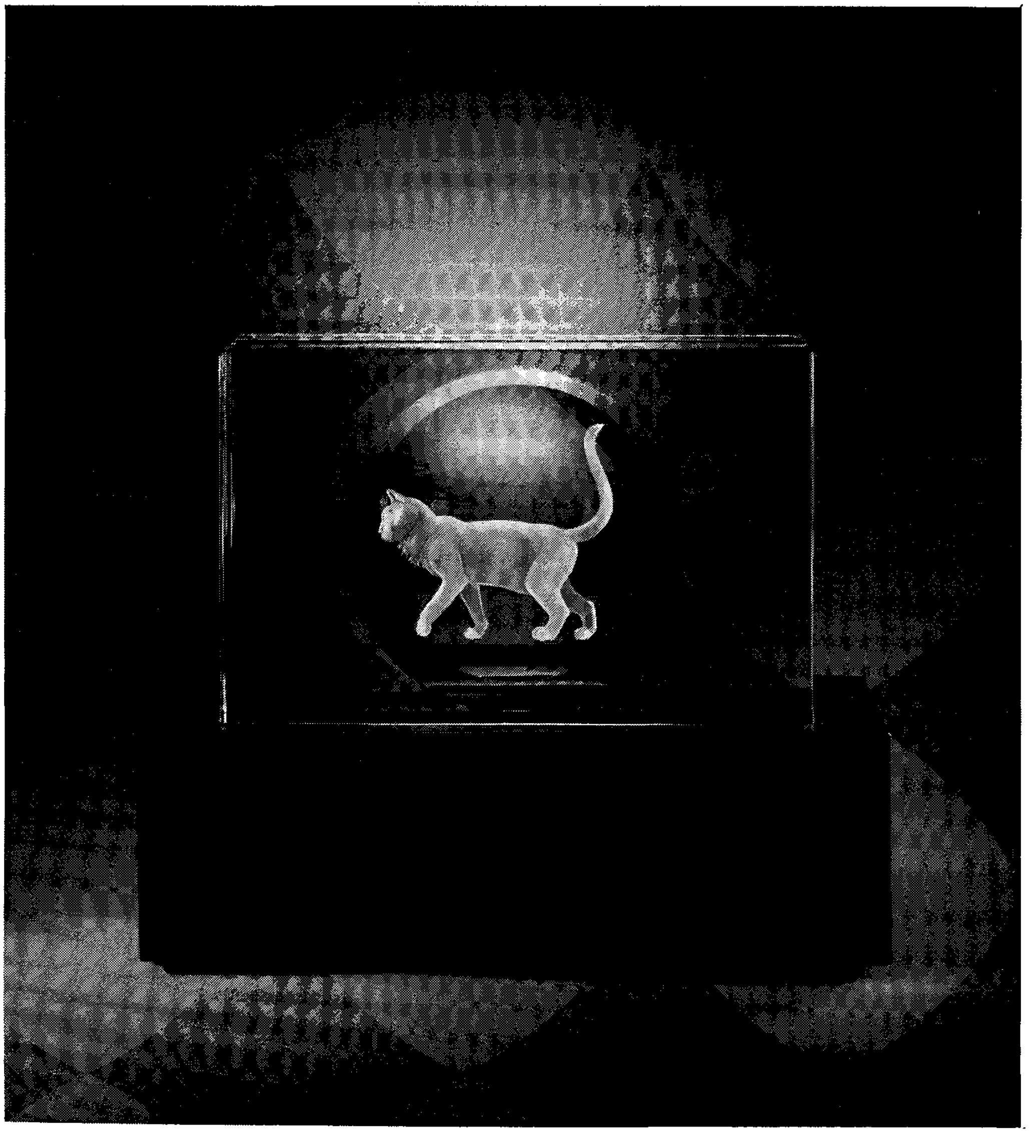
Long Runs—**BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR:** Down Memory Lane in Harlem, which means the twenties, the Cotton Club, the Savoy, Ellington, Waller . . . A lane? A boulevard. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE CLUB:** Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,299 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating results. Choreographed by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and 5.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Betsy Palmer and Don Murray, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SLY FOX:** A superb adaptation, by Larry Gelbart, of Ben Jonson's "Volpone." Uproarious shenanigans by, among others, Robert Preston, Jack Gilford, James Gallery, and John Heffernan. The direction is by Arthur Penn. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **YOUR ARMS TOO SHORT TO BOX WITH GOD:** A whirlwind of gospel-sing and (if there is such a thing) gospel-dance, taken by Vinnette Carroll from the Book of Matthew. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Moves on Wednesday, Nov. 16, to the Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St., 246-0220. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

MISCELLANY

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music production about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, Feb. 19—Tuesday evening, Nov. 15: A benefit performance (for tickets, call TR 7-4700), including previews of new unnamed ballets by George Balanchine and Peter Martins. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 16: "Concerto Barocco," "Prodigal Son," and "Agon." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 17: "Firebird," "Agon," "The Cage," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 18: "Fanfare," "Prodigal Son," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 19: "Fanfare," "Pas de Deux," "Scotch Symphony," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 19: "Square Dance" and "Vienna Waltzes." A benefit performance: for tickets, call 477-4720. (New York State Thea-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

JOFFREY BALLET—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8: "Conversations About the Dance," a special tribute to Agnes de Mille, with Miss de Mille as narrator, and with soloists from her Heritage Dance Theatre and Orchestra, as well as Gemze de Lappe, James Jamieson, Hortense Kooluris, Mel Tomlinson, and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8: "Les Patineurs," "La Vivandière Pas de Six," "Pas de Deux," and "Jazz Calendar.". . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 11, at 8: "Pas des Déesses," "Touch Me," "The Lesson," and "Jazz Calendar.". . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8: "Parade," "Pas des Déesses," "Touch Me," and "Les Patineurs.". . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 13, at 2: "The Dream," "Monotones," and "Façade.". . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 13, at 7:30: "Les Patineurs," "Touch Me," "La Vivandière Pas de Six," and "Trinity." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 489-6810.)

DANCE UMBRELLA—Final performances of a five-week season. **HARRY**: Wednesday evening, Nov. 9; Saturday evening, Nov. 12; and Sunday matinée, Nov. 13. . . . **DON REDLICH DANCE COMPANY**: Thursday and Friday evenings, Nov. 10-11; Saturday matinée, Nov. 12; and Sunday evening, Nov. 13. . . . **PAUL SANASARDO DANCE COMPANY**: Tuesday evening, Nov. 15; Thursday and Friday evenings, Nov. 17-18; Saturday matinée, Nov. 19; and Sunday evening, Nov. 20. . . . **DANNY WILLIAMS GROSSMAN AND DANCE COMPANY**: Wednesday evening, Nov. 16; Saturday evening, Nov. 19; and Sunday matinée, Nov. 20. (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

LAURA DEAN DANCERS AND MUSICIANS—Performing a new work, "Spiral," in which the dancers also sing. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Nov. 11, at 7:30; Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 13, at 2.)

DANCERS AND MUSICIANS OF BALI—A company of thirty-six, including a gamelan orchestra, in a program of traditional Hindu dances. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 7:30, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 17-18, at 8.)

DANCERS—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Dec. 11—Thursday, Nov. 17, at 7:30 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 260-0453), and Friday, Nov. 18, at 7:30: "And the Dawn Surprises No One," "Etude aux Objets," "Ramifications," and "The Arc of Angels.". . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 19, at 2: "The Still Point," "The Entertainers," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "And the Dawn Surprises No One.". . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8: "Baroque Concerto No. 8," "Lazarus," "Pavane for a Solo Dancer," "The Prussian Officer," and "The Arc of Angels." (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—An unpretentious night club—although some might think of it as a posh SoHo music loft with a liquor license. It presents, nondoctrinally, some of the most engaging experimental (vocalist **JEANNE LEE**, for example, through Saturday, Nov. 12) *and* tried-and-true (bebop saxophonist **SONNY STITT**, beginning Tuesday, Nov. 15) jazz in the city. Mondays are now given over to trumpeter and flugelhornist Ted Daniels and a fourteen-piece band called Energy, which is occasionally gangly, often free-form, and nearly always robust and accessible. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.

AXIS IN SOHO, in the M. Elson Gallery, 463 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (228-0882)—Free-form jazz and organic apple juice. Alto saxophonist **JULIUS HEMPHILL**, cellist **ABDUL WADUD**, and percussionist **CHARLES BOBO SHAW** collaborate on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 11-12; on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 18-19, saxophonist David Murray will bring in his quartet. Sets start after nine and eleven-thirty. On Sundays, **CHARLES SULLIVAN**, a fine young trumpeter, heads a thirteen-piece aggregation from six to nine.

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BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—The current attraction is singer and comedienne Ellen March, who possesses an unadventurous one-liner style and a copious vibrato. She's here through Saturday, Nov. 12. On Tuesday, Nov. 15, singer Liz Corrigan, a cheerful eclectic—she does a bit of bluegrass, a bit of Rodgers and Hart, and snippets from some of her television commercials—will return. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

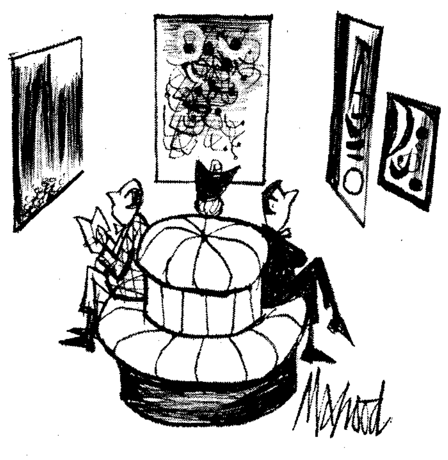
BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—The epitome of a New York bar: a pleasant, well-lit place, with old dark woodwork: a (somehow) simultaneously crusty and warm staff; and a cheerful, worldly-wise singer-pianist. Her name is **DARDANELLE**, and she doesn't emote, doesn't "put songs over," doesn't sock it to you—she just sings, clearly, effortlessly, and directly, and it's delightful. She's here from seven, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dinner.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Situated amid the high-rise dorms of New York University, the relaxed cocktail lounge of this restaurant lures in fine musicians and a healthy number of customers—many of them students. The current performers are singer Stella Marrs, who calls herself Ms. Soft Soul, and her quartet, through Saturday, Nov. 12. Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 16-19, Diane Snow will sing with her quartet. Music from nine until two, Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's the lineup: on Wednesday, Nov. 9, Blood, Sweat, and Tears performs brass-decorated rock; Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 10-13, saxophonist and flutist **YUSEF LATEEF** will lead a mainstream-jazz and R. & B. combo; on Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 14-15, Tower of Power, a ten-member soul machine from Oakland, will be present; and Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 16-17, British bassist and singer Jack Bruce will bring in his latest band. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good musicians, and die-hard patrons. **JOHN BUNCH** works with a bassist through Saturday, Nov. 12. The Sunday piano chores are handled by **JIMMY ROWLES**. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** is a mellifluous guitarist whose roots go back to Charlie Christian and Django Reinhardt and whose tone is extraordinarily rich and pleasant. He has put together a fine trio, with **MICHAEL RENZI** on piano and **RON NASPO** on bass. **GENE BERTONCINI** will fill in for Pizzarelli Tuesday through Saturday, Nov. 15-19. Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one. Dinner and dancing.



CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—There are two **BOBBY SHORTS** at the piano in the Café Carlyle. One is the famous, exhilarating balladeer, the other is the secret jazz lover. His accompanists—**BEVERLY PEER** on bass and **GENE GAMMAGE** on drums—remain mirror-perfect. At ten and midnight Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner and supper. . . . **MARIAN MCPARTLAND** presides over the keyboard in the Bemelmans Bar Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to one.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A row of neon beer signs hangs overhead; lots of young, kinkily dressed patrons, band members, and friends of band members hang around. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

CLEO, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—**MABEL MERCER** does the vocals, Jimmy Lyon does the accompanying. What more is there to say? Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** began singing in Chicago around 1907, when she was twelve. Her good contralto remains steady and rich, even at slow speeds, and she can swing, particularly when she rolls into one of her own blues. She is on Mondays through Saturdays. Sundays: **ROSE MURPHY**. For whatever reasons, she performs within a ring of tricks, but behind them is a shrewd, swinging singer and an excellent Earl Hines pianist. Music from eight to one. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—**DOC CHEATHAM** is the last of the spare, graceful, witty lyric trumpeters who appeared in Louis Armstrong's wake in the thirties, and he is playing astonishingly well today. All is in focus—the easy, full tone, the careful legato phrasing, the choice vibrato, the watercolor timbre and shading. He has a rhythm section in support. The room flanks 45th Street and has ceiling fans, a tile floor, high-backed Windsor chairs, and food with a New Orleans tinge. Mondays through Fridays from six-thirty to eleven-thirty.

DALY'S DAFFODIL, 1079 First Ave., at 59th St. (688-0018)—The current berth for **ELLIS LARKINS**, the fastidious pianist, and his bassist, **BILLY POPP**, is this East Side bar and restaurant. Wink-of-an-eye-long sets Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine.

DAVID K'S, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON**, the international café-society singer-pianist, tosses off tunes by Cole Porter, Noël Coward, and Stevie Wonder in the Aquarium Lounge Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Bobby Gordon, Vic Dickenson, Warren Vaché, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. The music begins after nine-thirty. On Tuesday, Nov. 15, trombonist and composer **JIMMY KNEPPER** will sit in with the regulars. On Sundays, **SCOTT HAMILTON**, a young, swing-inspired tenor saxophonist, leads a quintet from eight-thirty. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** works Wednesdays through Sundays with an admirable sideman, bassist **FRANK LUTHER**, and a conscientious vocalist, Alicia Sherman. Their hours are ten to three, except on Sundays, when they begin at seven. Mondays and Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**, pianist **AL HAIG**, and bassist Jamil Nasser get together at ten. Weeknights from seven to ten are given over to pianist Gene Roland, guitarist Jim Watkins, and bassist Morris Edwards.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Trombonist and bandleader Warren Covington is here with the Pied Pipers through Saturday, Nov. 12; on Monday, Nov. 14, onetime big-band star Helen Forrest will

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

take over. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—ROY ELDRIDGE is at the wheel of a sextet that comprises drummer Eddie Locke, bassist Ted Sturgis, trombonist Bobby Pratt, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, and pianist Johnny Morris. Occasionally, cornettist RUBY BRAFF substitutes for Eldridge. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky heads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

LARSON'S, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-2540)—With its sleek mirrored walls, its leopard-skin-print carpeting, and its extravagantly stocked bar, this place resembles an airport V.I.P. lounge. Pianist BROOKS KERR is on hand with onetime Ellington bassist AARON BELL on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and they're both here along with saxophonist RUSSELL PROCOPE and drummer SHELTON GARY Thursdays through Saturdays. Music from nine.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—"Nat King Cole: Sunday, Monday, and Always," is the tribute of the month. The featured singer is JOHNNY HARTMAN, with his gentle, deliberate, and luxuriantly full baritone voice. Pianist TONY MONTE and guitarist CARMEN MASTREN help him straighten up and fly right. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side music bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, disco-funk, and, sometimes, jazz bands. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A reformed coffeehouse: tables and chairs instead of benches; Perrier and even headier stuff instead of ice cream and tea; and, occasionally, jazz and rock instead of folk music. DAVE VAN RONK does raspy-voiced renditions of songs by the Rev. Gary Davis, Mississippi John Hurt, Jelly Roll Morton, and Joni Mitchell through Thursday, Nov. 10; on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 11-12, the Cate Brothers band will alternate with rock singer Terence Boylan; Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 14-15, will be turned over to a country band called Sierra; and on Wednesday, Nov. 16, Topaz, a rock trio, will take over. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—What a room, what a view! SY OLIVER is at the helm of a septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

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RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Perhaps the most nicely appointed cabaret in town. CISSY HOUSTON and her loose, agile R. & B. musicians have moved in for a couple of weeks. Miss Houston may not have the silken control or blockbuster pipes of an Aretha, but she does have a more than adequate voice, warmth, and charm; and she can produce the kind of excitement one sees only in performers on the way up. Tuesdays through Saturdays, at nine and midnight. On Monday, Nov. 14, Paula Lockheart, an energetic blues revivalist, will trade sets with the singing Roche Sisters. Fridays and Saturdays harpist DAPHNE HELLMAN guides a trio from five-thirty to seven. Dining.

STORYVILLE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A very big, square, but nonetheless warm downstairs room. On Mondays, DAVID CHESKY—composer, arranger, pianist, bandleader, and personality—offers a fourteen-piece band made up of young musicians who play his compositions and arrangements with precision and shout. He has a matching vocalist named LILLIAS, who sounds something like Dinah Washington. Alto saxophonist, flutist, contrabass clarinettist, and new-music hero ANTHONY BRAXTON leads a quintet that features violinist LEROY JENKINS through Saturday, Nov. 12. On Tuesday, Nov. 15, alto saxophonist and blues singer EDDIE (CLEANHEAD) VINSON will begin a rare visit with his quartet. Vinson, who has been prominent over the past twenty-five or thirty years in continuing the blues-shouting tradition—Vinson classics include "Juice Head Baby" and "Alimony Blues"—started out back in the thirties with a Houston-based territorial band led by Milt Larkins (Illinois Jacquet kept Vinson company in the reed section), and spent part of the forties with the Cootie Williams band. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten to two-thirty, and Mondays from nine to one.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Mondays, DAVE MATTHEWS plays electric piano and leads his vigorous twelve-piece organization; on Tuesday, Nov. 15, João Palma, a Brazilian trumpeter, will drop in with a sextet; on Wednesdays, a sextet called Nightflyte has the floor; Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 10-12, trumpeter JIMMY MAXWELL will lead a quintet; and Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 17-19, flugelhornist ART FARMER will be here with a quintet. Music from nine-thirty.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Double bassist, cellist, and piccolo bassist RON CARTER directs his superb sidemen—pianist KENNY BARRON, drummer BEN RILEY, and bassist BUSTER WILLIAMS—Tuesdays through Saturdays. And it's apt to be crowded. Sundays and Mondays belong to saxophonist Chico Freeman and his quartet. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

THIRD PHASE, 2864 Broadway, at 111th St. (749-0200)—The COUNTSMEN—EARLE WARREN and DICKY WELLS (the genuine Basie exes) along with FRANKLIN SKEETE, JO JONES, JR., and DILL JONES—work out Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 10-12; Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 17-19, SAMMY PRICE, PAUL QUINICHETTE, and HAROLD ASHBY will team up. Music from eight-thirty to one-thirty. Light menu and setups.

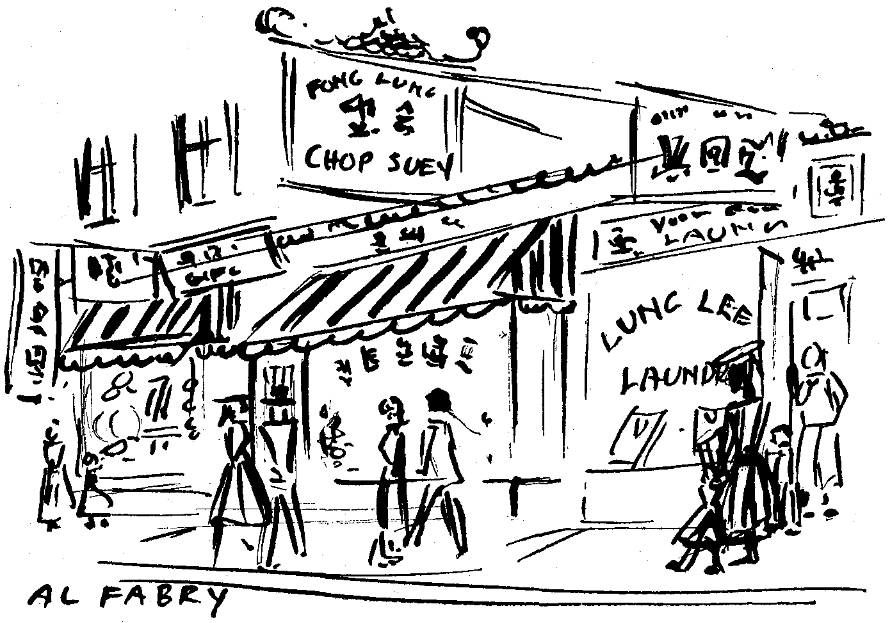
VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Classical and jazz guitarist CHARLIE BYRD and a trio will alternate with four-string guitar whiz TINY GRIMES and his trio, Friday and Saturday, Nov. 11-12; on Monday, Nov. 14, trumpeter DIZZY REECE will lead an ensemble that includes saxophonist CLIFFORD JORDAN and pianist MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS; and on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 18-19, the simultaneously rural and urbane singer and pianist MOSE ALLISON will work with his trio opposite Tahuantinsuyo, whose three members come from Peru, Ecuador, and Argentina. Music from ten on Fridays and Saturdays; at eight and ten-thirty on Mondays. In the ground-floor bar area, harpist DAPHNE HELLMAN, bassist LISLE ATKINSON, and guitarist EDDIE BERG collaborate on Thursdays from nine to midnight.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Two important, influential players and composers of contemporary mainstream jazz are scheduled: trumpeter WOODY SHAW and his seven-piece concert ensemble, through Sunday, Nov. 13; and alto saxophonist SONNY FORTUNE and a quintet, beginning Tuesday, Nov. 15. On Mondays, the THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS organization lets off steam. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A popular, if out-of-the-way, slow-paced bar that has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet), reputable soul-food kitchen. Another asset is pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. He is here Mondays through Wednesdays; Harris Simon claims the keyboard Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight until two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Swing music has moved to the Third Phase, a couple of blocks south. Meanwhile, these premises have been turned over to fledgling and more experienced groups. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty every night but Monday.

W.P.A., 152 Spring St., near West Broadway. (226-3444)—Quite a pleasant place. The trendy veneer of thirties chic isn't offensive, and the two W.P.A.-style black-and-white murals—one depicting musicians and showgirls, the other workers of the world—in the music and bar area grow on one. The waitresses, who look like severe fashion models, turn out to be just folks. And the piano-bass teams who work here from nine every night but Sunday are superlative. On Mondays and Tuesdays, it's JUDD WOLDIN and FRANK LUTHER. Wednesdays through Saturdays, HAROLD DANKO, the current pianist for the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis aggregation, is present on his own, dazzling his audience with just about everything from "Blue Skies" to "Monk's Dream" to "Maiden Voyage." Dinner.

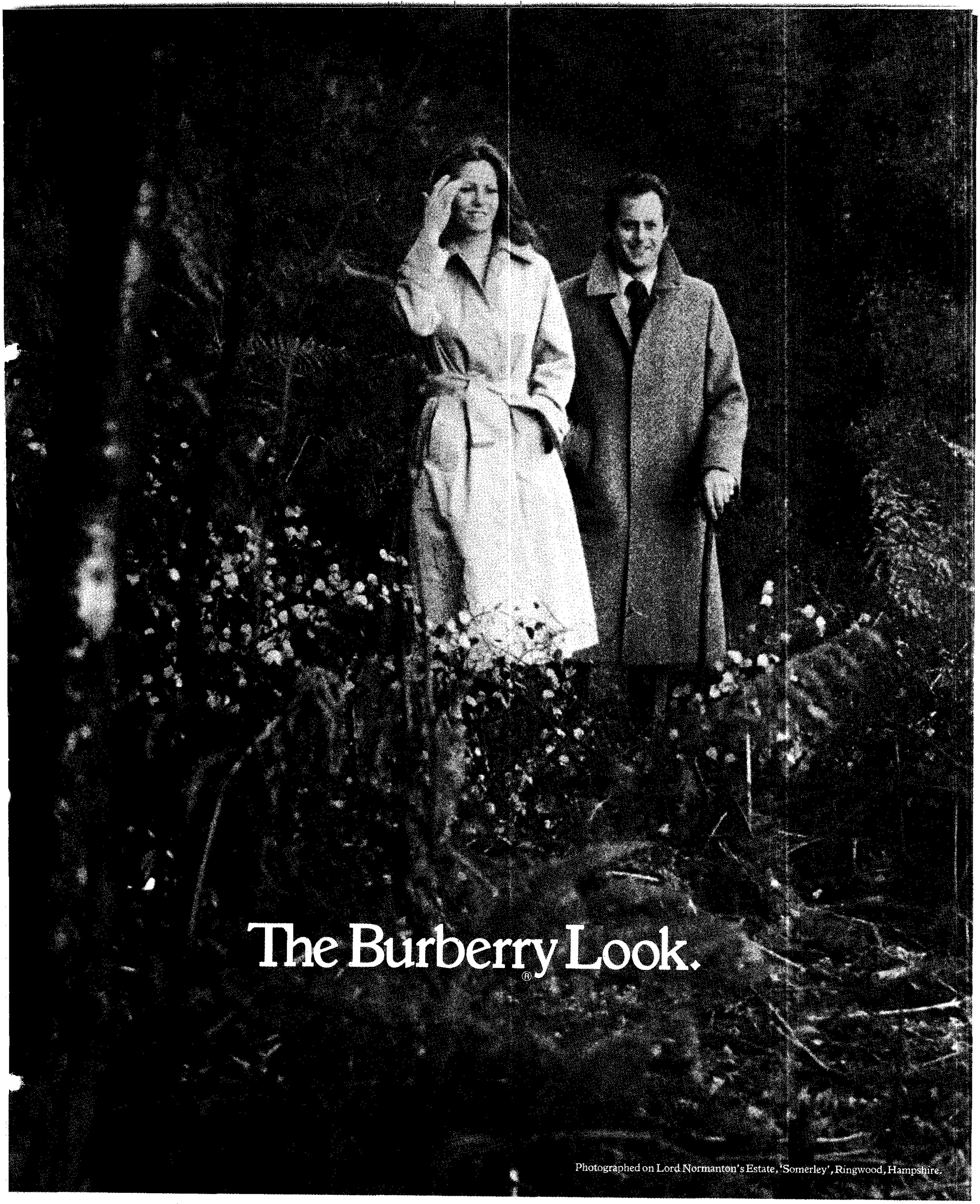


JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

INTERLUDES—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 5:45: LOUIS FALCO DANCE COMPANY. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 5:45: GRETCHEN WYLER.

JOAN ARMATRADING—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8.

SOLOS AND DUETS—Ruby Braff and Dick Hyman. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student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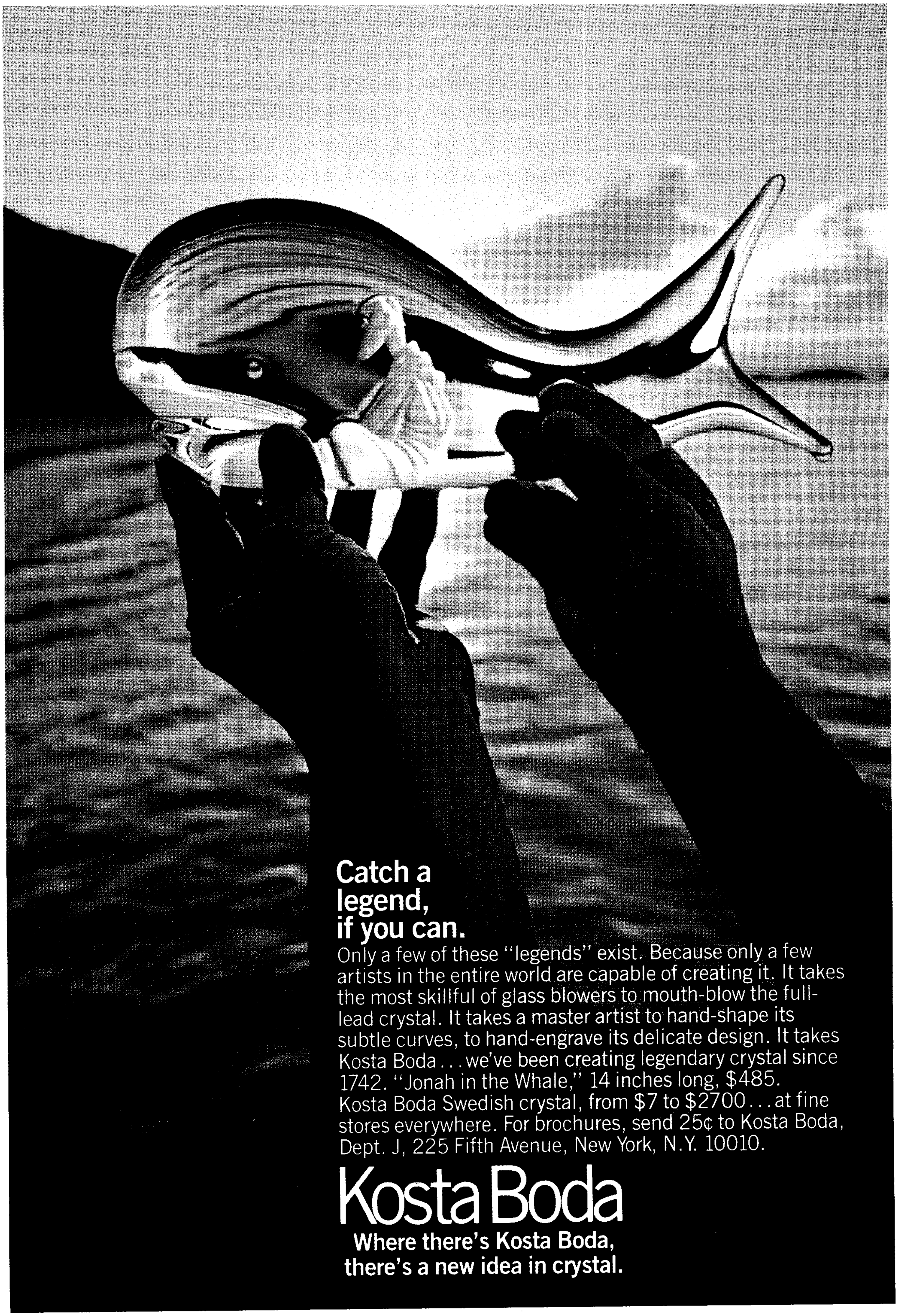

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

Ted Nugent and **Rex**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8.

CBS Jazz All-Stars—Billy Cobham, Alphonso Johnson, Steve Kahn, Tom Scott, and others. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

Richard Sussman Quintette—New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150. Saturday, Nov. 12, from 2 to 5.

Oliver Lake Quartet—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8.

Rush and **U.F.O.**—With Cheap Trick. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Tito Puente's Orchestra—A benefit concert. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

Elliott Murphy, Roger McGuinn, and **Gene Clark**—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8.

Bob James Orchestra (with John Klemmer) and **Earl Klugh**—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8.

New Riders of the Purple Sage and **Sea Level**—Palladium. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8.

The Seldom Scene—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8. For information about tickets, call 427-1488.

Note—Film clips and short features that document the times and styles of various celebrated jazz musicians are being exhibited by the New York Jazz Museum on a weekly schedule. Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 7:30: "One More Time"—Count Basie and his band; and "Hooray for Hollywood"—Benny Goodman. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 7:30: "Jazz Documentaries" and "Keyboard Wizards"—Duke Ellington, Teddy Wilson, Meade Lux Lewis, Fats Waller, Stan Kenton, and Dave Brubeck. (New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Pierre Alechinsky—Freehand designs drawn with red and blue acrylics and black ink on ceiling-high sheets of rice paper by one of the founders of the Cobra movement. The exhibition gives one the sense of walking into a tent made of outsize bandanna handkerchiefs. Through Dec. 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Ed. Baynard—Abstract acrylics. Through Nov. 26. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Robert Bidner—Realist paintings of cars, trucks, and the façades of Brooklyn houses. Through Dec. 3. (FAR Gallery, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Pierre Bonnard (1867-1947)—Large, formal studio paintings of nudes, still-lifes, and landscapes, plus quick pencil or pen-and-ink sketches. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Chris Burden—A crude television set built to duplicate the ideas put forth in the writings of the early-twentieth-century inventor John L. Baird. Through Nov. 26. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Joseph Cornell (1903-72)—Thirty-odd examples of his mysteriously captivating boxes, many of which were gifts to relatives and some of which are lined with his characteristic charts for celestial navigation. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

George Deem / Chris Van Allsburg—This artist edits Vermeer, switching his characters about and putting them into different settings, all the while retaining the pearly quality of the Dutch originals. / Whimsical sculptures—a four-foot Chrysler Building in tooled leather, for instance; a model for a chair factory shaped like a chair; a bronze Titanic sinking into a tabletop; and so on. Through Nov. 26. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Willem de Kooning—A dozen fresh, big new oils. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

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Joellen Hall—Drawings of sprawling, newly hatched barn owls and other, older birds observed at close range at the Felix Neck Wild Life Sanctuary, on Martha's Vineyard. Also sculptures of chickens and roosters. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

Katherine Hellman / Robert Freiman—Abstract marble sculptures. / Portraits, still-lifes, and cityscapes. Through Nov. 30. (Brown, 157 E. 69th St. Open Mondays.)

Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—Half a dozen paintings executed at various stages of his career. Through Nov. 26. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

Hans Hokanson—Large sculptures hewn from black walnut, cherry, and elm, some abstract, others of recognizable, though greatly enlarged, objects (a boot that stands five feet). Through Nov. 23. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Lester Johnson—Life-size figures crowded together in a new series of paintings, called "The City," by a Connecticut artist who has some of the qualities of the German Expressionists and who takes great pains with the patterns on women's dresses. Through Dec. 10. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Gary Kuehn—Wall pieces consisting of copper plates on which a broad, bold brushstroke (or what seems like one) has been routed out, revealing a heavy paper background. Through Dec. 3. (Cucalón, 145 E. 72nd St. Opens at noon.)

Maria Luisa Pacheco—Abstract paintings in mixed mediums. Through Dec. 17. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

Larry Poons—New abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Milan Popovic—Wood sculptures of lemmings, eagles, swans, and so forth. Through Nov. 26. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

George Price—Cartoons of much wit and skill—as this magazine is in a position to state. Through Dec. 3. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Lee Savage—Idiosyncratic and more or less realist paintings, one of which is a haunting depiction of a celebrating couple driving down the middle of a highway (they're seen from the back seat) toward something fateful. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Reeve Schley III / Becky Young—Views of Martha's Vineyard in season, and other watercolors. / Good-natured poses and elegant composition are combined in a series of color photographs of female nudes. Through Nov. 23. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Robert Tallon—Droll and sometimes surreal fantasies, translated onto composition boards in acrylics by this artist who has done numerous covers for *The New Yorker*. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Flanagan, 22 E. 72nd St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At the **Center for Inter-American Relations**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: "Warp-Patterned Weaves of the Andes," an exhibit of modern and ancient textiles. Through Sunday, Nov. 13. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **Hirschl & Adler**, in a new location at 21 E. 70th St.: Paintings by Americans and Europeans which span two centuries, including works by Benjamin West, Thomas Sully, Charles Demuth, and Picasso. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . **Lerner-Heller**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: American paintings dating from 1910 to the present by Avery, Burchfield, O'Keeffe, and Wallace Putnam. Through Nov. 30. . . . **Perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Forty paintings and sculptures by some of the artists (eighteen Europeans, three Americans—Calder, Chagall, Léger, Modigliani, Picasso among them) who have dominated the twentieth century. Through Nov. 26. . . . **Wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century French works of art from American collections, and works by several American artists who studied in France during the same period. A benefit loan show marking the gallery's centenary. Through Dec. 17.

LB

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Charles Burchfield (1893-1967)—Early watercolors and pencil sketches that already bespeak this artist's highly individual relationship with nature and his curious communion with old houses. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Max Cole—Large canvases traversed by horizontal and vertical markings of various lengths; first solo show in New York. Through Nov. 26. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Lovis Corinth (1858-1925)—Late works, including portraits (and the crayon sketches for them), landscapes, and a stunning watercolor still-life of a pitcher, some fruit, and some flowers. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Susan Crowder / Bilgé Friedlaender—Sugar sacks, pillows, mats, and so on carved in marble. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. / Stylish drawings, mostly white on white, involving a beeswax surface applied to muslin and then given a gesso coating. Through Thursday, Nov. 17. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Olga de Amaral—Horsehair, hand-carded wool, linen, and gesso compose this Colombian artist's wall hangings. Through Friday, Nov. 18. (Duhl, 31 W. 54th St. Opens at noon.)

Yrjö Edelmann—Diverting trompe-l'oeil paintings—landscapes, portraits, and so on—that give every evidence of being composed of torn pieces of brown and white paper. Through Dec. 3. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Perle Fine—Soft-toned paintings based on a grid. Through Nov. 26. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Josep Grau-Garriga—Conventional wall hangings in wool, silk, and cotton, as well as hangings with woven metal and rope. Also related paintings. Through Dec. 3. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Alan Gussow—The leafy landscapes that this protean figure (ecological activist, author, artist) was painting last year have developed into abstract leafy patterns, done in his familiar earthy tones. Through Nov. 26. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

David Hockney—Five large paintings (one of them a new portrait of Henry Geldzahler, and another a portrait of his parents), plus a number of the characteristically delicate freehand drawings by this English artist. Through Tuesday, Nov. 15. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Richard Hunt—Abstract sculptures, most of which have a leaping quality, done in welded steel or bronze or in cast bronze. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Dorsky, 4 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Joyce Kozloff—Wall-size paintings and collages in which patterns found in Islamic ornamentation are carried a couple of steps further. Through Thursday, Nov. 17. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Tadaaki Kuwayama—Large panels and groups of panels, all covered with a uniform silvery tone by this Japanese-born Minimalist. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Ibram Lassaw—Complicated constructions of

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

vertical and horizontal metal rods welded together. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Mon Levinson—Unstretched inked canvases. Through Dec. 3. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Michael Loew—Sparse geometric patterns laid out on a contrasting background of soft colors; paler patterns can be discerned in the underpainting. Through Dec. 1. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Dennis Masback—A new set of canvases by an abstract artist who paints them and scrapes them until the crossbar on the stretcher shows through and the surface is as hard and taut as a drumhead. Through Thursday, Nov. 17. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Waldo Peirce (1884-1970)—Late works, these of family, friends, and interiors, plus a few of circuses, by this American Impressionist. Through Nov. 26. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Sydell Pollack—Large oil paintings of people who are ostensibly living it up in cabarets or at carnivals but who seem individually to be wrapped up in themselves, oblivious of the surrounding merriment. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Genesis, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ad Reinhardt (1913-67) / **Red Grooms**—A comprehensive show, beginning with lighthearted abstractions of the early forties and proceeding, step by step, toward the bleak finality of the big black ones a quarter of a century later. / In almost total contrast to the Reinhardts are these rip-roaring circus-colored collages and watercolors, reflecting the ebullience of the artist. Through Friday, Nov. 11. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Larry Rivers—A selection of major new works, including a reworking of Rembrandt's "Polish Rider" and several variations of the artist's recollection of a long-ago Parisian friend named Tamara de Lempicka. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Gertrude Shibley—Abstract paintings suggested by the curvilinear shapes of leaves and plants. Through Nov. 23. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Théo Stavropoulos—Abstract paintings in which a glimmer of light falling on a convex metal surface or exposing a slit in a metal plane creates a mysterious effect. Through Nov. 23. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Janet Stayton—Large mixed-medium works. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

John Torreano—Large color fields sprinkled with glass jewels and usually traversed by a diagonal spray of a contrasting color. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Sculpture—The fortieth annual exhibit of the Sculptors Guild consists of sixty pieces by as many artists. Through Thursday, Nov. 17. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

John Altoon (1925-69)—Abstract paintings and drawings on paper from the sixties. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Braunstein-Quay, 139 Spring St.)

Charles Bell—Photo-Realist paintings of pinball and gumball machines. Through Nov. 26. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Blythe Bohnen—Graphite-on-paper drawings. Through Dec. 7. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

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Bruce Boice—Nonobjective paintings. Through Nov. 26. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Ed Lazansky—Oils and watercolors of city scenes, plus landscapes done in Maine and Woodstock. Through Thursday, Nov. 17. (Prince Street Gallery, 106 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Doug Ohlson / **Jerry Buchanan**—Experimental paintings in which deep wells of rich, bottomless color are contained within a framework of lighter but related tones. / Pencil drawings: self-portraits, an array of skulls, and a study of steering wheels that must include every possible variation. Through Nov. 26. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Robert Pittenger—Rather formal oil landscapes, composed of trees set out in orderly patterns, plus a recent view of Salerno (you'd never know there had been a battle there) and a depiction of the angels ascending Jacob's ladder. Through Tuesday, Nov. 15. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

Marion Ranyak—Scenes from nature, particularly rocks and grasses, painted in muted colors. Through Nov. 30. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Edwin Ruda—Dark, glazed abstractions. Through Dec. 3. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

William Canavan Tucker—Small ceramic pieces depicting animals or half-formed humans submerging or emerging from water or earth. Through Nov. 23. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Arthur Weyhe / **Jack Bosson**—A single sculpture, constructed of spruce and fir poles stripped of their bark. / Black-and-white paintings, and works on paper. Through Nov. 26. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Sculpture—At **sculpture now**, 142 Greene St.: Three works each by Mark di Suvero, Tom Doyle, Peter Forakis, and Charles Ginnever. Through Dec. 3. . . . **weber**, 420 West Broadway: No sculptures here but, rather, drawings for actual and proposed outdoor pieces by a number of major sculptors, among them Jackie Ferrara, George Segal, and Dan Flavin. Through Nov. 23.

OTHER GALLERIES

Robert Moskowitz—Centered images (a piano, a cane, a house) on a color field. Through Wednesday, Nov. 16. (Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Tony Rosenthal—Eight thousand pounds of steel tubing are used in a sculpture that viewers can walk in and around. Through Jan. 27. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Marguerite Stix (1907-75)—A retrospective exhibition of welded-steel and bronze sculptures, plus paintings and drawings. Through Dec. 30. (Washington Irving Gallery, 126 E. 16th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Anthony Toney—Semi-abstract cityscapes. Through Nov. 30. (New School Associates Lounge, 66 W. 12th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Armenian Art Objects—Illuminated manuscripts, coins, ceramic and metal vessels, and a multitude of other artifacts dating from the ninth century B.C. to the early part of this one. Through Friday, Nov. 18. (Low Memorial Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Daily, 9 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

George Alpert—Portraits of women, some of them nudes. Through Nov. 29. (SoHo Photo, 34 W. 13th St. Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

Herbert Bayer / **Garry Winogrand**—The Museum of Modern Art is showing photomontages and other works from the twenties and thirties by Herbert Bayer, once of the Bauhaus. Also a selection of photographs by Garry Winogrand taken between 1969 and 1973, mostly at peace rallies, press conferences, and big-city parties. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . ¶ The Light gallery, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St., has a show of Winogrand prints, these, in contrast to the above group, are of rodeos and other Western subjects. Through Nov. 26.

Pierre Cordier / **Margo Davis**—Each work by this artist consists of a mounted series of small sequential pictures developed chemically on photographic paper without the use of a camera, a darkroom, or an enlarger. / Photographs of fountain sculptures, pediments, and decorative interiors, all of them taken in Rome. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

David Octavius Hill and Robert Adamson—Forty sepia-toned calotype portraits made during the five-year collaboration (1843-48) between the Scottish painter and his photographic technician. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Wolf, a new gallery at 30 W. 57th St.)

Arnold Newman—Larry Rivers, Diana Vreeland, Brassaï, and Alice Tully are some of the personalities included in fifty new portraits. Through Nov. 26. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Jacob Riis (1849-1914)—Documentary photographs (printed by Alexander Alland) of New York City slums at the turn of the century. Through Nov. 26. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946)—A photographic retrospective. Also memorabilia. Through Dec. 3. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

Doris Ulmann (1884-1934)—Soft-focus prints of Appalachian craftsmen and Southern blacks, plus early still-lifes and portraits. Through Dec. 23. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

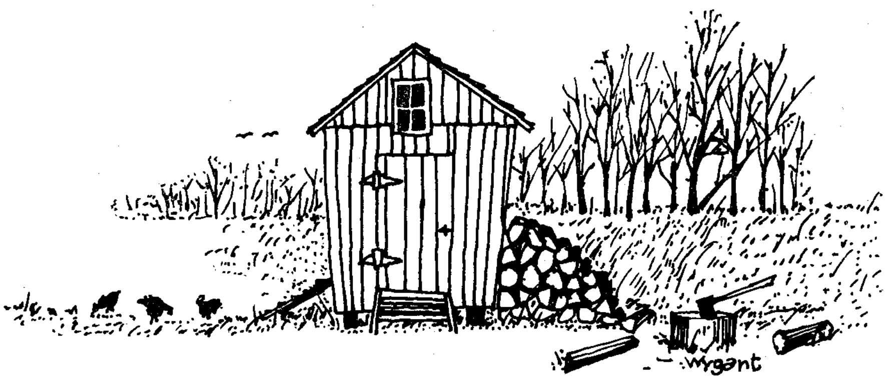
James Van DerZee—A documentation of black American life that covers the years from 1907 to 1945. Through Dec. 3. (Alternative Center for International Arts, 28 E. 4th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Eleanor Roosevelt's Circle—Candid photographs of Mrs. Roosevelt (posing for a four-generation picture with her daughter, her granddaughter, and her great-granddaughter; walking in the woods with her Scottie; serving Christmas dinner at Hyde Park). All were taken by her personal physician and friend, the late David Gurewitsch. Through Dec. 17. (Gurewitsch, 55 E. 74th St. Opens at 1.)

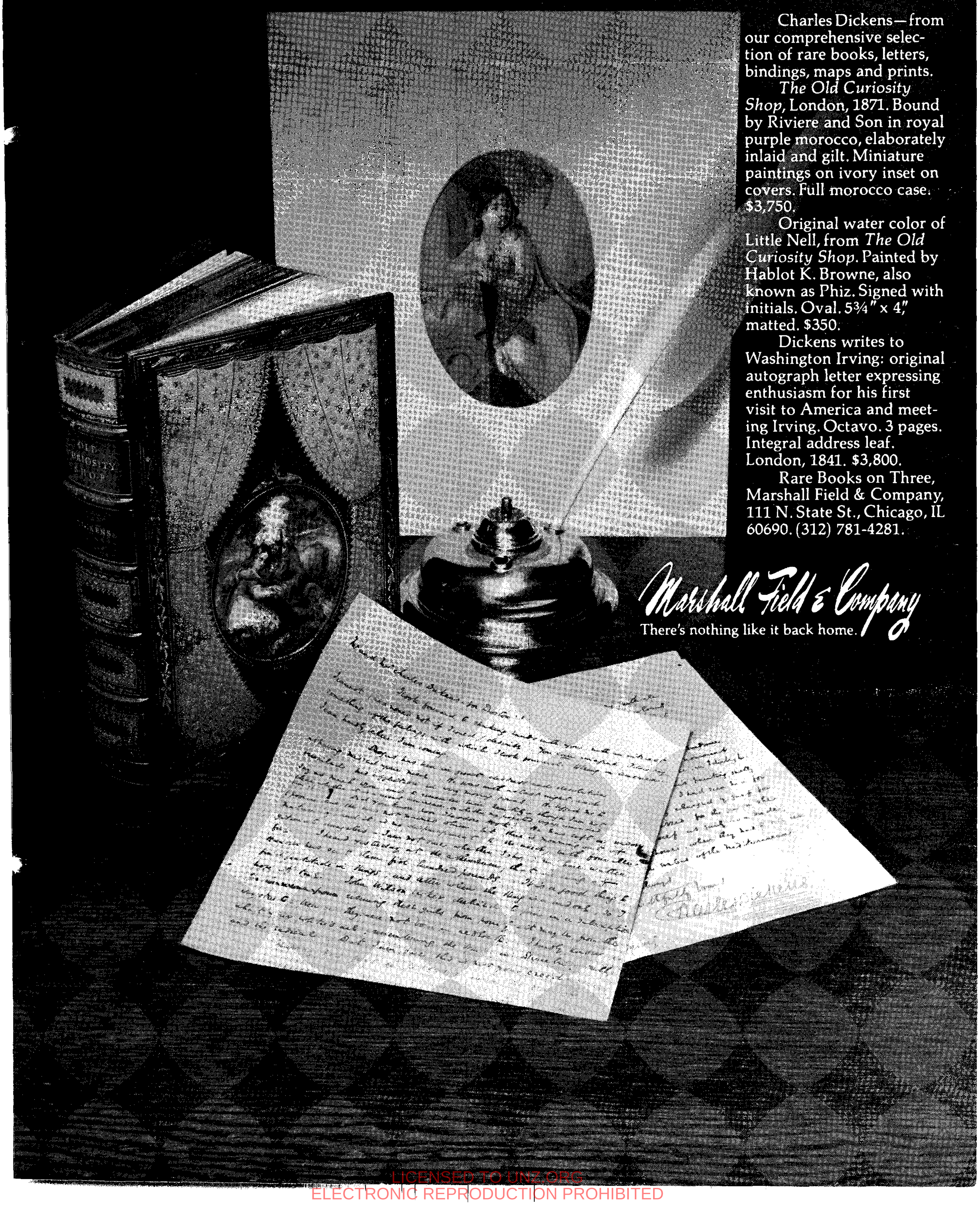
Group Show—Forty-five photographers are represented in a show drawn from the Julien Levy Collection. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan show of Irish art dating from the Bronze Age to 1500 A.D. includes early-Christian metalwork (the Ardagh chalice, the Tara brooch, the Cross of Cong) and illuminated manuscripts (the Book of Kells, the Book of Durrow). Through Jan. 15. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and prints by Paul Signac, all taken from the museum's collections. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Fifty drawings and oil sketches by a teacher of Signac, Georges Seurat, several of them studies for "La Grande Jatte." Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ The museum has brought out from its attic a number of its twentieth-century holdings



The feeling mind, the thinking heart of Charles Dickens



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(by Still, Rothko, Picasso, and others), and these have been joined by a loan of six Magrittes. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Friday, Nov. 11, from 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An awesomely rich exhibit of Cézanne oils and watercolors, all of them from his last decade. Through Jan. 3.... ¶ A show of Isamu Noguchi's sculpted tables and paper lamps. Starts Friday, Nov. 11.... **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Garry Winogrand. Through Dec. 11.... ¶ Herbert Bayer. Through Jan. 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Various aspects of the mythical monster Cronus by David Hare, whose paintings give enough personification to the rocky devourer of his own young that one can almost feel a dim sympathy for him. Through Dec. 4.... ¶ A retrospective of the paintings and sculptures of Lucio Fontana (1899-1968), which are distinctive for their perforated and built-up surfaces. Through Dec. 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The Jasper Johns retrospective, filling two floors of the museum, reviews his singular targets, alphabets, flags, numbers, assemblages, and deified everyday objects like toothbrushes and beer cans. Through Jan. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A show of small-scale works (paintings, sculptures, collages, boxes) by a number of contemporary artists, including Joe Brainard, Donald Evans, Betye Saar, and Joel Shapiro. Through Dec. 7. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Women Artists: 1550 to 1950," an exhibition of paintings, mostly, by major American and European artists. Through Nov. 27. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, except Friday, Nov. 11. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Peru's Golden Treasures," an exhibit of gold objects (masks, beakers, figurines, jewelry) that surveys nearly two thousand years of the pre-Columbian goldworking tradition. Through Dec. 31. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays and Friday, Nov. 11, from 11 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—More than sixty Japanese art objects, dating from the seventeenth century through the nineteenth, decorated with scenes that reflect the Japanese absorption with nature. Through Dec. 4. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibit of objects from China's I-Hsing potteries (known chiefly for a widely imitated rust-colored unglazed teapot) dating from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth. Through Jan. 29. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A recently discovered notebook kept by Nathaniel Hawthorne from 1835 to 1841 has been added to the exhibit of manuscripts and autograph letters by nineteenth-century authors. Through Nov. 27.... ¶ Musical manuscripts that trace notation from the eighth century through the sixteenth. Through Dec. 4.... ¶ Forty etchings by Rembrandt, most of them landscapes and portraits. Through Dec. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—Andy Warhol's folk-art collection, which includes ceramics, painted furniture, weathervanes, and a cigar-store Indian. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A show of handcrafted objects, by craftsmen under thirty, in four mediums: fibre, wood, leather, and plastic. Through Dec. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The sixty-fourth annual exhibit of paintings and sculptures by members of the Allied Artists of America, as well as by nonmembers. Through Sunday, Nov. 13. (Open daily, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Literature in Exile" is the title of an exhibit of original letters, manuscripts, and early printed editions drawn from the Berg Collection. While "exile" is hardly the word (the exhibit as good as covers every writer who ever left home for a weekend—i.e., Aldous Huxley in Hollywood, Fanny Burney in Paris, Somerset Maugham all over the lot), there is some fascinating stuff here. (Open daily, except Thursdays, Sundays, and Friday, Nov. 11, from 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, Nov. 9: "La Traviata," with Elena Mauti Nunziata, Giacomo Aragall, and Louis Quilico; conducted by Richard Woitach.... ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 10: "La Bohème," with Mary Costa, Nicolai Gedda, William Walker, Paul Plishka, and Allan Monk; James Conlon.... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 11: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Florence Quivar, Gianfranco Pastine, Mario Sereni, and James Atherton; Giuseppe Patanè.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 12: "La Traviata," with Elena Mauti Nunziata, Giacomo Aragall, and Louis Quilico; Richard Woitach.... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 12: "Rigoletto," with Ileana Cotrubas, Isola Jones, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, Justino Díaz, and John Cheek; James Levine.... ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 14: "La Bohème," with Ileana Cotrubas, Mary Costa, Veriano Luchetti, Mario Sereni, Paul Plishka, and Allan Monk; James Conlon.... ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 15: "La Traviata," with Elena Mauti Nunziata, Giacomo Aragall, and Louis Quilico; Richard Woitach.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 16: "Rigoletto," with Ileana Cotrubas, Isola Jones, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, Justino Díaz, and Vern Shinall; James Levine.... ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 17: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Florence Quivar, Veriano Luchetti, Mario Sereni, and James Atherton; Giuseppe Patanè.... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 18: "La Bohème," with Renata Scotto, Mary Costa, Giacomo Aragall, Mario Sereni, Paul Plishka, and Allan Monk; James Conlon.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 19: "Rigoletto," with Ileana Cotrubas, Isola Jones, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, Justino Díaz, and Vern Shinall; James Levine.... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 19: "La Traviata," with Elena Mauti Nunziata, Giacomo Aragall, and Louis Quilico; Richard Woitach. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8: "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," with Glenys Fowles, Diane Curry, Jane Shaulis, Howard Hensel, David Holloway, and Will Roy; conducted by John Mauceri.... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8: "Trilogy," consisting of three short operas in English—"The Impresario," with Patricia Brooks, Paula Seibel, Nico Castel, David Rae Smith, and James Billings; "La Voix Humaine," with Maralin Niska; and "L'Heure Espagnole," with Sharon Daniels, Melvin Lowery, Richard Fredricks, Nico Castel, and Richard McKee. Imre Pallo conducting throughout.... ¶ Friday, Nov. 11, at 8: "La Fanciulla del West," with Karan Armstrong, Herman Malamood, and Charles Long; Sergiu Comissiona.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 12, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Elisabeth Carron, Diane Curry, Ruben Dominguez, and Seymour Schwartman; David Effron.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8: "La Traviata," with Patricia Craig, Lando Bartolini, and Richard Fredricks; Imre Pallo. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 790-0355.)... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 13, at 1: "La Bohème," with Glenys Fowles, Sharon Daniels, Ermanno Mauro, David Holloway, Samuel Ramey, and William Ledbetter; Jorge Mester.... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 13, at 7: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Faye Robinson, Gianna Rolandi, Martha Sheil, Sherry Zannoth, Sandra Walker, Henry Price, Thomas Jamerson, and Will Roy; Julius Rudel. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall—Lorin Maazel conducting on Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 11, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 7:30 (no soloists).... ¶ Erich Leinsdorf conducting Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 17-19, at 8:30, and Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 7:30 (all with Murray Perahia, piano, and Thomas Stacy, English horn).

PHILHARMONIA HUNGARICA—Reinhard Peters conducting, with Balint Vazsonyi, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

SLOVENIAN PHILHARMONIC OF YUGOSLAVIA—Anton Nanut conducting, with Ciril Skerjanec, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

BALTIMORE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Sergiu Comissiona conducting, with Albert Markov, violin. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 3.)

CLARION CONCERTS ORCHESTRA—Newell Jenkins conducting a performance of Steffani's opera "Niobe, Regina di Tebe" in concert form, with Joy Zornig and Susan Belling, sopranos; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Daniel Collins, countertenor; Raymond Murcell, baritone; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Lukas Foss conducting—Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8: The first in this season's "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts, this one entitled "Homage to Brooklyn," with Lorin Hollander, piano, and John Ferrante, countertenor. Composers Leon Kirchner and Peter Schickele will be present and participate in a discussion at the end of the evening.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 18-19, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 20, at 3: An all-Brahms program, with Erick Friedman, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

MANNES ORCHESTRA—Semyon Bychkov conducting. (High School of Art and Design, Second Ave. at 57th St. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

ALL-BEETHOVEN CONCERT—Charlotte Bergen conducting a symphony orchestra, with Ruth Laredo, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Hamao Fujiwara, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

ST. LUKE'S CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—Michael Feldman conducting an all-Haydn program, with the Nicolo Marionettes and Robert Wolinsky, harpsichord. (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

Y CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Judith Blegen, soprano, and Nico Castel, narrator. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

OUR BACH CONCERT—Twenty-five musicians, including Henry Schuman, oboe, and Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord, who perform without a conductor. With Justino Díaz, bass. The second of two concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 12, at midnight.)

PHILHARMONIA VIRTUOSI OF NEW YORK—Richard Kapp conducting, with Oscar Ravina, violin; Ronald Roseman, oboe; Rona Klinghofer, soprano; and Allan Dean, trumpet. (Kaufmann

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 3.)

SYMPHONY OF THE NEW WORLD—Everett Lee directing an all-Beethoven program, with Klara Barlow, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; Moises Parker, tenor; Robert Patterson, bass; and the New World Choral Society. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 3.)

JOHANN STRAUSS ENSEMBLE OF THE VIENNA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—With Rita Shane, soprano. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

CANTERBURY CHORAL SOCIETY—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a chorus of five hundred in a performance of Mahler's Eighth Symphony, with Jennifer Barron, Lynn Owen, and Judith Blazer, sopranos; Jean Kraft, mezzo-soprano; Muriel Costa-Greenspon, alto; John Carpenter, tenor; Richard Anderson, baritone; John Ostendorf, bass-baritone; and an orchestra. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Nov. 11, at 8:30.)

ZAMIR CHORALE—Mati Lazar directing a program of Jewish music, with the Montefiore Ensemble. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

RECITALS

SANDRA DARLING—Soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

BENNETT LERNER—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

JULIAN BREAM—Guitarist and lutanist. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

ROBERT DE GAETANO—Piano, in a benefit recital. (St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W. 20th St. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 929-2390.)

STEVEN LUBIN—Piano and fortepiano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

SHARON ROBINSON—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

ROSALYN TURECK—Piano, in the first two in a series of five concerts presenting Bach's "The Well-Tempered Clavier." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Nov. 10, and Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

CONTEMPORARY MUSIC FROM JAPAN—A program of premières, performed by Keiko Abe, marimba; Barbara Martin, soprano; Nexus, percussion ensemble from Toronto; and members of the New York New Music Ensemble, conducted by Naoyuki Miura and Daniel Shulman. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—With John Graham, viola, in the second in a series of five all-Mozart concerts presenting the ten 'great' quartets and the cycle of quintets. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 3.)

LILI KRAUS—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

JANOS STARKER—*Cello. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday,* Nov. 12, at 8.)

MURRAY PERAHIA AND THE AMERICAN STRING QUARTET—A benefit concert, with Mr. Perahia playing the piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 2.)

BEETHOVEN SOCIETY—Andor Foldes, piano, in an all-Beethoven recital of "Early Sonatas, Late Bagatelles." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

LEONID KOGAN—Violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 3.)

CAECILIAN TRIO—Chamber music. (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

THE KING'S SINGERS—This vocal group, formed at King's College, Cambridge, in a program of music of the late fourteenth century and the sixteenth century. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3700, Ext. 14, Wednesday through Friday.)

BORIS BELKIN—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

JOSEPH FUCHS—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

DONALD GRAMM—Bass-baritone. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

EUGENE MOYE—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 14, at 8.)

MELVIN RITTER-JANE ALLEN DUO—Violin and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Nov. 14, at 8.)

ERICK FRIEDMAN—Violin, with James Dick, piano, in a sonata recital. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

NATHANIEL ROSEN—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

MANHATTAN STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Church of the Ascension, Fifth Ave. at 10th St. Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

ROMAN ROMANOV—Baritone, in a program of Russian Gypsy songs. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

STRING ARTS TRIO—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

ALEXANDRE LAGOYA—Classical guitarist. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

CONCERT-PARTY—The second in a series of six concerts, this one played by the Rogeri Trio. Drinks and coffee are available from a bar. (Metropolitan Club, 1 E. 60th St. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8:40. For information about tickets, call PL 2-4907.)

NEAL LA MONACO—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 2:30.)

DICKRAN ATAMIAN—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

JORGE BOLET—Piano, in an all-Liszt recital. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

WAVERLY CONSORT—A program of Italian music of the late Renaissance. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

ALEXANDER CALDER MEMORIAL TRIBUTE—Joel Thome conducting the Philadelphia Composers' Forum Orchestra of Our Time in a double bill, with Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano: Satie's symphonic drama "Socrate" (English text by Virgil Thomson), with a moving set designed by Calder; and Mr. Thomson's oratorio version of his (and Gertrude Stein's) opera "Four Saints in Three Acts." (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

SPORTS

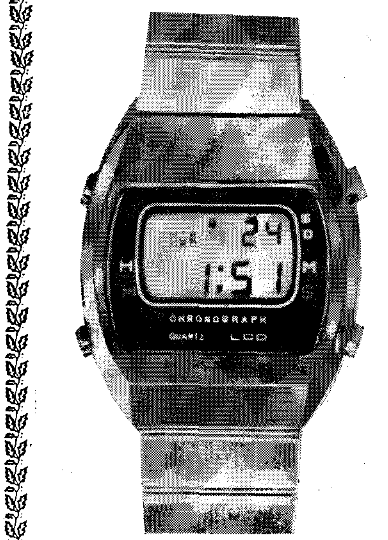
(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Nets, Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. New Orleans, Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Indiana, Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8. . . . RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER, Piscataway, N.J. (all games at 8:05): Nets vs. Chicago, Friday, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Friday, Nov. 18. (For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, NOV. 12 (all games at 1:30): Army vs. Pittsburgh, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Columbia, at Providence. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Wagner, at Fordham. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Tulane, at New Brunswick. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Boston College, at Syracuse. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Wesleyan, at Hartford. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Amherst, at Williamstown. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Harvard, at New Haven. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 19: Fordham vs. New Haven, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Boston University, at New Brunswick, at 1.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Sunday, Nov. 13: Jets vs. Seattle Seahawks, at Shea Stadium, at 1. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Tampa Bay Buccaneers, at Tampa.

HOCKEY—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (all games at



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7:35): Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Wednesday, Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Atlanta Flames, Sunday, Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Wednesday, Nov. 16. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Montreal Canadiens, Thursday, Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Tuesday, Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Vancouver Canucks, Saturday, Nov. 19. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 12:30; through Friday, Dec. 23. The Sport Page Handicap, Friday, Nov. 11; the Stuyvesant Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 12; the Nashua, Wednesday, Nov. 16; and the Turf Classic and the Demoiselle, Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 31. The Long Look, Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Dec. 31.

SKATING—Toller Cranston, Babilonia-Gardner, Linda Fratianne, Ken Shelley, Jo Jo Starbuck, and others, in a benefit exhibition of figure skating. (Madison Square Garden. Monday, Nov. 14, at 8.)

SOCCER: CLOSED-CIRCUIT TV—England vs. Italy in an elimination match for the World Cup soccer championship, televised from London. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 2:45.)

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 31.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

POETRY READINGS—Samuel Menasche reading from his own works. (Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 3. Admission by contribution.) . . . ¶ Andrei Voznesensky reading from his own works, in Russian, with English translations read by William Jay Smith. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Nov. 14, at 8.) . . . ¶ Robert Bly, Lewis Hyde, James Wright, and others reading their translations of the works of Vicente Aleixandre and other Spanish poets. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

NATIONAL POSTAGE STAMP SHOW—The twenty-ninth annual exhibit will feature special showings by the United States Postal Service and ten foreign postal administrations. On the second day of the show, brand-new issues of the United States and Sweden will be put on sale. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 16-18, from noon to 10; Saturday, Nov. 19, from 10 to 7; and Sunday, Nov. 20, from 11 to 6.)

AUCTIONS—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, Nov. 11, from 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 2, and Thursday, Nov. 10, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from many owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 10, at about 4:30: Twenty-one photographs by Thomas Eakins, including thirteen nude studies; from the Olympia Galleries, in Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 12, at 2: English and Chinese furniture and decorations, from various owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 10:15 and 2: English literature, from the library of David Borowitz. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 2: Jewelry, from the estate of Marianne Ostier. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 17-19, at 10:15 and 2: The American Heritage Society sale, including furniture, watercolors, scrimshaw, and a collection of American historical silhouettes. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 12. . . . CHRISTIE'S, 502s Park Ave., at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Friday, Nov. 11, at 10:30: French furniture, porcelains, and works of art; from the estate of Elinor Dorrance Ingersoll. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 11, at 2 and 6:30: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints and illustrated books, from the estate of Carrie S. Beinecke and from other sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8: Contemporary paintings by Roy Lichtenstein, Morris Louis, Milton Avery, Andy Warhol, and others; from several collectors. Admission by card only; for information, call 826-2891. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 12.

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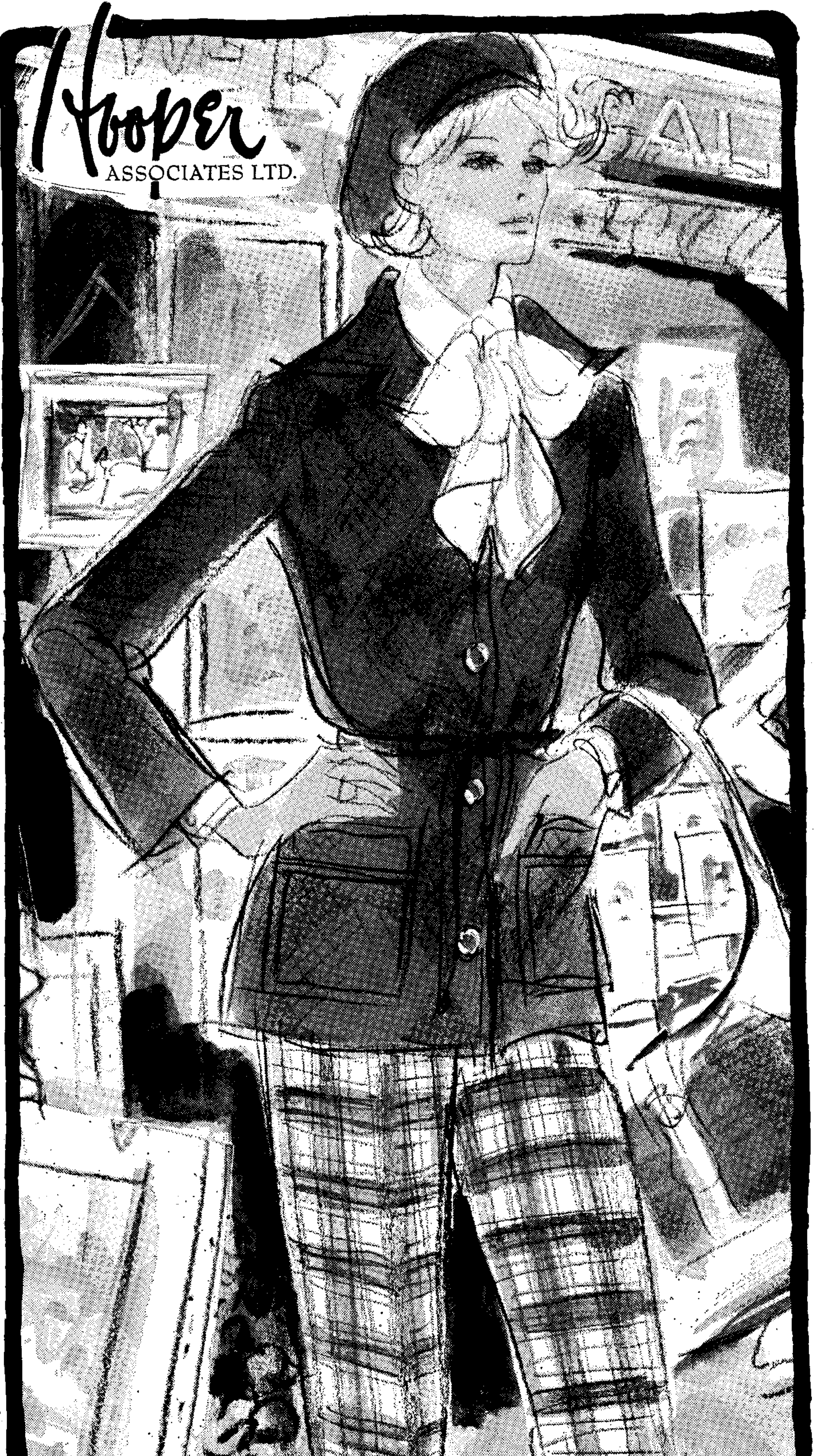

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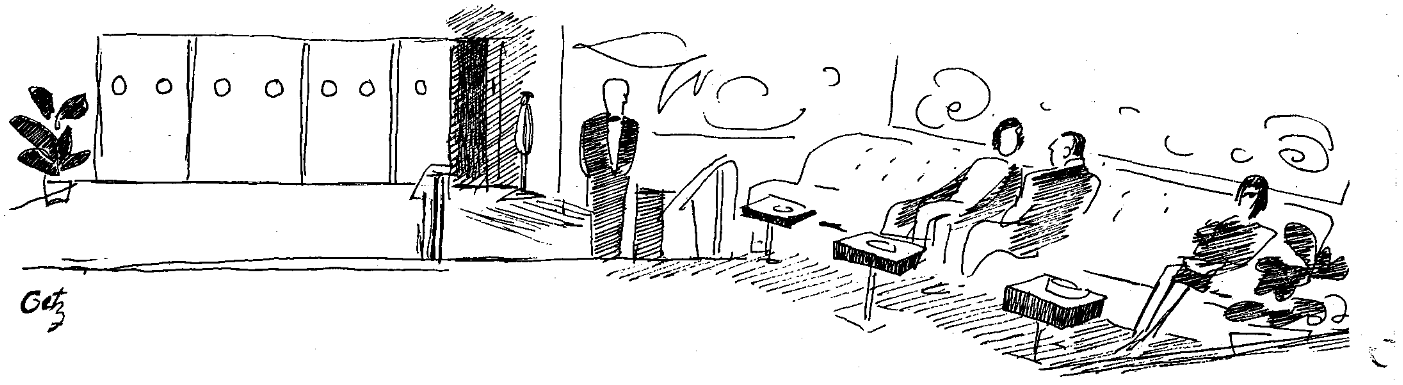
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 15: "Black and White in Color."
From Nov. 16: "Let Joy Reign Supreme."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Nov. 15: "Pardon Mon Affaire" and "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz."
From Nov. 16: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 15: "The Spy Who Loved Me."
From Nov. 16: "I Never Promised You a Rose Garden."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Star Wars."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Bobby Deerfield."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Heroes."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Short Eyes."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Equus."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Lacemaker."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"One Sings, the Other Doesn't."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"First Love."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Nov. 14: "Bobby Deerfield."
From Nov. 15: "The Turning Point."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Voyage to Grand Tartarie."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Julia."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Outrageous!"

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Roseland."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Nov. 10: "Oh, God!"
From Nov. 11: "That Obscure Object of Desire."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"A Special Day."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Mr. Klein."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Looking for Mr. Goodbar."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 15: "The Spy Who Loved Me."
From Nov. 16: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Nov. 17 (tentative): "New York, New York."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"A Piece of the Action."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Star Wars."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Which Way Is Up?"

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Heroes."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Oh, God!"

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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13	14	15	16	17		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Nov. 15: "Valentino."
From Nov. 16: "Thunder and Lightning."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Oh, God!"

Renoir Cinema, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. (873-8702; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Nov. 16: "Alicia."
From Nov. 17: "The Confessions of Amans."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"The Spy Who Loved Me."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Nov. 15: "Valentino."
From Nov. 16: To be announced.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 15: "In the Realm of the Senses." From Nov. 16 (tentative): "One Sings, the Other Doesn't."
Theatre 2: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God."
Theatre 3: "I Never Promised You a Rose Garden" and "The Story of Adèle H."
Theatre 4: "The American Friend."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Nov. 16: "Oh, God!"
From Nov. 17: "Summerdog." (All performances on Thursday, Nov. 17, will be benefits. A limited number of tickets will be available at the box office.)

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Pete's Dragon."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Nov. 10: Theatre closed.
Nov. 11-13: "Tommy."
Nov. 14: Theatre closed.
From Nov. 15 at 7:30: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind." (Opening night will be a benefit performance.)

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"1900."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Nov. 15: "Smokey and the Bandit."
From Nov. 16: "The Spy Who Loved Me."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"First Love."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Man Who Loved Women."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Julia."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Short Eyes."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Nov. 16: "Children of Paradise."
From Nov. 17: "Why Does Herr R. Run Amok?"

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Nov. 15: "A Woman's Decision" and "Fun with Dick and Jane."
From Nov. 16: "One Sings, the Other Doesn't."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Valentino."
Theatre 2: "The Spy Who Loved Me."
Theatre 3: "Oh, God!"

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 15: "In the Realm of the Senses."
From Nov. 16: To be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Nov. 15: "The Spy Who Loved Me."
From Nov. 16: "I Never Promised You a Rose Garden" and "Thieves."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Nov. 9: "The Woman in the Window" (1945) and "Scarlet Street" (1946), both films directed by Fritz Lang, with Edward G. Robinson, Joan Bennett, and Dan Duryea.
Nov. 10: "Il Grido" (1957), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Steve Cochran, Alida Valli, and Betsy Blair; and "La Notte" (1962), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau, Marcello Mastroianni, and Monica Vitti.
Nov. 11-12: "The Delinquents" (1957), directed by Robert Altman, with Tom Laughlin; and "M*A*S*H" (1970), directed by Robert Altman, with Donald Sutherland, Elliott Gould, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman.
Nov. 13-14: "Some Like It Hot" (†) and "The Misfits." (†)
Nov. 15: "Bend of the River" (1952), directed by Anthony Mann, with James Stewart, Arthur Kennedy, and Julia Adams.
Nov. 16: "The Big Heat" (†) and "Human Desire." (†)
Nov. 17: "Blood and Sand" (1922) and "The Eagle" (1925), both silent films, with Rudolph Valentino.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Nov. 9: "The Clear Sky" (1961), in Russian, directed by Grigori Chukhrai; and "The Bonus" (1975), in Russian, directed by Sergei Mikaelian.
Nov. 10: "Les Parents Terribles" (1949), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Yvonne de Bray, and Gabrielle Dorziat; and "Les Enfants Terribles" (1950), in French, directed by Jean-Pierre Melville, with Nicole Stéphane, Edouard Dermithe, Renée Cosima, and Jacques Bernard.
Nov. 11: "Five Easy Pieces" (†) and "Drive, He Said." (†)
Nov. 12: "The Decameron" (1971), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini himself; and "Medea" (1971), in Italian,

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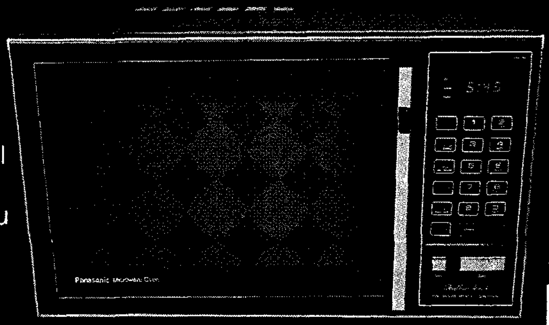

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directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Maria Callas.

Nov. 13: "The Baker's Wife" (†) and "Harvest." (†)

Nov. 14: "Autobiography of a Princess" (1975), directed by James Ivory, with James Mason and Madhur Jaffrey; and "The Householder" (1963), directed by James Ivory, with Shashi Kapoor and Leela Naidu.

Nov. 15: "Once There Was a Girl" (1944), in Russian, directed by Victor Eisimont; and "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors" (1964; "Wild Horses of Fire"), in Ukrainian, directed by Sergei Paradjanov.

Nov. 16: "Hamlet" (1966), in Russian, directed by Grigori Kozintsev; and "And Then I Said No" (1971), in Russian, directed by Pavel Arsenov.

Nov. 17: "The Three Musketeers" (1921), directed by Fred Niblo, with Douglas Fairbanks; and "The Iron Mask" (1929), directed by Allan Dwan, with Douglas Fairbanks.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Nov. 10: "Daisy Miller" (1974), directed by Peter Bogdanovich, with Cybill Shepherd; and "At Long Last Love" (1975), directed by Peter Bogdanovich, with Burt Reynolds, Cybill Shepherd, Eileen Brennan, and John Hillerman.

Nov. 11-12: "Taxi Driver" (†); and "Little Murders" (1971), directed by Alan Arkin, with Elliott Gould.

Nov. 13-14: "Der Rosenkavalier" (1963), a Salzburg Festival performance, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Anneliese Rothenberger.

Nov. 15: "The Clockmaker" (†) and "A Piece of Pleasure." (†)

Nov. 16-17: "A Boy and His Dog" (1976), directed by L. Q. Jones, with Don Johnson and Jason Robards; and "The 10th Victim." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Nov. 12: "The Letter" (1940), directed by William Wyler, with Bette Davis and Herbert Marshall; and "A Stolen Life" (1946), directed by Curtis Bernhardt, with Bette Davis, Glenn Ford, Dane Clark, and Walter Brennan.

Nov. 13-15: "All This, and Heaven Too" (1940), directed by Anatole Litvak, with Bette Davis, Charles Boyer, Jeffrey Lynn, and Barbara O'Neil; and "Deception." (†)

From Nov. 16: "Dark Victory" (1939), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Bette Davis, George Brent, Humphrey Bogart, Ronald Reagan, and Geraldine Fitzgerald; and "Grand Hotel" (1932), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and Wallace Beery.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through Nov. 10: "Double Indemnity" (1944), directed by Billy Wilder, with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson; and "Ministry of Fear" (1945), directed by Fritz Lang, with Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds, and Dan Duryea.

Nov. 11-12: "Hail the Conquering Hero" (†) and "The Lady Eve." (†)

Nov. 13-15: "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" (1935), directed by Henry Hathaway, with Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, and Richard Cromwell; and "The General Died at Dawn" (1936), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Madeleine Carroll and Gary Cooper.

Nov. 16-17: "The Lost Weekend" (†) and "The Major and the Minor." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Nov. 9: "Wings in the Dark" (1935), directed by James Flood, with Myrna Loy and Cary Grant; and "Young Eagles" (1930), directed by William Wellman, with Buddy Rogers, Jean Arthur, Paul Lukas, and Stuart Erwin.

Nov. 10: "The Man Who Laughs" (1928), directed by Paul Leni, with Conrad Veidt and Mary Philbin; and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919), directed by Robert Wiene, with Conrad Veidt.

Nov. 11-12: "Charlie Chan at the Opera" (1936), directed by Bruce Humberstone, with Warner Oland; and "Charlie Chan at Treasure Island" (1939), directed by Norman Foster, with Sidney Toler.

Nov. 13: "Sunny" (†) and "Her Majesty Love." (†)

Nov. 14: "The Phantom President" (†); and "Louisiana Purchase" (1941), directed by Irving Cummings, with Vera Zorina, Bob Hope, and Victor Moore.

Nov. 15: "Moby Dick" (†) and "Outward Bound." (†)

Nov. 16: "Bad Sister" (1931), directed by Hobart Henley, with Conrad Nagel, Sidney Fox, Bette Davis, and ZaSu Pitts; and "Payment on Demand." (†)

Nov. 17: "The Big Pond" (†) and "Midnight." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nov. 10 at 2:30: "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution" (1976), directed by Herbert Ross, with Alan Arkin, Vanessa Redgrave, Robert Duvall, Nicol Williamson, and Laurence Olivier. . . ¶ Nov. 10 at 6: "The Woman in Green" (1945), directed by Roy William Neill, with Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce. . . . ¶ Nov. 10 at 8:30: "Sherlock Holmes and the Spider Woman" (1944), directed by Roy William Neill, with Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce, and Gale Sondergaard; and "The Scarlet Claw" (1944), directed by Roy William Neill, with Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce. . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 2:30: "Seminole" (1953), directed by Budd Boetticher, with Rock Hudson, Barbara Hale, Anthony Quinn, Richard Carlson, and Hugh O'Brian. . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at noon: "The Scarlet Claw." . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 2:30: "Winchester '73" (1950), directed by Anthony Mann, with James Stewart, Shelley Winters, and Dan Duryea. . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 5: "Thunder Bay" (1953), directed by Anthony Mann, with James Stewart, Joanne Dru, Gilbert Roland, and Dan Duryea. . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at noon: "The Far Country" (1955), directed by Anthony Mann, with James Stewart, Ruth Roman, Corinne Calvet, and Walter Brennan. . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 2:30: "Taza, Son of Cochise" (1954), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Rock Hudson and Barbara Rush. . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 5: Two parts of Sergei Eisenstein's unfinished film "Que Viva Mexico"—"Thunder Over Mexico" (1933), English inter-titles; and "Death Day" (1931-32). . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at noon: Three jazz shorts—"Salute to Duke Ellington" (1950), "Sugarchile Robinson, Billie Holiday, Count Basie, and Sextet" (1951), and "King Cole and His Trio" (1950). . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 2:30: "The Lady Pays Off" (1952), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Linda Darnell, Stephen McNally, and Gigi Perreau. . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 6: "Kristina Talking Pictures" (1976), directed by Yvonne Rainer. . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at noon: Three jazz shorts. . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 2:30: "Les Grandes Manœuvres" (1955), in French, directed by René Clair, with Gérard Philipe and Michèle Morgan; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 17 at 2:30: "Has Anybody Seen My Gal" (1952), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Piper Laurie, Rock Hudson, Charles Coburn, and Gigi Perreau. . . . ¶ Nov. 17 at 6: "Magnificent Obsession" (1954), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Jane Wyman, Rock Hudson, and Agnes Moorehead. . . . ¶ Nov. 17 at 8:30: "Imitation of Life" (1959), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Lana Turner, John Gavin, Sandra Dee, Susan Kohner, and Juanita Moore. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Nov. 13: "The Ona People: Life and Death in Tierra del Fuego," directed by Anne Chapman and Ana Montes de Gonzalez. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 15: A program of three videotapes by Elon Soltes, Anthony Ramos, and the Ant Farm. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Mekas, Méliès, Murnau, Nelson, Fitzgerald, Sanborn, Peterson, Ozu, Riefenstahl, Rossellini, and others. Showings Nov. 9-11 at 7 and 9; Nov. 12 at 2:30, 7, and 9; Nov. 13 at 8; Nov. 15-16 at 7 and 9; and Nov. 17 at 7.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"The Last Resort" (1977), directed by Dan Keller; and "More Nuclear Power Stations" (1975), a Danish film, directed by Per Mannstaedt, in English. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Aguirre, the Wrath of God (1972)—Werner Herzog's fine film about a sixteenth-century quest for a Peruvian El Dorado. Poisoned arrows from Indians are made invisible by the beautiful heavy trees overhanging the Amazon; a raft is caught in a whirlpool; the conquistadors, in cumbrous armor ill fitted to their trek, start to think themselves living a life of fancy. Their leader is Aguirre, blazing-eyed and severe, with delusions of demagogy. In German. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/11/77.) (Quad Cinema.)

Alicia—A documentary on the Cuban ballerina Alicia Alonso, directed by Victor Casaus. In Spanish. (Renoir Cinema; through Nov. 16.)

The American Friend—In this adaptation of Patricia Highsmith's crime novel "Ripley's Game," Wim Wenders' unsettling compositions are neurotically beautiful visions of a disordered world, but the film doesn't have the nasty pleasurable cleverness of a good thriller; dramatically, it's stagnant. Bruno Ganz is impressive as the watchful, anxious-eyed hero. (10/17/77) (Quad Cinema.)

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz (1974)—A longish, novelistic movie by Ted Kotcheff. Nineteen-year-old Duddy Kravitz (Richard Dreyfuss) lives in the biggest Jewish community in Canada, in the Montreal of 1948. His father (Jack Warden) pimps to add to his income as a taxi-driver; his uncle (Joseph Wiseman) is putting Duddy's elder brother through medical school; Duddy works as a summer waiter at a Jewish resort hotel. The word "apprenticeship" makes the film sound ironic, but apprenticeship to what? Life? Or the hinted-at fake existence of money-making? The screenplay was adapted from Mordecai Richler's novel by Lionel Chetwynd. Denholm Elliott, as a posh English film director oratorically devoted to Art while filming bar mitzvahs and weddings, is the best thing in the film. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 15.)

The Baker's Wife (1938)—Orson Welles once cited this comedy as proof that a superb story and a superb actor could result in "a perfect movie" even if the direction and the editing were not "cinematic." Marcel Pagnol adapted Jean Giono's story about cuckoldry, which provided the great Raimu with a classic role. The result is that rarity—a perfect movie. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 13.)

The Big Heat (1953)—It would be a routine cops-and-robbers thriller, but the director, Fritz Lang, gave it a formalized style and brought off a few stunningly executed nasty scenes. Glenn Ford is a cop who ignores the orders of the brass and investigates a gangster (Alexander Scourby). Scourby's men plant a bomb in Ford's car, and his wife (Jocelyn Brando) is blown up. One of the gangsters (Lee Marvin) also throws scalding coffee at the high-living, tough-girl lush (Gloria Grahame). Ford leaves the Police Department, and with Grahame's aid he enables the film to accumulate corpses and arrests. With Carolyn Jones and Dan Seymour. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 16.)

The Big Pond (1930)—The pond is the Atlantic, and in this musical starring Maurice Chevalier he's a Frenchman whose intentions are often misunderstood in the United States, particularly by George Barbier, the rich, chewing-gum-manufacturer father of the girl Chevalier loves (Claudette Colbert). Preston Sturges did the rewrite job on the 1928 Broadway play, but the script isn't memorable. The film is remembered chiefly for the charming songs that Chevalier introduced, especially "You Brought a New Kind of

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Love to Me" and "Livin' in the Sunlight, Lovin' in the Moonlight." Hobart Henley directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 17.)

Black and White in Color—Directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud; at first anecdotal, then ironic and sharp and charming. The scene is West Africa in 1915, when the local French and German garrisons learn that they are at war. The hero is a good-looking, decisive French geographer called Hubert (Jacques Spiesser), who turns a tribe into a pukka regiment. In French. (5/23/77) (Art; through Nov. 15.)

Bobby Deerfield—A rich-meets-rich picture, and worse than one imagines. Al Pacino gives a torpid performance as a spiritually depleted Grand Prix racing-car driver who falls in love with a well-heeled free spirit (Marthe Keller), a metaphysical kook. Though she's dying, she asks him such meaningful questions that he is restored to life. The director is Sydney Pollack. (10/3/77) (34th St. East. . . . ¶ Coronet; through Nov. 14.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Cinema Studio; through Nov. 16.)

The Clockmaker (1976)—Bertrand Tavernier's remarkable first film, from a Simenon novel. Philippe Noiret plays—beyond praise—a clockmaker in Lyons. He speaks of the matters of life as meticulously as if he were inspecting them through his watchmaker's glass. It is therefore all the more terrible for him that his young grownup son has committed chaos by murdering a right-wing informant. His son is not even political-minded; he simply feels suffocated by the existing rules. A splendid, sober film, full of the sort of silent pondering that characterizes the clockmaker. Among new directors, Tavernier is one of the best we have. In French. (8/9/76) (Cinema Village; Nov. 15.)

Close Encounters of the Third Kind—With Richard Dreyfuss and François Truffaut, directed by Steven Spielberg. (Ziegfeld; starting Nov. 15 at 7:30. Opening night will be a benefit performance.)

The Confessions of Amans—With William Bryan, directed by Gregory Nava. (Renoir Cinema; starting Nov. 17.)

Deception (1946)—Exquisitely foolish—a camp classic. Alex Hollenius (Claude Rains) is the greatest composer in the United States; his febrile mistress (Bette Davis) can escape him only by shooting him. Considering that he has set her up in the finest apartment in Manhattan, swaddled her in ermine, drenched her in champagne, and taught her to play the piano with a skill approximating that of Rubinstein, some might regard this as rank ingratitude. But he's a venomous genius, and an epicure besides, given to wearing velvet jackets. He treats the cellist (Paul Henreid) whom she loves very shabbily—badgering him until he gets so nervous that he can hardly handle a bow. Irving Rapper, who had directed this trio in "Now, Voyager," let them run rampant this time, especially the leering Rains, who outdoes Davis in bravura. John Abbott and Benson Fong are also in the cast. Erich Wolfgang Korngold did the music, with Shura Cherkassky dubbing Davis's "Appassionata." John Collier adapted the Louis Verneuil play "Jealousy," which had been filmed in 1929 with Jeanne Eagels and Fredric March. (Regency; Nov. 13-15.)

Drive, He Said (1971)—Jack Nicholson's début as a director. This film about schizophrenia in the soul of young America is well acted, but it skids into some very leaden symbolism about a crackup in the mind of a boy avoiding the draft; the screen suddenly swarms with lizards and mice and bugs that he has let loose in a biology lab, in the spirit of freeing fellow-prisoners. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 11.)

Equus—Careful, unimaginative version of Peter Shaffer's play; the sensitive-important-picture pacing is like a black armband. As the tormented psychiatrist, Richard Burton does his elocutionary thing. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (11/7/77) (Trans-Lux East.)

First Love—With William Katt and Susan Dey, directed by Joan Darling. (Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

Five Easy Pieces (1970)—Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when time gives out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 11.)

Fun with Dick and Jane—A nitwit mixture of counterculture politics, madcap comedy, and toilet humor. George Segal and Jane Fonda are Dick and Jane of the children's primers, grown up, married, and living beyond their means in a suburban-palatial L.A. dream house; when he loses his executive job they turn to robbery. Excruciatingly badly directed by Ted Kotcheff. (2/28/77) (Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 15.)

Hail the Conquering Hero (1944)—If you've never seen one of Preston Sturges's classic comedies, you may not quite know what hit you. He uses verbal slapstick as well as visual slapstick, and his comic timing is so quirkily effective that the dialogue keeps popping off like a string of firecrackers. In this satire on hero worship, patriotism, and mother love, Eddie Bracken, son of his town's biggest First World War hero, joins the Marines in the Second World War and is discharged for hay fever. Ashamed, he writes his mother that he's been sent overseas, and thinking he can never return home, tells his girl (Ella Raines) that he doesn't love her anymore. But one night he's out drinking with six Marines, and one of them, known as Bugsy, for good reason, tells him he should go home and see his beautiful mother; the sergeant agrees, and the upshot is that they drag him home, claiming that he's a war hero. The town goes mad. With Freddie Steele, once middleweight boxing champion of the world, as Bugsy, and William Demarest as a Marine sergeant. (Thalia; Nov. 11-12.)

Harvest (1937)—One of the true and essential French film classics. Jean Giono's novel—a love story set in an abandoned village that the lovers bring to life—was shot in Provence by Marcel Pagnol. With a superb cast, including Fernandel and Marguerite Moreno. Music by Arthur Honegger. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 13.)

Her Majesty Love (1931)—Dopey William Dieterle musical, with Marilyn Miller in love with Ben Lyon in old Berlin. W. C. Fields suddenly helps immensely by appearing as Marilyn Miller's juggler parent. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 13.)

Heroes—With Henry Winkler, Sally Field, and Harrison Ford; directed by Jeremy Paul Kagan. (Eastside Cinema, and 86th St. East.)

Human Desire (1954)—Fritz Lang's melodramatic Hollywood version of Zola's novel about blind instinct, "La Bête Humaine," which had been turned into a classic film by Jean Renoir in 1938. There's nothing very special about this updated version, set in America, and starring Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame as a ruthless, taunting wife, and Broderick Crawford as her jealous husband. Lang didn't want to make the film but was contractually forced into it by Columbia, which hoped for a success comparable to his "The Big Heat" of the year before, also with Grahame and Ford. With lots of high angles and night scenes, and also Edgar Buchanan and Dan Seymour. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 16.)

I Never Promised You a Rose Garden—Anthony Page treats the topic of a pretty, schizophrenic girl (Kathleen Quinlan) with charity and distress. Bibi Andersson plays—marvellously—the therapist who works with the girl in the frightened margins of her life, which is hedged with demons. (8/8/77) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and Olympia; starting Nov. 16.)

In the Realm of the Senses—With Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji, directed by Nagisa Oshima. In Japanese. (Quad Cinema, and New Yorker; through Nov. 15.)

Julia—Jane Fonda as Lillian Hellman, Jason Robards as Dashiell Hammett, and Vanessa Redgrave as Julia in the film version of Hellman's story about her smuggling bribe money into Nazi Germany, from her book of memoirs "Pentimento." Directed by Fred Zinnemann, from a script by Alvin Sargent, it has been made in conservative—classical humanist—style. The film's constraint is frus-

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trating, because Jane Fonda has the power and invention to go further in the character. (10/10/77) (Cinema I, and Cinema 3.)

The Lacemaker—With Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton, directed by Claude Goretta. In French. (Fine Arts.)

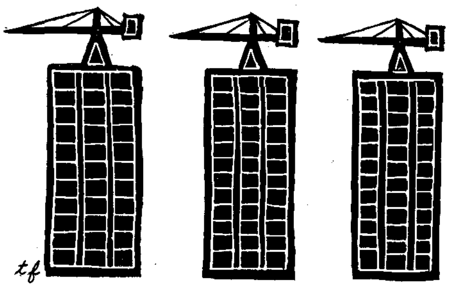
The Lady Eve (1941)—A frivolous masterpiece. Like "Bringing Up Baby," "The Lady Eve" is a mixture of visual and verbal slapstick, and of high artifice and pratfalls. Barbara Stanwyck keeps sticking out a sensational leg, and Henry Fonda keeps tripping over it. She's a cardsharp, and he's a millionaire scientist who knows more about snakes than about women; neither performer has ever been funnier. The film, with screenplay and direction by Preston Sturges, is full of classic moments and classic lines; it represents the dizzy high point of Sturges's comedy writing. With Charles Coburn, Eugene Pallette, William Demarest, and Eric Blore. (Thalia; Nov. 11-12.)

Let Joy Reign Supreme—Bertrand Tavernier's sage reconstruction of the year 1719 in France, when the Duc d'Orléans (Philippe Noiret) was running the land as regent for the sickly little boy who was to survive—to everyone's surprise, and in the face of many hopes—to become Louis XV. Tavernier shows us the luxe, the muddle, the cruelty of the time, with many scenes full of wit. In French. (9/19/77) (Art; starting Nov. 16.)

Looking for Mr. Goodbar—Diane Keaton as Theresa Dunn, the teacher who cruises singles bars and is murdered by a man she picks up. Richard Brooks, who adapted the novel by Judith Rossner and directed, has laid a windy jeremiad about our permissive society on top of fractured film syntax. He's lost the erotic, pulpy morbidity that made the novel a compulsive read; the film is splintered, moralistic, tedious. With Tuesday Weld, Alan Feinstein, Richard Gere, and Richard Kiley. (10/24/77) (Loews Tower East.)

The Lost Weekend (1945)—Charles Jackson's novel about a well-brought-up, frustrated, dipsomaniacal writer who goes on a five-day binge that lands him in Bellevue was turned into an unusually daring popular melodrama by the writing team of Charles Brackett (who produced) and Billy Wilder (who directed); in the leading role, Ray Milland, reprieved from his usual lightweight leading-man roles, surprised the public with his tautness and irony. The picture lacks fluidity, and the slowly paced scenes seem overcalculated, with each colorful character and tense vignette standing out too sharply; everything is nailed down to a meaning for us. The picture lacks imaginative resonance; what it has is the Brackett-and-Wilder specialty—a distinctive cruel edge. And there are some famous sequences: the hero's lust for a drink during the opening aria of "La Traviata;" his long, plodding walk along Third Avenue in an attempt to hawk his typewriter when the pawnshops are closed for Yom Kippur. With Frank Faylan as a spiteful, supercilious male nurse, Howard Da Silva as a harsh-voiced bartender, Jane Wyman as a *Time* researcher, Doris Dowling as the girl who says "natch," and Philip Terry as the hero's brother. Filmed partly on location in New York and in Bellevue. Academy Awards: Best Picture, Best Actor, Best Screenplay. (Thalia; Nov. 16-17.)

The Major and the Minor (1942)—Determinedly sassy wartime comedy, in which Ginger Rogers, as a New York career girl down on her luck, without enough money to return home to Iowa, dresses up as a twelve-year-old and buys a half-fare railroad ticket. On the train, she meets Ray Milland, an Army major stationed at a military school for boys, and he is bewildered by his attraction to the overgrown tyke. The Major's fiancée (Rita Johnson) becomes suspicious, so the heroine is forced to keep up her charade, even while fending off lecherous youngsters at the school. The farce situations are pushed too broadly, and have a sanctimonious patriotic veneer, but this first American film directed by Billy Wilder was a box-office hit. With Robert Benchley, Diana Lynn as the kid who sees through the heroine's masquerade, and Lela Rogers, Ginger's mother, who plays her mother. The script, by Charles Brackett and Wilder, seems to have been concocted after the title, but it's actually derived from disparate sources—a play and a story. (Thalia; Nov. 16-17.)



The Man Who Loved Women—With Charles Denner and Brigitte Fossey, directed by François Truffaut. In French. (Paris.)

Midnight (1939)—Rapturous fun. Slim-hipped-wide-eyed Claudette Colbert, stranded in Paris in an evening gown, gets involved with John Barrymore, who is trying to regain the affections of his straying wife, Mary Astor, who is hooked on dapper Francis Lederer. This romantic comedy, written by Brackett and Wilder, and directed by Mitchell Leisen, is one of the authentic delights of the thirties. The cast includes Hedda Hopper, Monty Woolley, and Don Ameche. Actually, Ameche has an important role; he isn't bad—for Ameche. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 17.)

The Misfits (1961)—An erratic, sometimes personal in the wrong way, and generally unlucky picture that is often affecting. With Marilyn Monroe as a lonely young divorcée, Clark Gable as an aging cowhand, and Montgomery Clift as an accident-prone cowhand. Written by Arthur Miller and directed by John Huston. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 13-14.)

Mr. Klein—With Alain Delon and Jeanne Moreau, directed by Joseph Losey. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Moby Dick (1930)—John Barrymore's second Ahab; he had also appeared in a silent version called "The Sea Beast," with Dolores Costello as the beautiful girl waiting on shore. In this talkie remake, directed by Lloyd Bacon, the girl is played by Joan Bennett. (Dolores Costello had become Mrs. Barrymore and was pregnant.) It should be explained that in both these versions Ahab's driven character is accounted for by the existence of a beautiful girl who really did love him but whom he misunderstood. The first version was excitingly romantic; this talkie is much less so—Barrymore is forty-eight and isn't wildly in love with his leading lady, and he's working with a whale that resembles a vast mattress. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 15.)

New York, New York—It begins on V-J Day; Liza Minnelli is a struggling singer, Robert De Niro is a struggling saxophonist, both parts written so as to represent the Hollywood chestnut that ruthlessness is necessary for success. The best thing about this movie is De Niro's firm, swift performance. Directed by Martin Scorsese. (7/4/77) (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Nov. 17, tentative.)

1900—Bertolucci tried to write a nineteenth-century novel on film; the result is appalling, yet it has the grandeur of a classic visionary folly. Next to it, all the other new movies are like something you hold up at the end of a toothpick. The cast includes Robert De Niro, Gérard Depardieu, Dominique Sanda, Burt Lancaster, Sterling Hayden, and Donald Sutherland. Four hours and five minutes, plus intermission. (10/31/77) (Festival.)

Oh, God!—With George Burns and John Denver, directed by Carl Reiner. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Waverly, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Columbia II; through Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Guild; through Nov. 16.)

One Sings, the Other Doesn't—Directed by Agnès Varda. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Plaza. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Nov. 16, tentative.)

Outrageous!—A shock-the-bourgeois film from Canada about a friendship between a schizophrenic girl and a homosexual who is expert at drag entertainment. A cheap and false analogy is made between the states of the two characters, and it doesn't pass muster by miles. (9/12/77) (Cinema II.)

Outward Bound (1930)—With Leslie Howard and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., from Sutton Vane's hugely popular play of the time, directed by Robert Milton. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 15.)

Pardon Mon Affaire—A soubrette of a movie, about a long-faced and very accident-prone Lothario (Jean Rochefort). Directed by Yves Robert, who made "The Tall Blond Man with

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One Black Shoe." Sabotaged sometimes by coquetry, but its high spirits save it. In French. (8/8/77) (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 15.)

Payment on Demand (1951)—This Bette Davis picture—the story of a hideously bad marriage—was made just before "All About Eve," though it wasn't released until afterward. Davis plays a wrongheaded, treacherous, racist wife who drives her husband (Barry Sullivan) to success and into the arms of another woman (Frances Dee). Davis has so many outbursts that Sullivan, who has to listen to them, looks benumbed. By the time the celebrated stage actress Jane Cowl turns up, as a broken-down divorcée who is reduced to sharing her life with a grubby poet—a spectacle that shatters Davis's wicked complacency and causes her to reform—the special sogginess of dull "women's pictures" has set in. With Kent Taylor, John Sutton, Otto Kruger, Natalie Schafer, Richard Anderson, and, in the flashback sequence, Davis's own daughter, playing her child. Curtis Bernhardt directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 16.)

Pete's Dragon—From the Disney studios, with Helen Reddy, Jim Dale, and Mickey Rooney. Directed by Don Chaffey. (Music Hall.)

The Phantom President (1932)—This political satire was George M. Cohan's first talking picture; for anyone who cares about American theatrical history it's an indispensable record of Cohan's style—which is almost nothing like the styles of James Cagney and Joel Grey when they played Cohan. The music isn't all by Cohan; there is also Rodgers' and Hart's "Give Her a Kiss." The heroine is Claudette Colbert, and Jimmy Durante is also in the cast. Norman Taurog directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 14.)

A Piece of Pleasure (1976)—Claude Chabrol's picture about male authoritarianism, written by Paul Gégauff. Gégauff plays the man; his wife in private life, Danielle Gégauff, plays his mistress of eight years. They have a marvellous time together, apparently: country house, ravishing small daughter, amity (as long as the woman knuckles under), enduring sexuality. But the man has proposed a theory of sexual self-rule. The film is about his surprise when she agrees—a response that strikes him as mutinous. In French. (6/21/76) (Cinema Village; Nov. 15.)

A Piece of the Action—With Sidney Poitier, Bill Cosby, and James Earl Jones; directed by Mr. Poitier. (U.A. East.)

Roseland—With Teresa Wright, Lou Jacobi, Geraldine Chaplin, Helen Gallagher, Lilia Skala, and David Thomas; directed by James Ivory. (Columbia I.)

The Savage Is Loose (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. Scott directed. (59th St. East.)

Short Eyes—Robert M. Young directed Miguel Piñero's adaptation of his own play—an insider's view of life in a men's house of detention, centering on the revulsion that prisoners feel toward child-molesters ("short eyes"). Parts of this disorganized, somewhat pedestrian movie seem as good as they could possibly be. Shot entirely in the Tombs. (9/26/77) (Sutton, and Paramount.)

Smokey and the Bandit—With Burt Reynolds, Sally Field, Jerry Reed, and Jackie Gleason; directed by Hal Needham. (Playboy; through Nov. 15.)

Some Like It Hot (1959)—A comedy set in the Prohibition era, with transvestism, impotence, role confusion, and borderline inversion—and all hilariously innocent. Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon are the female impersonators who join a girls' band, and Marilyn Monroe and Joe E. Brown are their somewhat confused love partners. With George Raft, Pat O'Brien, and Nehemiah Persoff. Billy Wilder directed. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 13-14.)

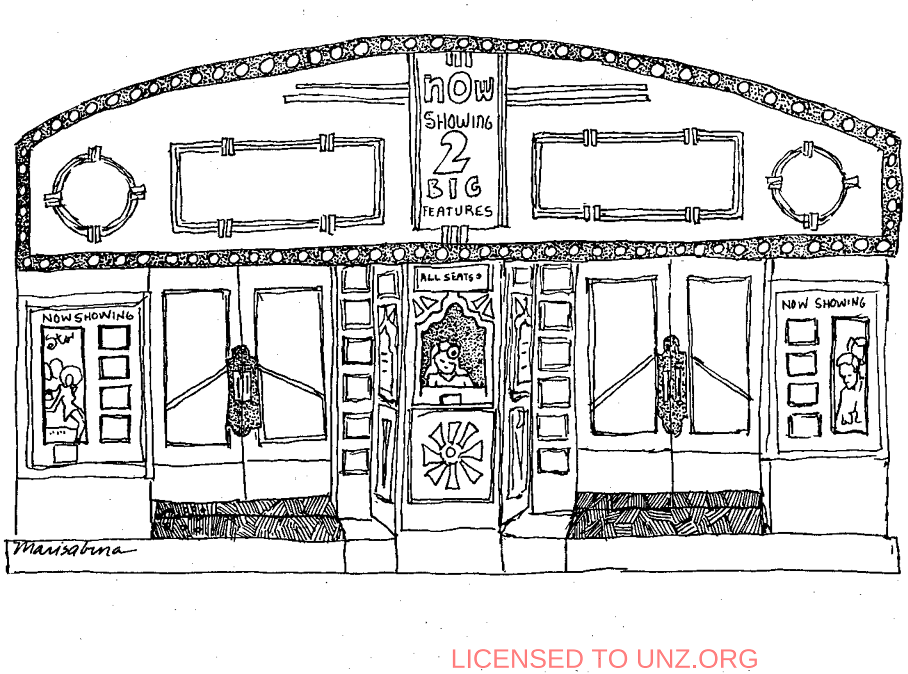
A Special Day—A schematic romance that takes place in Rome on May 8, 1938, during Hitler's visit with Mussolini. Sophia Loren is an oppressed working-class housewife, the mother of six children, and Marcello Mastroianni is a suspected homosexual who has just been dismissed as a radio announcer and is about to be interned in Sardinia. Their humiliation draws them together. Directed by Ettore Scola. In Italian. (10/17/77) (Beekman.)

The Spy Who Loved Me—This time around in the James Bond cycle, Roger Moore is 007, and his girl-object, a coldly luscious Russian spy, is Barbara Bach. Much ingenuity of blood lust. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (8/8/77) (8th St. Playhouse, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Gramercy, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Playboy; starting Nov. 16.)

Star Wars—A film, written and directed by George Lucas (of "American Graffiti"), about an interstellar war in a galaxy inhabited by tiny, chattering, evil beings, by Tenniel creatures of high individuality (a henna-dyed wolf-man, snakes with the look of mathematicians), by a gold-plated robot, and by a computer that looks like a mixture of hair-dryer and mailbox. Witty and fun, with spectacular optical effects. (6/13/77) (Murray Hill, and Loews Orpheum.)

The Story of Adèle H. (1975)—A François Truffaut film to rank with "Shoot the Piano Player," "Jules and Jim," and "The Wild Child"—and perhaps his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. In French. (Quad Cinema.)

Summerdog—With James Congdon and Elizabeth Eisenman, directed by John Clayton. (Guild; starting Nov. 17. All performances on Thursday, Nov. 17, will be benefits. A limited number of tickets will be available at the box office.)



Sunny (1930)—Marilyn Miller in an adaptation of her 1925 Broadway musical success; the movie retains some of the original songs by Otto Harbach, Oscar Hammerstein II, and Jerome Kern. She plays an English circus performer who becomes a stowaway on a ship going to America. Miss Miller's fabled adorableness escapes the camera, and the picture is mainly of historical interest. With Lawrence Gray as the man she loves, and O. P. Heggie as her father; directed by William A. Seiter. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 13.)

Taxi Driver (1976)—Robert De Niro stars in Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver, which is like a raw, tabloid version of "Notes from Underground." Be prepared: it's extraordinarily powerful. Paul Schrader wrote the script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, and Albert Brooks. (2/9/76) (Cinema Village; Nov. 11-12.)

The 10th Victim (1965)—Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress are the stars of this sometimes witty extravaganza about licensed sudden death in the twenty-first century. Ably directed by Elio Petri. In Italian. (Cinema Village; Nov. 16-17.)

That Obscure Object of Desire—With Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina; directed by Luis Buñuel. In French. (Columbia II; starting Nov. 11.)

Thieves—New York ghetto schoolteacher Marlo Thomas lectures her sell-out husband, Charles Grodin, about the glories of a mad, carefree existence—with full dedication to the underprivileged. The author, Herb Gardner (he also took over the direction from John Berry), specializes in the urban poetry of craziness; the characters don't talk—they make speeches, every one of them profound. Not a believable minute. (2/28/77) (Olympia; starting Nov. 16.)

Thunder and Lightning—With David Carradine and Kate Jackson, directed by Corey Allen. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting Nov. 16.)

Tommy (1975)—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. Like many other mindless satires, it fallaciously respects and exploits what it seeks to criticize. For instance, it pretends to be severe about the false idols of our era, but it is exceedingly religious about show biz and success. Lots of psychedelic shocks and comic-strip effects. Ann-Margret is appealing when she doesn't have to fling herself about. Roger Daltrey plays Tommy. (Ziegfeld; Nov. 11-13.)

The Turning Point—With Anne Bancroft, Shirley MacLaine, Tom Skerritt, Mikhail Baryshnikov, and Leslie Browne; directed by Herbert Ross. (Coronet; starting Nov. 15.)

Valentino—There is no artistry left in the director Ken Russell's work, but by attaching the names of actual people to his sadomasochistic fantasies, he gives the picture a nasty inside-joke appeal. The only redeeming element is Rudolf Nureyev in the title role; he doesn't evoke Valentino, but from time to time he has a captivating, very funny temperament of his own. His eagerness to please is at war with Russell's spitefulness—Russell turns the camera *against* his own performers. (11/7/77) (Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Greenwich; through Nov. 15.)

Voyage to Grand Tartarie—With Jean-Luc Bideau and Micheline Lanctôt, directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella. In French. (D. W. Griffith.)

Which Way Is Up?—With Richard Pryor, directed by Michael Schultz. (Loews Ciné.)

Why Does Herr R. Run Amok?—With Kurt Raab, Lilith Ungerer, and Hanna Schygulla; directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Cinema Studio; starting Nov. 17.)

A Woman's Decision—A Polish picture (awful title), directed by Krzysztof Zanussi, that has a touch of "Brief Encounter." An impetuous woman is married to a strict-faced, hidebound man, and she foreseeably falls for a physical-education instructor who is the very symbol of spontaneity and ease. In Polish. (9/19/77) (Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 15.)

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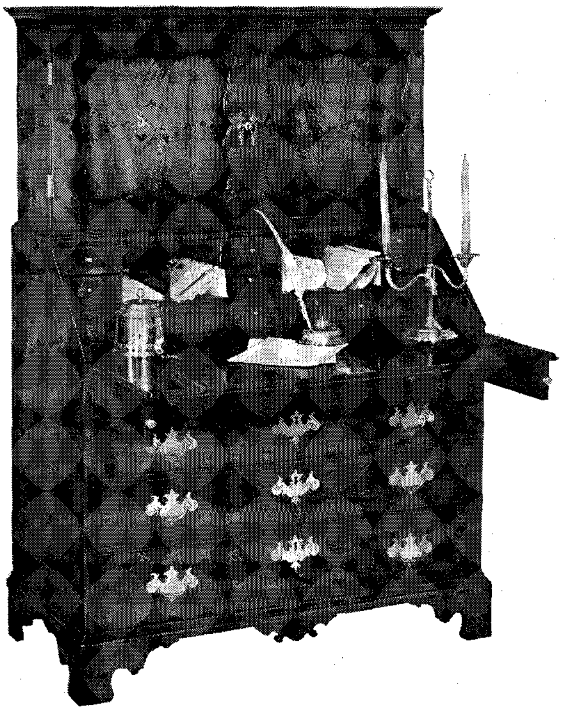

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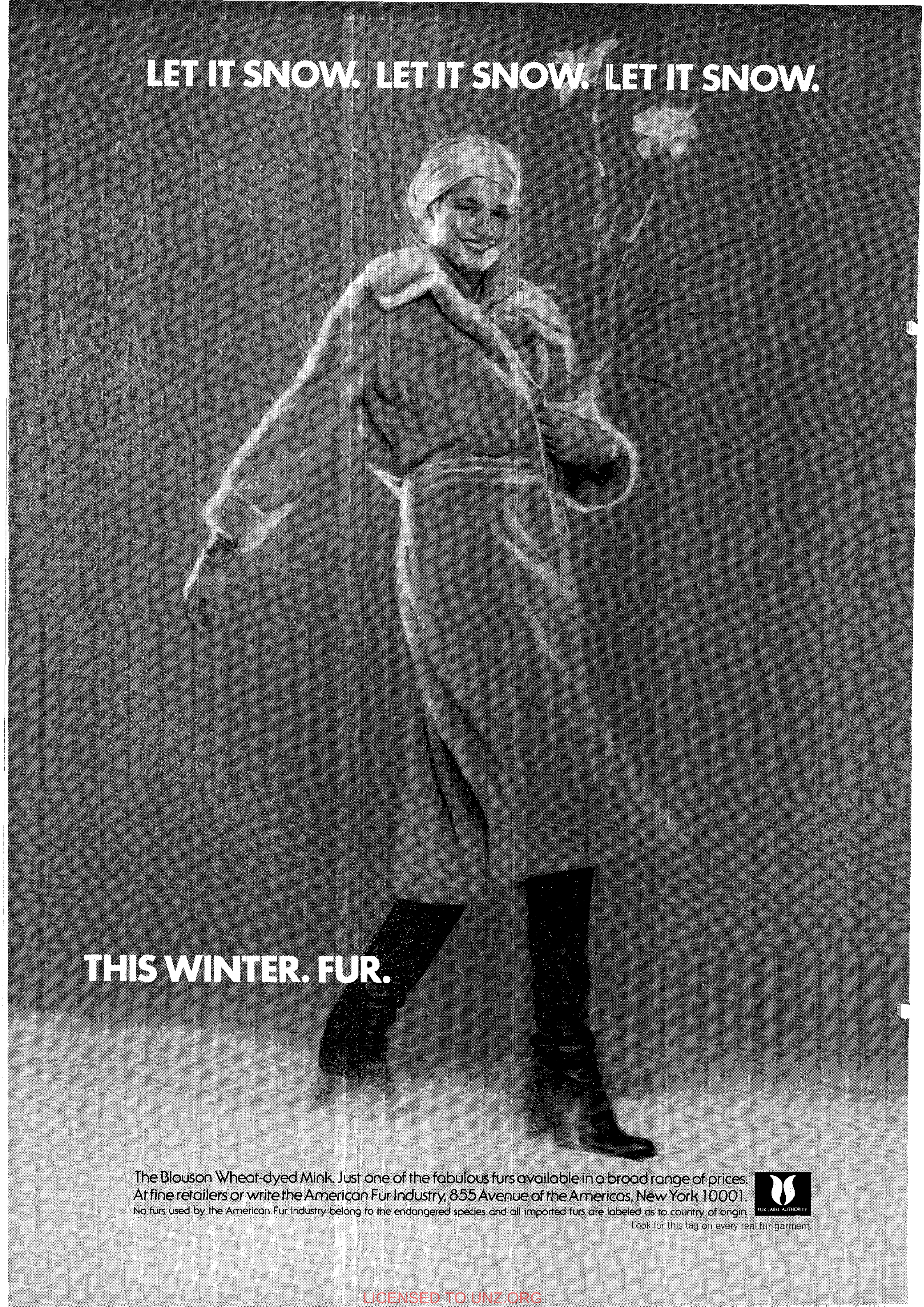
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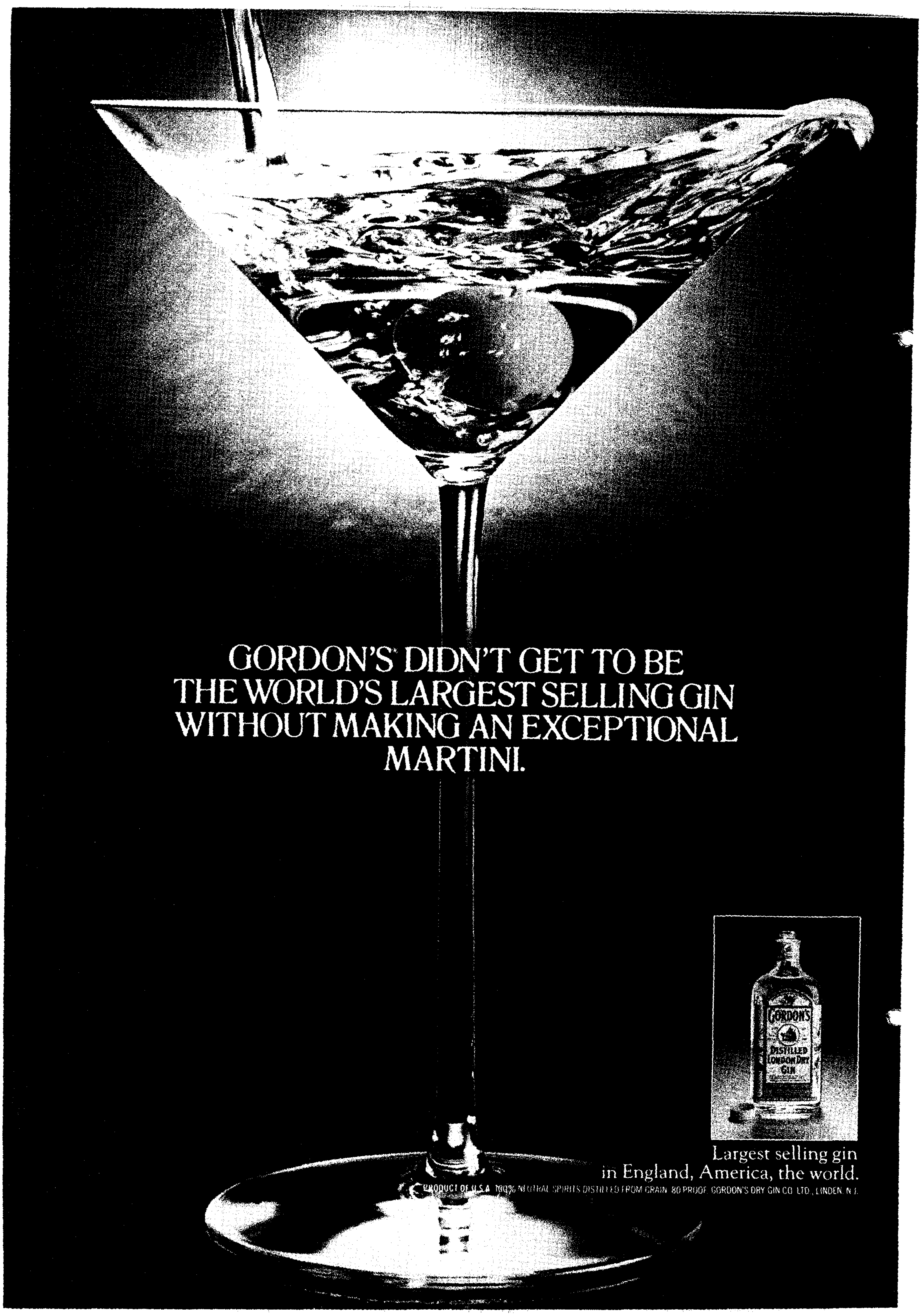
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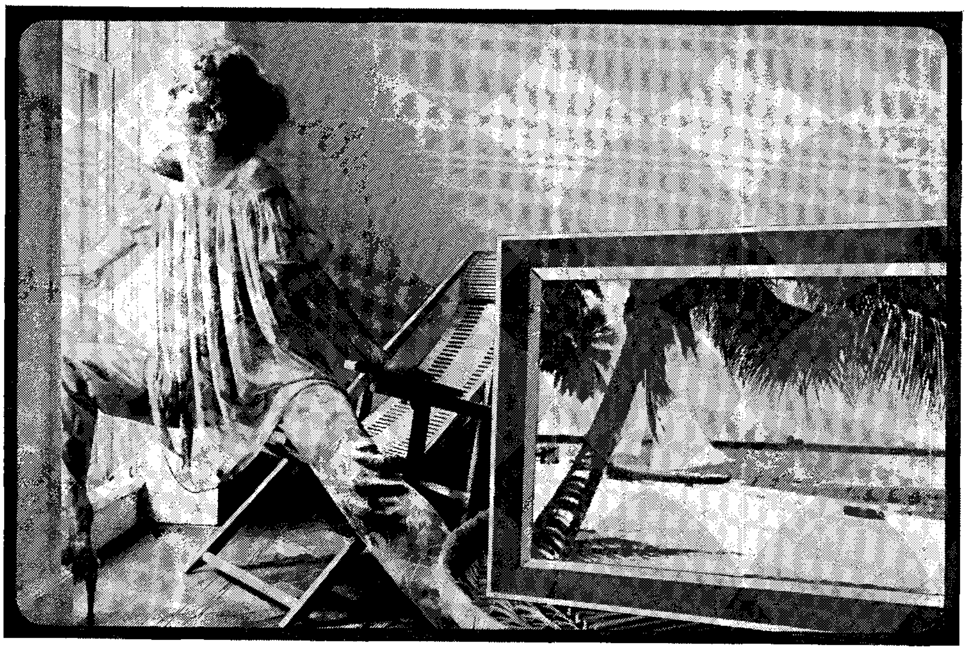

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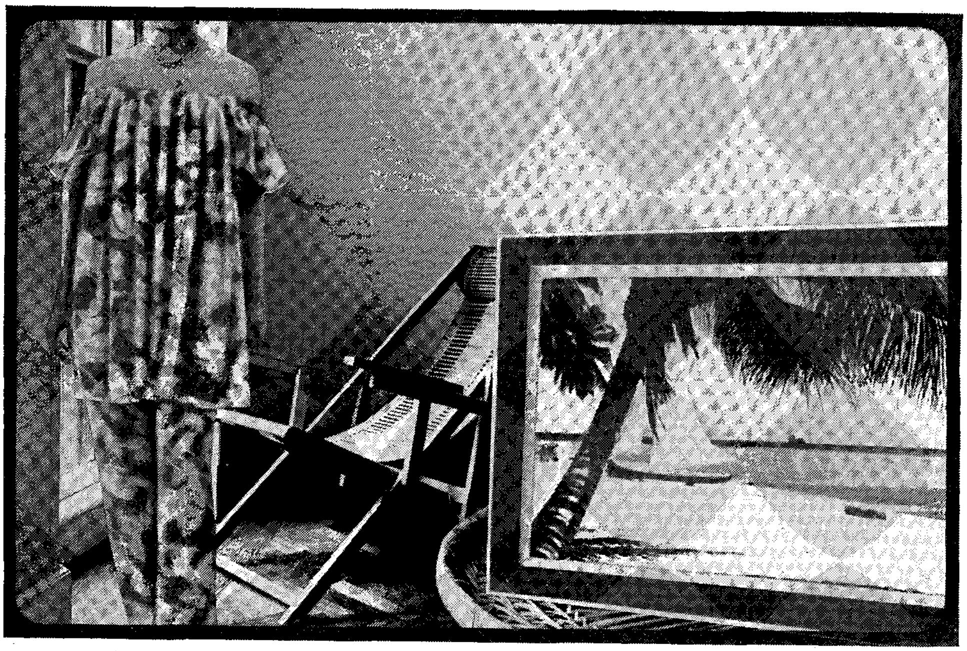

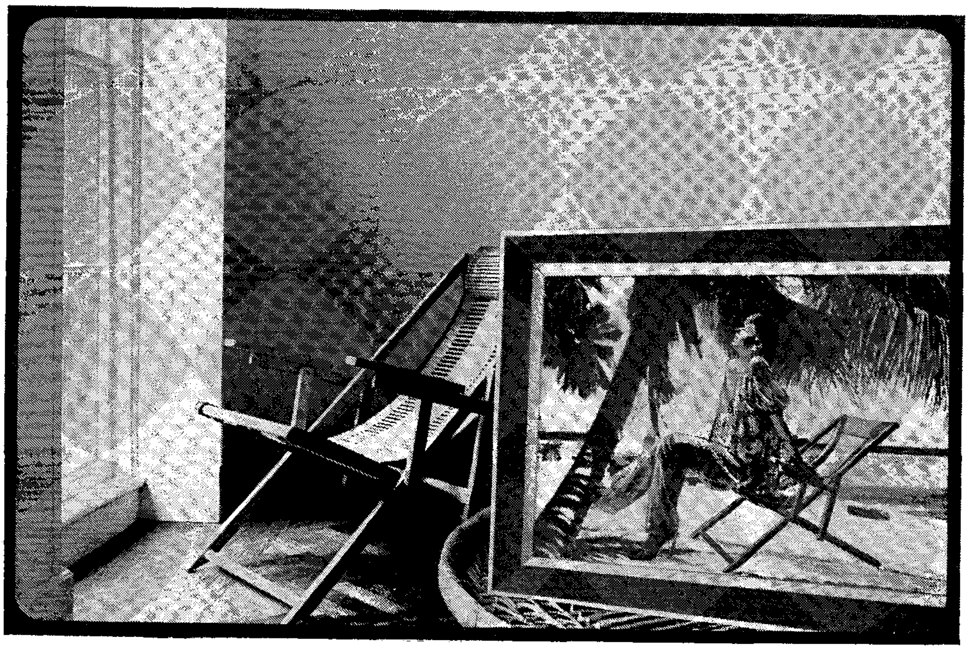

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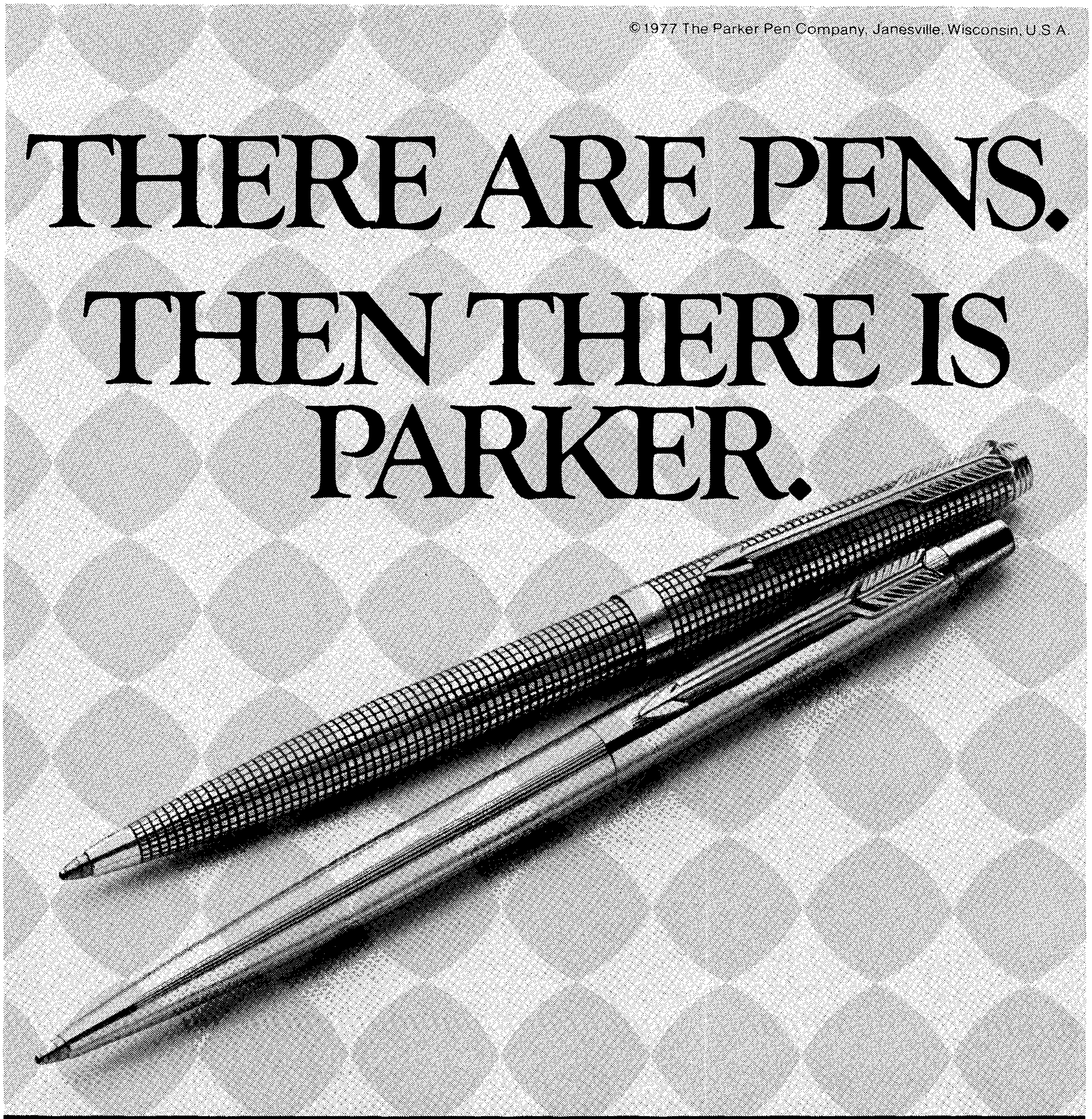

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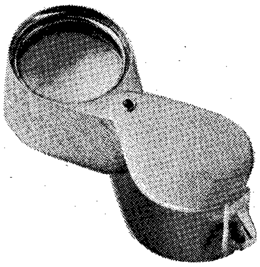

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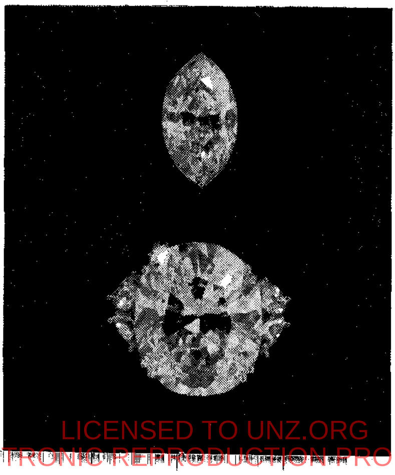

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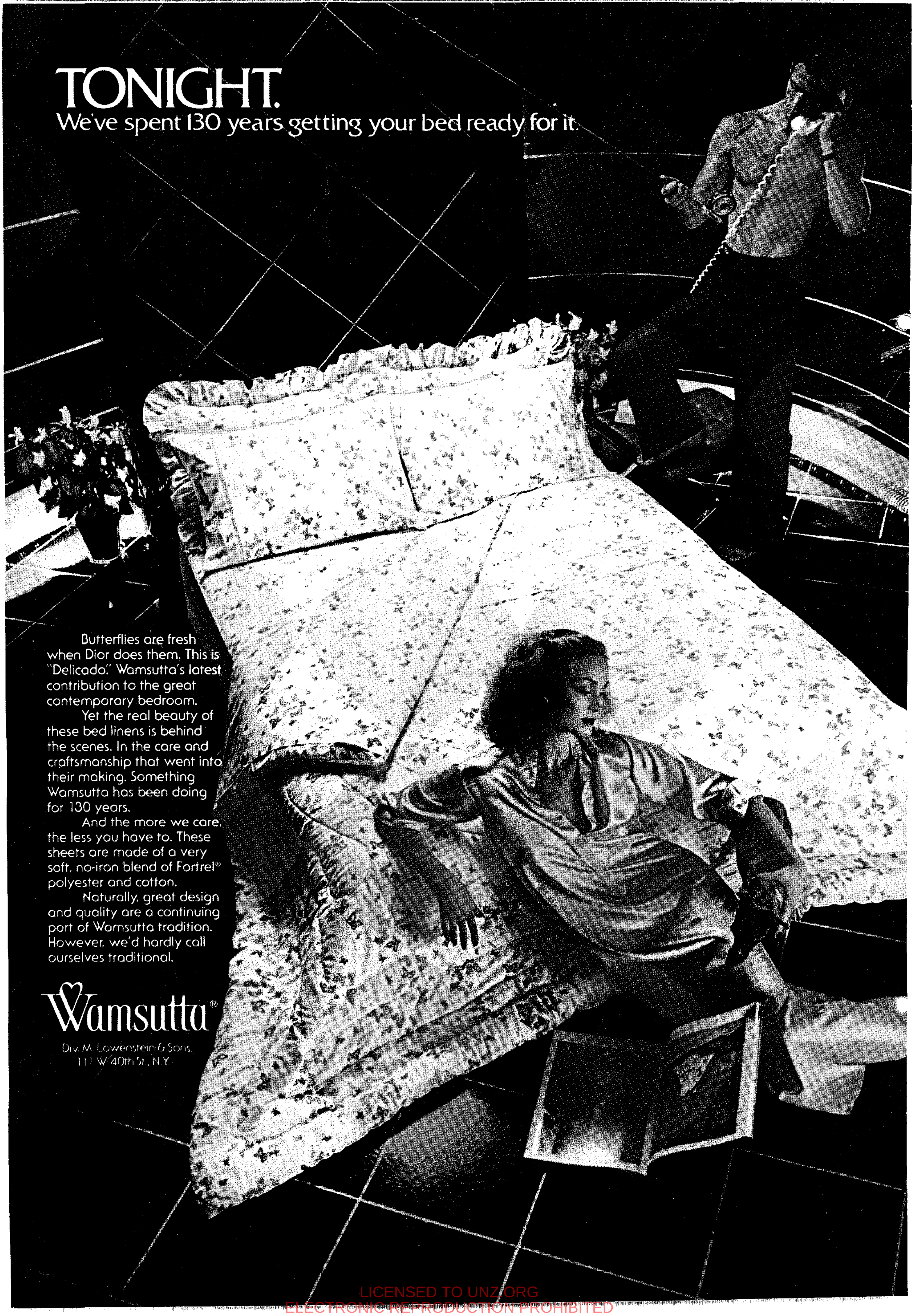

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

STANDING on a concrete jetty at seven-thirty of a drizzly morning, looking across the gray Hudson at the shore softened by fog, one can just make out an endless miniature procession of Manhattan-bound cars going down the ramp to the Lincoln Tunnel. They vanish under the river and come up on New York's streets: a chain of them is moving now a hundred yards away along the road under the old West Side Highway, and soon they will be searching for a place to park. Here they are passing Pier 76, at Thirty-seventh Street—the Police Department Parking Enforcement depot—where another parade of cars, these without drivers, and hauled by tow trucks, is moving toward a huge building. The cars pass under a damp flag shifting restlessly in the wind above a doorway where a Dantesque sign says, "To Redeem Auto Enter Here." Inside, four hundred cars are currently captive, waiting for owners with license, registration, and sixty-five dollars in cash or check. (Cash or certified check is the rule for scofflaws.) Nobody is picking up a car right now; late at night, however, the lines at the windows are long and slow. On a wall by some pay phones, a notice has been posted: "Generous Reward. Dog Stolen with Red Station Wagon . . . Answers to name of Susie . . . We only want the dog back—no questions asked—she is very frightened." On the jetty outside is a scattering of old French-fried potatoes; just offshore, ancient pilings—green above the low-tide line, then gray, then brown at the top—stand ready for ships that will never come again. Inland, across the roadway, there are abandoned factories of brick, and collapsed sheds. On a bleak morning like this, the city can look hopelessly desolate—a ruin devoid of grandeur. The nomads come and go in their cars, rerouted around the devastation. In a field to the south of Thirty-eighth Street, old railroad tracks are buried under weeds and grass and wild flowers. There are masses of small white asters with yellow centers—it looks as if fresh snow had started to fall—and they toss in the wind.

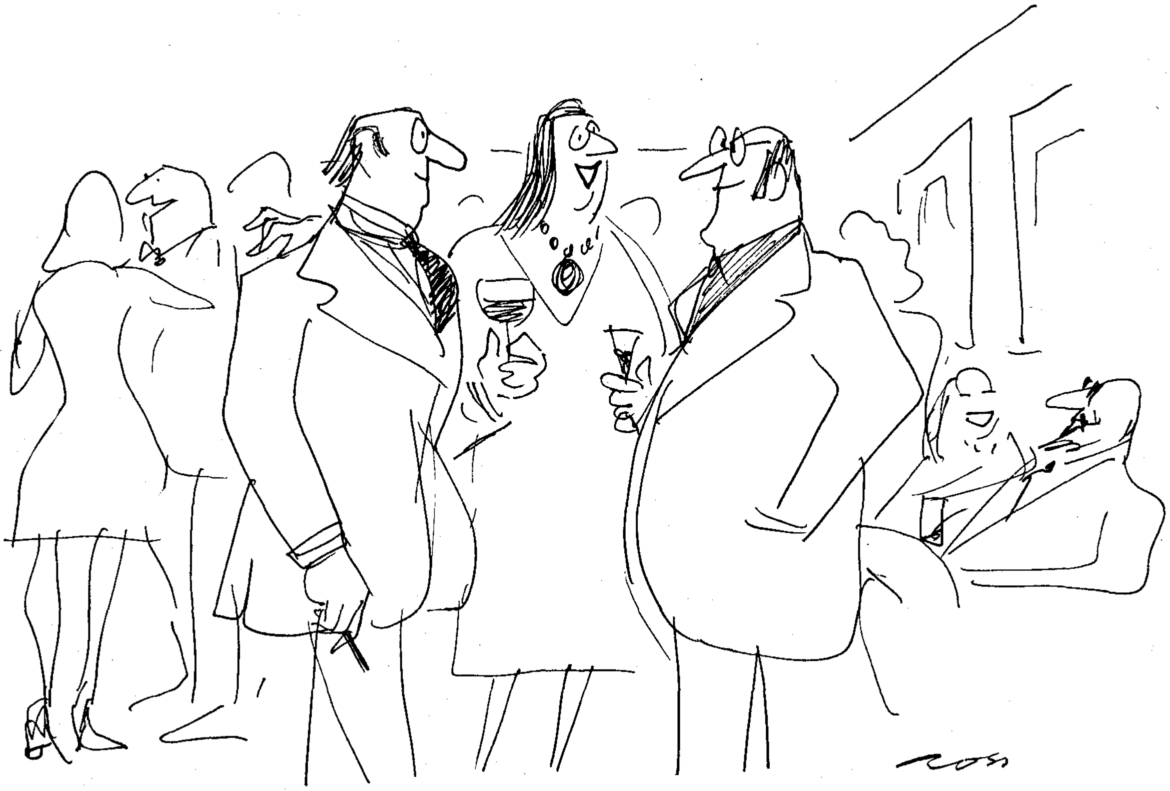
We get into our own car, to head north and then east. Near Ninth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street, pedestrians are watching something: a one-legged woman in a wheelchair is struggling with a man who is standing over her. She is trying to hit him with a cane. People stare, not knowing what to do. But the woman and the man apparently know each other: he holds her arm; he is trying to calm her down. Her face is full of rage and resentment. We drive by, another nomad slipping through this city of frightened lost dogs and forever departed ships and rusting hopes. Then, as we look back in the rear-view mirror, we see that the woman has grown quiet, at least for now, and the man is kissing her on the forehead.

• •

Literary Banquet

THREE solid weeks of mental labor went into the seating plan for the recent fiftieth-anniversary banquet of the Literary Guild—or, roughly, as long as it takes a lot of struggling writers we know to roll page one into the typewriter. From what we observed, the effort paid off. The challenge that the Literary Guild (which now boasts more members than any other book club in the United States) met so successfully required scattering a hundred and fifty-odd authors (including Lillian Carter and her daughter Gloria Carter Spann), perhaps a hundred editors, most of the reputable literary agents in town, about seventy-five reporters, and assorted guests and ancillary book-business people—five hundred and seventy banqueters in all—around fifty-seven tables in the Waldorf-Astoria's Grand Ballroom without rekindling any dormant literary feuds. For instance, the Literary Guild's social wizards had to ask themselves whether there was any reason to suspect that, say, Fred Bodsworth ("The Strange One," Literary Guild selection for January, 1960) and Ilka Chase ("Past Imperfect," April, 1942) could not spend an evening amicably at the same dinner table—considerations of that sort.

During the cocktail hour that preceded dinner, it was possible to survey the crowd and see a rare thing: Gore Vidal, Joseph Heller, Isaac Asimov, Kurt Vonnegut, Louis Auchincloss, Irwin Shaw, Sloan Wilson, and other men of letters *all* in black tie. Several absent Literary Guild authors had responded to their invitations with polite refusals that were displayed on two easels. Manohar Malgonkar ("The Princes," December, 1963) wrote, "It would have been one of the most memorable landmarks of my life to have rubbed shoulders with some of the greatest literary figures of our times," and then, without specifying whom he considered to be the greatest literary figures of our times, apologized for being in India, beyond commuting range; Lillian Hellman explained that she had to give a speech that evening at Harvard; Bob Hope was taping a television special on Bing Crosby; David Niven was in Egypt; Richard E. Leakey pleaded prior commitments elsewhere; André Castelot pleaded in French; J. A. Wight, a.k.a. James Herriot, pleaded the obligations of his veterinary practice; and J. Jeffrey Hafer, an at-



"Meet Mr. Lewis. He doesn't meditate, either."

torney, declined in behalf of his client Joe Namath.

The only author present who went to the trouble to promote his book in an explicit way was William (Fish Bait) Miller, the former doorkeeper of the United States House of Representatives. When we spied him, he was seated alone, with a drink in one hand and a copy of his autobiography, titled not "Fish Bait" but "Fishbait," in the other. This tableau lent a democratic air to the occasion, showing that Fish Bait doesn't bother to distinguish between a Literary Guild fiftieth-anniversary party at the Waldorf and an autographing party at a suburban Brentano's. Fish Bait Miller is a moon-faced, jowly raconteur and native of Pascagoula, Mississippi, who, except for his black tie and a newly acquired pair of wire-rimmed eyeglasses, exactly resembled the closeup photograph of himself on the cover of his book.

We sat down and asked Fish Bait why he wasn't mixing with his fellow-littérateurs.

"Well, see, friend, I don't really know anybody here," he explained. "I'm just here because that guy standing over there—see the tall fella?—he's with Prentice-Hall, my publisher, and they told me to come. They sent me a ticket, and all. When I got here, some young lady at the door said, 'Oh, Fish Bait, you were my boyfriend during three different phases of my growing-up period.' She grew up in Washington, see. I told her, 'Well, I'm highly honored to have fulfilled your fantasy, and don't you think it's time you gave me a kiss?' Promoting this here book, I go wherever the publisher sends me. I been on the road off and on since last spring, and— Hold it there a second."

A woman who had come over to the table had recognized Fish Bait—not really a tricky accomplishment—and wanted to take his photograph.

"Sure, honey pie, I'll be happy to," he said. "Shoot away. No, wait. Let's get this right, sugar." And, to get it right, he flashed a wry smile and posed with his chin perched atop the book.

"O.K., now, where were we?" he asked, returning his attention to us. "Oh, yeah, selling this book. Well, I came up from Atlanta today—that's where I live now—and I bet I sold fifteen copies on that noon flight. After I leave here, I'm going to Mississippi Thursday through Sunday and then to Albuquerque on Monday and back to Atlanta for two days, maybe do some bookstores there, then up to northern Virginia, and then who knows?"

We noticed that Fish Bait was wearing a small replica of the State of New Mexico insignia on the lapel of his tuxedo jacket, and when we asked him why, he said, "I just told you. I gotta go to Albuquerque next Monday."

"So you're getting ready?" we asked.

"Hell, no, brother," he said. "I'm ready right now."

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Cities

ATTRACTED by an invitation to assist in the formation of federal urban policies, a hundred and thirty-five New York-area corporate and civic executives crowded into a meeting room in the Pfizer Building, on East Forty-second Street, one morning not long ago to confront a handful of planners and executives from the United States Department of Housing and Urban Development and Michael S. Koleda, an economist who has been named director of an impending White House Conference on Balanced National Growth and Economic Development. "We have had the shortest planning period of any such conference, the smallest budget, and the largest issue," Professor Koleda told the assemblage by way of introduction. The issue he seemed to have in mind was Cities.

Patricia Harris, the Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, who had accompanied President Carter on his recent inspection visit to the South Bronx, couldn't be present, because she had been summoned to a meeting at the White House. "With luck, she and the President are talking about doing something about what they saw up there," observed an official of the Regional Plan Association, which sponsored the New York meeting, the last of four regional forums dealing with the problems of metropolitan areas. The chief federal representative at this particular morning's meeting was Jay Janis, Undersecretary of Housing and Urban Development.

"Maybe we might begin by defining just what we're talking about when we say 'metropolitan areas,'" suggested James E. Wall, a vice-president of the Celanese Corporation.

"We define 'metropolitan area' as the center city and immediate suburbs," replied Willis Goldbeck, a Housing and Urban Development consultant. "In

New York, that would mean not only Manhattan, or even the five boroughs." He added, "You know, the urban problem is not just a New York one. All around the country, at these meetings, we've heard New York lambasted, but everywhere we've been, and that includes Washington, we've seen metropolitan areas in the same kinds of difficulties that we've seen here."

"Is it fair to say that urban-renewal projects are really things of the past?" asked Benjamin Frank, an official of the Allied Stores Corporation.

The question was fielded by Undersecretary Janis. "That's true in terms of new initiatives," he said. "Lots of things went wrong with urban renewal, including the emphasis on clearance rather than on rehabilitation of sound structures, and, although lots of urban-renewal programs remain to be completed, we are trying to phase them out."

From the rear of the room, a man who identified himself as a builder of homes pointed out that the federal government had already invested hundreds of millions of dollars in urban-renewal projects without materially stemming urban decline. "So what's the state of research now on what can be done to revitalize the cities?"

"I agree with what you have to say about past failures," the Undersecretary said. "And there is no approach we can offer that promises instant success. I would say, though, that the housing we built in the cities has not been all that bad. Three million American families are now living in subsidized housing, and much of it is quite good. What you have now, though, is a strong commitment on the federal level that cities are worth saving, and by a commitment I mean a commitment of money, because there can be no urban survival without it."

Felix Rohatyn, the financier who is chairman of New York City's Municipal Assistance Corporation, slipped into the room at about this point and found a seat next to Harry Van Arsdale, Jr., the labor leader. After listening to a protracted discussion of the mechanics of funnelling tax incentives and mortgage guarantees into the city, he was recognized by Mr. Janis. "You haven't said a word about welfare," Rohatyn pointed out. "I think you're kidding yourselves if you think we can make it without fiscal relief this year on welfare."

"You got the message," John Keith, the president of the Regional Plan Association, said to the group of federal officials.

Then Janis recognized Van Arsdale, who is the president of the New York City Central Labor Council. "The figures we have from the Regional Plan Association studies show that the New York metropolitan region contributes six and a third billion dollars more to the federal government than the federal government gives us," Van Arsdale pointed out. "If you could find a way to send that money back, I think you would accomplish a lot more than all these meetings and discussions."

This point was answered by Yvonne Perry, who is a Deputy Assistant Secretary Designate under Mrs. Harris. "We are revising that whole urban-aid approach," she said. "If our proposals are approved, I would expect them to take the form of legislative initiatives from the White House in March."

"And while you're planning and proposing, I'd urge you to do something right now," said Van Arsdale, "because we already have a forty-per-cent unemployment rate for minority youth, and by the time you get finished with your planning they won't be young anymore."

After more than an hour of responding to questions and proposals in like vein, the Housing and Urban Development officials asked the New Yorkers to split up into smaller discussion groups and take up specific items on the agenda, and we sat in for a few minutes on the largest of these groups, presided over by Gustav Heningburg, the president of the Greater Newark Urban Coalition. The item under discussion was regional strategy. Around the table with him sat, among others, Mr. Van Arsdale; Eugene Luntey, president of Brooklyn Union Gas Company; Edward M. Lamont, president of the Morgan Community Development Corporation; Mrs. Julia Reed Palmer, director of the American Reading Council, and her husband, Arthur, an attorney who is on the Regional Plan Association board of directors; and Mrs. Perry.

"If we're discussing regional strategy, if that's where we're going," said Mr. Heningburg, leading off, "then I think we ought to discuss racial strategy at the same time."

"I think we should start with unemployment," said Mr. Van Arsdale. "It has to be very high on the agenda."

"It's important," Mr. Heningburg conceded, "but you can pump job after job into the cities without ever

Impresario

making any jobs for people who actually live in the cities."

Mrs. Palmer supported Mr. Van Arsdale, suggesting the formation of a youth corps to work on public-works projects.

"Along the lines of the old Civilian Conservation Corps," Mr. Palmer said.

"It would accomplish two purposes," his wife said. "We'd have the public works, and at the same time we'd be training people in skills and forming labor pools that would attract industries back into the cities."

Later, the group having reached general accord on that point, we tracked down John Keith, the Regional Plan president, and asked for his impressions of some of the groups he had been monitoring. "Well," he said, "welfare relief seems to have come through loudest of all. Then I heard a call for some kind of federal employment policy, and finally I heard talk about race. That's an issue that hasn't come out before, specifically, in discussions like this, but it's certainly going to have to be dealt with explicitly at the White House conference and in future federal-government actions."

Just before the meeting ended, we recorded one last colloquy, the memory of which we took back out into the noontime sunshine of Forty-second Street. Mr. Lamont, the Morgan banker, had been explaining the mechanics of two federal loan programs that appeared to have become bogged down in their metropolitan operations.

"Would it make any sense for the heads of these two programs and you and me to have lunch together?" Mr. Palmer asked.

Mr. Lamont considered the question for a second, and nodded. "I think it might," he said.

"Then let's do it," said Mr. Palmer. "We don't have to formulate an agenda to get started on that, at least."

Digitizing

HAVING read here and there about the growth of the manufacture and use in this country of microcomputers, we decided to drop in to the New York Coliseum the second evening of a three-day exhibition called the First Annual Personal Computing Expo, which was designed to show the interested public what microcomputers are and how they are being employed not only in the offices of small businessmen but also in the home. The exhibition, which covered part of the fourth floor, was crowded with visitors, most of them young people, including college and high-school students, who were walking around among scores of booths featuring small computers and various types of computer equipment. Picking our way through this maze, we headed for a curtained-off area at one side of the floor which served as a pressroom, where, by arrangement, we were to meet Dr. Christopher Evans, an English computer scientist and psychologist who is normally to be found working at the National Physical Laboratory in Teddington, Middlesex. Dr. Evans, having come over from England to see the exhibition, was already familiar with the items on display, and had offered to give us a quick tour around the floor.

While we waited for Dr. Evans, we got into conversation with a stocky man named Leslie Solomon, who is the technical editor of *Popular Electronics*, and who, we had been told, played some considerable part in popularizing microcomputers for personal use. Mr. Solomon launched into a nonstop panegyric. "The microcomputer for personal use came in about three and a half years ago," he said. "We didn't know then how ready the world was for this. In those three and a half years, the personal-computer business has gone from producing one or two laboriously handbuilt machines to turning out between thirty and fifty thousand home computers, now owned by people all over the country. More than a hundred computer clubs have sprung up, some of them with as many as a thousand members. The kids, especially, are mad about the personal computer. What you have here is a genie. There are now hundreds of stores specializing in personal computers. This thing has taken off like a skyrocket. This expo had five thousand people in here yesterday, and there have been five thousand in so far today."

"What can you *do* with a personal computer?" we asked.

"That's the wrong question," Mr. Solomon said. "You don't ask what you can do with it. What can't you do! It's limited only by the imagination. A businessman can program his own accounts at home, or an engineer can use it to solve stress equations. You can write your own program to have your computer produce music through an amplifying system. You can make scientific experiments. You can plan meals. You can play sophisticated games. You can talk to computers, and the computers can talk back to you—*vocally*. This is science fiction but *real*. Consider the attitude of kids born in the computer generation. Adults think of the computer as something that rules the world, messes up the income tax. The young people don't think that way. They view the computer as a *friend*."

GOOD FOOD
Anne Burgess

Just then, Dr. Evans arrived—a vigorous man wearing a Western-style suède jacket. We chatted briefly preparatory to our tour. "What's been happening to computers is fascinating," Dr. Evans told us. "All of a sudden, the size of the basic components of the computer has shrunk in an absolutely astonishing way—they've shrunk so that you literally need a microscope to see an entire circuit, let alone any particular part of it. It's taken everybody by surprise, including people in the computer industry. Whereas computers were previously affordable only by sizable businesses or by the government, the damn things have become relatively cheap—one of the few products that have been drastically *reduced* in price in a period of inflation. Now you can buy a computer for hundreds of dollars, and if you want to buy a kit you can probably construct a computer more powerful than any that Norbert Wiener, who is generally regarded as the father of cybernetics, ever saw up to the time he died, in 1964. The reason this exhibition is important is, I think, that it symbolizes the transition away from computers considered as primarily a business and governmental and advanced scientific tool and toward computers considered as a tool for general use by members of the public. My own work happens to be devoted to new applications of computing power—for example, developing computer systems through which, in a big immigrant community with serious language barriers, patients coming to a hospital can be asked routine questions via a computer that will read out the questions in written form and in their own languages. But the surface has barely been scratched. The hardware may have arrived, but the creation of the software—the programming and so on—that is necessary to realize its potential hasn't. At the moment, the personal computer is something like a baby's brain."

RESERVED
Chas Addams

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Dr. Evans led us out through the exhibits, past booths bearing placards like “Interface Age—Microcomputing for Small Business and Home,” “Dynabyte Inc., Palo Alto, Calif.” (this booth featured a computer component described as “NAKED TERMINAL, S100 BUS”), and “BYTE,” which is the name of a trade magazine devoted to personal computers—a byte being the smallest practical unit of information in a computer’s memory. As we passed a booth marked “Mountain Hardware, Inc.,” Dr. Evans explained that this company sold a complete computer system for controlling the operation of electrical devices in the home—solar-heating systems, for example, and also burglar alarms. At a booth marked “Digital Group, Inc.,” Dr. Evans had us join a small knot of young people around a keyboard terminal and an attached readout screen on which words were appearing, and from which, in addition, a rather stilted voice seemed to be emanating.

Reaching out to the keyboard, Dr. Evans typed the words “How are you?” The computer not only registered the message on the readout screen but also, through a loudspeaker, spoke the phrase, in an impersonal tone, in what seemed a male voice.

A young man standing next to Dr. Evans reached over and typed, “I am fine, thanks.”

The computer’s voice then announced, “I am fine thank you.”

“It doesn’t know how to say ‘thanks’—only ‘thank you.’ Very formal,” the young man observed.

Dr. Evans said to us, “You must understand that the computer isn’t just playing a recording. It is computing the phonic elements in the written message and generating its own voice to repeat the array of sounds in the form of human speech. Its speech capability can be used to teach the blind and help people with speech impediments, and so on.”

At a booth marked “Apple Computer, Inc.,” we paused to chat with the young man in charge, who introduced himself as Steven Jobs, the company’s vice-president for operations. Mr. Jobs was pleased at the turnout for the exhibition. “I wish we’d had these personal machines when I was growing up,” he said. “People have been hearing all sorts of things about computers during the past ten years through the media. Supposedly, computers have been controlling various aspects of their lives. Yet, in spite of that, most adults have no idea of what a computer really is, or what it can or can’t do. Now, for the first time, people can actually buy a computer for the price of a good stereo, interact with it, and find out all about it. It’s analogous to taking apart 1955 Chevies. Or consider the camera. There are thousands of people across the country taking photography courses. They’ll never be professional photographers. They just want to understand what the photographic process is all about. Same with computers. We started a little personal-computer manufacturing company in a garage in Los Altos in 1976. Now we’re the largest personal-computer company in the world. We make what we think of as the Rolls-Royce of personal computers. It’s a *domesticated* computer. People expect blinking lights, but what they find is that it looks like a portable typewriter, which, connected to a suitable readout screen, is able to display in color. There’s a feedback it gives to people who use it, and the enthusiasm of the users is tremendous. We’re always asked what it can do, and it can do a lot of things, but in my opinion the real thing it is doing right now is to teach people how to program the computer.”

Recalling Mr. Jobs’ wish that he had had such machines when he was growing up, we asked him if he would mind telling us his age.

“Twenty-two,” Mr. Jobs said

Still in Dr. Evans’ company, we moved on to several booths where young people were huddled over computer-terminal keyboards and readout screens playing computer games. At the booth of Technical Systems Consultants, Inc., they were playing a game called Space Voyage, which one of the people at the booth said was “modelled on the ‘Star Trek’ idea,” explaining, “What you set out to do is destroy all the Klingons in the galaxy, using photon torpedoes and warp engines. A real complex game.” At a booth

"To us, and all that we represent."

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marked "Color Graphics, Computer Mart of New Jersey," a young man at a keyboard terminal and color readout screen showing a map of the United States divided into numbered areas was playing a computer game called Swarm. "It's bees attacking the country," he told us. To a companion, he said, "Where is a major city I can destroy?" He pressed several keys. "I'm destroying three now," he told his companion. Notations flashed on the screen reading, variously, "BOMB IN AREA IS NOW ACTIVATED," "TIME IS RUNNING OUT," and "NUCLEAR DESTRUCTION SEQUENCE." "Boy, that really destroys the bees," the young man at the terminal said. He pressed more keys, adding, "Goodbye, people in Area 13."

We moved to a booth occupied by Computer Mart of New York, Inc., which has, we were told, a vastly successful store on Madison Avenue selling personal computers. At the Computer Mart booth, a small freckle-faced boy with glasses, wearing a checked shirt, was sitting before the terminal and readout screen of a computer called Challenger IIP ($750). His feet were barely touching the floor. He looked very intent. In his right hand he was clutching a dog-eared piece of paper bearing pencilled notations and numbers. We asked him what he was doing, and he told us that he was programming the computer to solve an equation. He said that he was fourteen, that his name was Eugene Reynolds, that he was a pupil at Don Bosco High School in Ramsey, New Jersey, that he had joined a little computer club his math teacher had formed, even though the school didn't actually possess a computer yet, and that, along with other members of the club, he had come to the Personal Computing Expo to try his hand at the keyboard.

We asked him about the math problem and how he was going about instructing the computer to solve it.

"Well, I typed in, like, '*x* equals all the numbers from one to a hundred,' and I've programmed the machine *to list all the numbers* from one to a hundred and then to give me all those same numbers cubed—to the power of three," he said. He went on, "When I first came here this morning and tried to put something in the machine, a guy said I had to do it all in BASIC, which is a computer language. The guy gave me some tips. So that's what I have been doing—trying to put it all in BASIC."

We asked Eugene if he would program the problem for us, and he said yes. Still clutching the dog-eared scrap of paper in his right hand, he typed out with his left the word "NEW." "NEW" appeared at the bottom of the figures already on the screen. "Now I press 'Return' on the keyboard. It's just like the return on a typewriter," Eugene said. The screen went blank. Then he typed on, so that on the screen there appeared, in one neat line after another, these legends:

```
OK
10 FOR X=1 TO 100
20 PRINT X; X ∧ 3
30 NEXT X
40 END
```

"Now I go back to press 'Return' and then I type 'RUN,' and the machine prints out your problem and the solution and everything—see?" Eugene said.

The figures on the readout screen began a roll, like a moving temperature report on TV, of all the numbers from one to a hundred and, next to them, their cubes.

"It's a lot of fun—really interesting," Eugene said. "The only way you can get it wrong is to do it wrong yourself."

LONELINESS

IT is with great relief that I feel able to go out again. But for what a long time was I confined to my room! These have been bitter months and years.

I cannot explain why I have been living in my old nursery—the back room of the apartment, with access from the balcony—which was rarely used in the past, forgotten, as if it did not belong to us. I cannot remember how I got here. I believe it was during a bright watery-white moonless night. I could see every detail in the dim light. The bed was unmade, as if someone had just left it, and I listened in the stillness for the breathing of people asleep. But who was likely to be breathing here? Since then, this has been my home. I have been here for years and am rather bored. Why didn't I think in advance about stocking up? Ah, you who still can do it, who still are given the time, make provisions, save up grain—good nourishing, sweet grain; for a great winter of lean and hungry years lies ahead, and the earth will not bear fruit in the land of Egypt. Alas, I was not provident, like a hamster. I have always been a lighthearted field mouse, I have lived from day to day without a care for the morrow, trusting in my starveling's talent. Like a mouse, I thought, What do I care about hunger? If worst comes to worst, I can gnaw wood or nibble paper. The poorest of animals, a gray church mouse, at the tail end of the Book of Creation, I can exist on nothing. And so I live in this dead room. Many flies died in it a long time ago. I put my ear against wood, to hear the sound of a woodworm. Deadly silence. Only I, the immortal mouse, lonely and posthumous, rustle in this room, running endlessly on the table, on the shelf, on the chairs. I run around, resembling Aunt Thecla in a long gray frock reaching to the ground—agile, quick, and small, pulling behind me a mobile tail. I am now sitting in bright daylight on the table, immobile, as if stuffed, my eyes like two protruding shiny beads. Only the end of my muzzle pulsates imperceptibly, by force of habit, in minute chewing movements.

THIS, of course, is to be understood as a metaphor. I am really an old-age pensioner, not a mouse. It is part of my existence to be the parasite of metaphors, so easily am I carried away by the first simile that comes along. Having been carried away, I have to find my difficult way back, and slowly return to my senses.

What do I look like? Sometimes I see myself in the mirror. A strange, ridiculous, and painful thing! I am ashamed to admit it: I never look at myself full face. Somewhat deeper, somewhat farther away, I stand inside the mirror a little off center, slightly in profile, thoughtful and glancing sideways. Our looks have stopped meeting. When I move, my reflection moves, too, but half turned away, as if it did not know about me, as if it had got behind a number of mirrors and could not come back. My heart bleeds when I see it so distant and indifferent. It is you, I want to exclaim; you have always been my faithful reflection, you have accompanied me for so many years, and now you don't recognize me! Oh, my God! Unfamiliar and looking to one side, my reflection stands there and seems to be listening for something, awaiting a word from the mirrored depths, obedient to someone else, waiting for orders from another place.

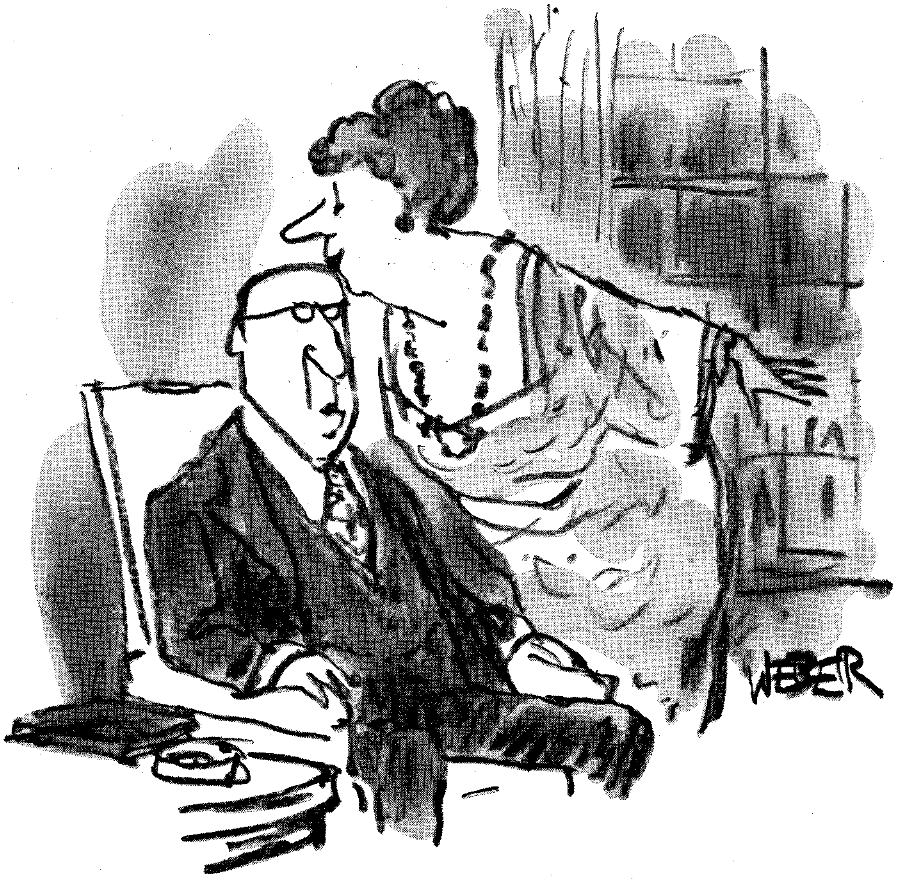
Mostly I sit at the table and turn the pages of my yellowed university notes—my only reading.

I look at the sun-bleached curtain, stiff with dust, waving slightly in the cold breeze from the window. I could do exercises on the curtain rod, an excellent bar. How lightly one could turn somersaults on it in the sterile, tired air. Almost casually, one could make an elegant *salto mortale*, coolly, without too much involvement—a speculative exercise, as it were. When one stands on tiptoe, balancing oneself on the bar, with one's head touching the ceiling, one has the impression that it is slightly warmer higher up—the illusion of being in a warmer zone. Ever since my childhood, I have liked to have a bird's-eye view of my room.

So I sit and listen to the silence. The room is whitewashed. Sometimes on the white ceiling a wrinkle-like crack appears, sometimes a flake of plaster breaks off with a click. Am I to reveal that the room is walled in? How can that be? Walled in? How could I leave it? That is just it: where there is a will, there is a way; a passionate determination can conquer all. I must only imagine a door, a good old door, like the one in the kitchen of my childhood, with an iron handle and a bolt. There is no walled-in room that could not be opened by such a trusted door, provided one were strong enough to suggest that such a door exists.

—BRUNO SCHULZ

(*Translated, from the Polish, by Celina Wieniewska.*)



"Sometimes, Martha, you defy analysis."

IN THE WEST COUNTRY

WHEN I was a young man, I taught at a school in Yeovil, a small town in Somerset. Nothing much happened in Yeovil. Each morning my children came dreamily to school, their fathers worked in shops or dairies or breweries, their mothers made the gloves for which the town had a reputation. Oh, I liked Yeovil very much. Its citizens spoke slowly, with a soft, creamy accent; its houses were built of golden, local stone—the gentle Ham stone; its life was slow and comfortable; I had many friends there. There was nothing wrong with the town, yet I never stayed there a day longer than was necessary. The last hours of every term would find me with my bags packed, waiting for the bell that would end school and set me striding away for Pen Mill station, a few hundred yards down the road, on the edge of town. I always went home to Wales and I always went by train.

Nothing would be moving at Pen Mill station. Only rarely would there be someone at the barrier to examine my ticket. Once inside, I could sometimes see, far away down the platform, a lone porter sitting on a trolley, looking steadfastly into the distance, not even reading. There would never be a train. But eventually one would arrive—a small, meandering train with an air of having strayed in from earlier, more rustic times; and when, at last, it set off again it did nothing to dispel this impression. There probably was a village in Somerset at which it did not stop but I cannot remember one. On we went, our roundabout, leisurely journey interrupted at such conurbations as Marston Magna, Queen Camel, Sparkford, Castle Cary, Bruton, Frome, Westbury.

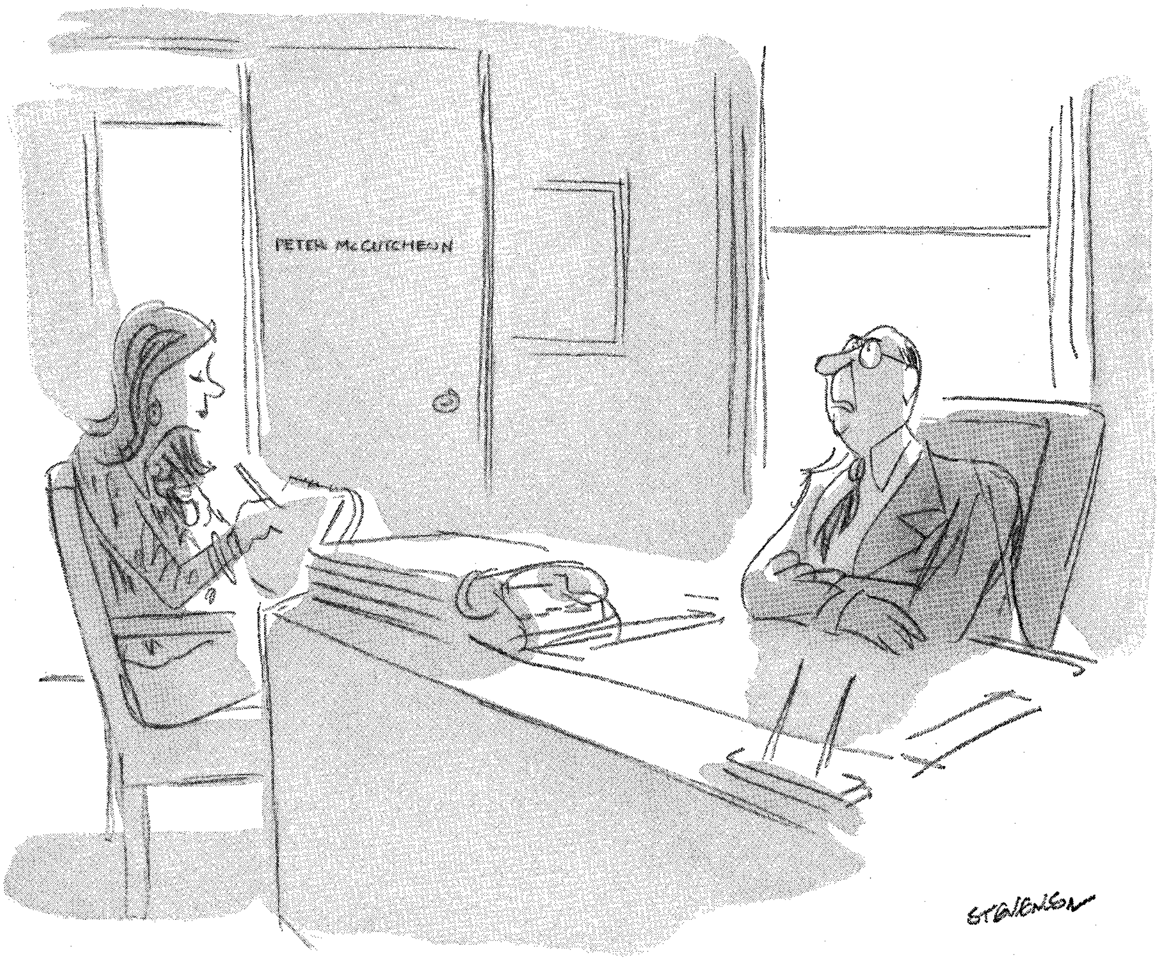
It was at Westbury, on a day when we travelled more haltingly than usual, that I once left the train. It was Sunday, a day of clear summer, the air dry and cloudless, little motes of sun haze dancing in the yellow light. I walked out of the station and found, at the end of a green lane, a lake, like a mirage, fringed by reeds. There, on that lake, I saw for the first time the great crested grebe, a diving bird I had only read about. It swam low in the water, its dark body almost lost, its long neck holding aloft its ruffed and regal head; and it was joined by another grebe, and then one more, and yet another, until there were six of these remarkable birds swimming, or vanishing into the water. If it was water. It was an element so rare and fine, so unruffled by any passage of air or bird, that the very reflections of those grebes floated beneath their bodies complete in feather, in color, in action. Waterdrops fell down from each flawless bird and up from each immaculate image, dissolving in each other as they met, in an equal harmony. I forgot the train, but when, hot, dusty, and amazed, I got back to the station, it was still there, somnolent and good-tempered, waiting for me.

On the other hand, if my friend Barney Eagleton was driving, we sometimes made very good time, rattling through those delicious fields as if there were in life a real purpose, a sense of urgent destiny. But this was a deception. Barney was also an enthusiastic bird-watcher, and a specialist at that—a heron specialist. I think Barney knew more about herons than any other man alive. Somewhere in north Somerset our train ran along a high embankment for a distance of several hundred yards. We could look down from our carriage windows on the tops of great elms in whose wide branches herons had for generations nested. In late spring, after the young birds had hatched, any engine driven by Barney Eagleton would rumble past these nests with infinite, heavy caution. And then it would stop. People would pull down their windows and lean out, watching the young birds wave their snakelike heads, nodding approval to Barney as he stood in his cab owning the whole flock. A few impatient souls—lovers, perhaps, or men from Bristol—would begin to mutter and look at their watches; and at last, bored beyond watching by the repetitive and unimaginative behavior of young herons, we all would yell insults or instructions at Barney. He would sigh, turn to his levers, and, later than ever, we would roll ponderously away.

This was near Bradford-on-Avon, as we entered the valley of the Avon. Now a perceptible change would come over our progress, whether Barney drove us or not. We were nearing civilization; the great cities were coming toward us. Our speed became smarter, we were signalled away from the little stations with an urban confidence and panache. We left behind the huge tithe barn of Bradford-on-Avon and the weir below which the river holds great pike. Quite soon we would reach Bath.

Such cities are not best approached by train. They were there—expansive, prosperous, established—long before Trevithick drove his long-stacked old steam engine, the first in the world to roll on its own wheels under its own power, down the valley in Wales where I was born. The railway tends to enter old cities apologetically, running behind the backs of unimportant houses, hidden behind tall walls at the perimeter of things. And Bath is a great European city, important even before the Romans rebuilt it. Our train, it is

true, made the best of things outside the town, steaming along the valley with an impressive directness. But soon enough—as soon as we left Bathampton station—the very weight and presence of the city forced us in a wide curve to the south. Not much of the famous crescents and terraces could be seen from our windows. We would sidle into Bath Spa station, clamped in an elbow of the river between Dorchester Street and Claverton Street, and then we'd set off for Bristol—a brief run. And after that we'd rattle through the long tunnel beneath the Bristol Channel and come up among the hills and quick vowels of Wales. On the last possible day I would do the whole journey in reverse, ending in darkness among the little fields and lit farms of Somerset, leaving Pen Mill station still harmlessly deserted, walking the evening streets in the bland Somerset air. Bath was unimportant to me, a back cloth, an incident in a journey.



"To all employees: It has been recently observed that when Mr. McCutcheon says 'How are you?' certain employees have taken this simple greeting as an invitation to 'let it all hang out.'"

YET years later I went to teach in Bath. It was something I never got used to. I lived in a flat in the city, and every evening I would go to sleep knowing that on the floors above my head other men were already sleeping, or preparing to sleep. We lived in layers, and this was foreign to me. Always I felt about me the whispers and rustling of other lives; I was aware of the great, serious eyes of people not known to me as they turned by night to their partners and began to speak of the little deaths of their hours. The tall house was full of nightlong sibilance. In hot weather I kept my windows open and listened to the one tree in the yard gasping. I cannot say I liked living there.

But there was much that was delightful. Each evening after work, and at weekends, I walked the streets of Bath—Broad Street and Green Street, Lilliput Lane and Orange Grove, Milsom Street and Great Pulteney Street. Sometimes I went along the riverbank, with anglers stationed every yard of the way, up to Pulteney Bridge, and higher. I travelled to the villages which lie snugly about in the combs and hollows of the round hills: Monkton Farleigh and Monkton Combe, Limpley Stoke, Wellow, Englishcombe, Newton St. Loe, Swainswick. Best of all I liked wet nights when the streets were empty. Once, on a night of appalling and splendid downpour, I alone saw a screech owl perched on the roof of the Guildhall, in the heart of the city. He cried aloud at the flattening rain, and I, sheltering momentarily in the post-office doorway to see him better, saluted him, knowing him to be, like me, an invader from simpler places. In the summer I sat on Beechen Cliff and watched the city below my feet. The city began to haunt me.

More and more, in the mists that hung, imperceptibly frail and shifting, at the corners of early-morning streets and above the hedges in the parks, I began to see Bath as it really was—made for people long dead. The parks and crescents presented themselves to me as if they were the calm watercolors of the eighteenth century. Autumn began to thin the streets. I would sniff the air outside the Assembly Rooms, certain I could detect the pungent ghost of a vanished snuff, blown away long ago by two centuries of weather, its lost, rich smell an aroma of the memory only. The world drove steadily into winter. In the evening, as I walked over Pulteney Bridge in the crisp dark, it seemed to me that we, the living, were the ghosts, we the haunting shadows, that the city existed in all its truth and formal grace for older lives than ours. A week before Christmas a muffling snow fell in the night and silenced everything.

That morning I went into Victoria Gardens. It was Saturday, normally the busiest of days, but only a few shopping women braved the streets, on necessary errands, and one or two children stamped knee-deep in the snow. It was bitterly cold, sly winds whipping from the curved surfaces of the snow a stinging powder, driving it against the wrists, against the cold cheeks and the neck. The park was deserted, apart from a black Labrador, thickset and sturdy against the whiteness, stumping along some way off. I walked under the chestnuts aimlessly, head down against the gusts.

"Hey, Doc," cried a voice. "Hey, Doctor!"

A big man was sitting on one of the park benches. He had cleared it of snow, and he sat there, expansive and relaxed, one arm extended along the back, as comfortable as if it were summer. He sat there unmoving in the gray light, his face under the shadow of a wide-brimmed hat, a scarf knotted at his throat.

"Doc," he called. "Hey, come on over!"

Even close up I could not see his face clearly, but he was a remarkable man; his size alone made him that. He sat on the park bench as I might a footstool. A thin raincoat was pulled across his great body, one hand, as large and white as a plate, rested calmly on his knee.

"How you keeping, Doc?" he said. "This weather trouble you?"

"No," I said. "I seem to manage."

"You always was one for keeping warm," the man said, and chuckled. "You always was," he said again.

I looked about me. The lawns were hidden under snow blown by the inconstant wind, the trees at the edge of the park were insubstantial as smoke, the dog had disappeared. The big man and I were alone. I had never seen him before.

"Oh, you always could look after yourself," he said. "When you was in the Navy, I told your father: don't worry about him, I said, he'll not go short. He can look after himself."

I had nothing to say. I stood in front of the huge man as he sat on his bench near the restless bushes. He was quite old, I thought. His feet, in worn black oxfords, were enormous. I have never been in the Navy.

Suddenly he took his arm from the back of the bench and bent forward. I could see the top of his worn hat. There was a black patch of grease at the crown.

"Here, Doc," he said, "have a look at this."

He rolled up the right leg of his trousers. His leg was bandaged from ankle to knee, the bandage itself frayed and stained.

"Do you think this right," he said, his voice indistinct as he bent down, unwrapping the bandage, "that my leg should be in this state? All these years, in a state like this?"

He lifted his great head and I could look full in his upturned face. He had been very handsome and was still impressive—a face clear-featured and aristocratic, sensitive, the nostrils high and beautifully formed, the mouth clean-lipped and firm. But his eyes were innocent and troubled, like a child's eyes, like the eyes of a child who suddenly does not understand the world.

"I was in the Navy, Doctor," he said. "Over twenty years, I was a *matelot*. You know I was; you saw me. Do you think I ought to have a leg like this?"

He rubbed his sleeve across his face. His mouth began to tremble.

"Let's see it," I said.

He straightened the leg in front of me. The flesh was covered with running ulcers, some as big as a pinhead, some the size of a man's palm. The whole world seemed to have shrunk to a few square yards, a small, cold space just large enough to hold the old man and me. He was looking at me with an unnerving intensity of trust.

"It's bad," I said. "Quite bad."

"What shall I do, Doc?" he said.

"Keep it warm and clean," I said. "Eat as well as you can, get up to the hospital and ask for treatment. Go there as soon as you can make it."

"I will," said the big man. "I'll go today."

"Wrap it up now," I said. "Don't let the cold get at it."

"Somehow it's easier in the cold weather," he said, bending down obediently and winding the narrow cotton around his shin. "The hot weather plays havoc with it."

There was no reason I should have said any of this to the old man. The unreality of the situation, the feeling that the park itself was taken from the known world and floating in limbo, the dim light and the misty edges of the trees, the bitter cold which made thinking slow and inaccurate—all contrived to make me accept a different identity, the one recognized by the old man. I turned away and walked down the path. After a few yards I stopped. I wanted to tell him to make sure to get to the hospital, that he must demand treatment. I turned around, but he wasn't there.

I ran back to the bench. It was still clear of snow, although a few large flakes settled on it as I stood there. I could see where I had stood in front of the old man, I could fit my shoes exactly into the deep, deep holes I had made, and I thought I could see the enormous hollows from the old man's feet.

I hurried into Royal Crescent and along Brock Street. I had never been so cold. Over the Circus the heavy sky held a few threads of ominous yellow light. Before I reached home the snow began in earnest again.

THAT afternoon I had a letter inviting me to accept a teaching job in Middlesex—a job I'd always wanted and never thought I'd have. It meant immediate preparation. I telephoned a reply and began at once to put my affairs in order, to leave the West Country. I saw my landlord, paid my rent, said goodbye to some people I knew. I didn't own much—a few books, some clothes, a packet of letters. On Thursday the snow had all gone, although the weather was still unfriendly. I walked over to Victoria Gardens and went right through, from one gate to the other, but there was no sign of the big man. The next day I walked down the hill toward the station,

INDIAN SUMMER, 1975

This late warmth, taking away more than it can ever give,
Comes at a time of death; it throws a momentary, sick
Glory about our eyes, and we see the ransacked branches,
The leaves flung like wet paper bags underfoot, to be less
Timely than ever. There is no comforting chill now in
The gray air, no harmonizing gasp of wind, no old screed
Of winter birds scrawled on bare sky. This is wrong, a sunny
Fortnight, a bad, late poem by November governed by an
Inadequate synecdoche of warming that stands for
What is gone and cold as well as for what can burn and glow.
Yet it is no text for the gatherer of examples,
Errant among those branches, who says *elm* when he means *ash*,
Or when it is meant for him to mean something like ash, when
It all comes down to ash—elm, oak, birch, myrtle—anyway.

—John Hollander

bought a newspaper at the kiosk, and waited for my train. I was ready to leave; I can remember now how eager I was to be gone. I walked up and down, tensely, lightly, like a sprinter before moving to his blocks. A fussy little engine came in on the opposite track, a few nondescript country coaches behind it. The driver leaned from his cab and shouted to me. He was round-faced, slow of speech, smiling. Barney Eagleton. He looked wonderful.

"How you been, then?" he called, his voice rich as cream.

His peaked cap, shining with oil, was perched comfortably on his head. He leaned his forearms on the edge of his cab.

"Barney, you old dog, it's good to see you."

We grinned at each other across the width of the track.

"How's the herons?" I shouted.

He stopped smiling. "They chopped down them elms up the line," he called. "A lovely heronry, that was—ever so old. Chaps as did it ought to be shot. Lovely birds, them was."

"Ever see the purple heron, Barney?" I asked him. "Lives in Spain and Greece and France and northern Italy?"

"No," he said. "It's just the plain old heron I see."

"Or the great white heron or the squacco heron or the blue heron from North America?"

"Ah, don't," said Barney. "You'll drive me crazy."

"Or the little egret or the buff-backed heron or the little bittern—great birds all?"

"What birds," said Barney, "what marvellous birds!"

I was so pleased to see old Barney that delight made me eloquent. "The night heron, Barney," I shouted, "the beautiful night heron from the Mediterranean, with its red eyes and its long drooping white crest?"

"Splendid birds," Barney raised his voice to the sky. "All fine birds, and I wish they all lived in Somerset."

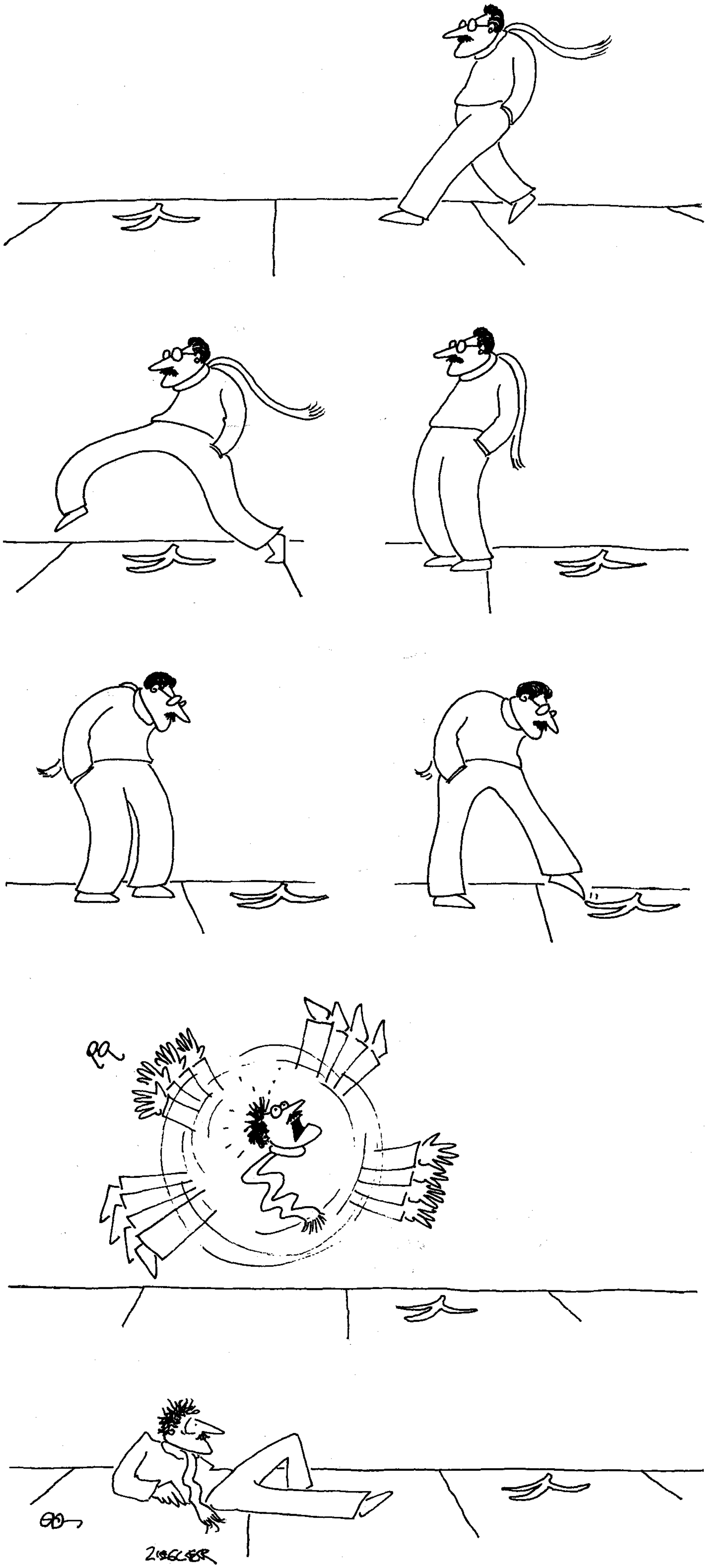
I grinned across the lines at Barney.

"When you coming back to Yeovil?" he yelled.

A guard blew his whistle. Barney rolled his eyes, waved, and eased his engine out of the station.

I would never go back to Yeovil. Sooner or later all heronries fall. The train that was to take me from the West Country pulled in from Bristol—long, smooth, efficient as a bullet. "*Gwlad yr Haf*" is what the Welsh call Somerset—the Land of Summer.

—LESLIE NORRIS

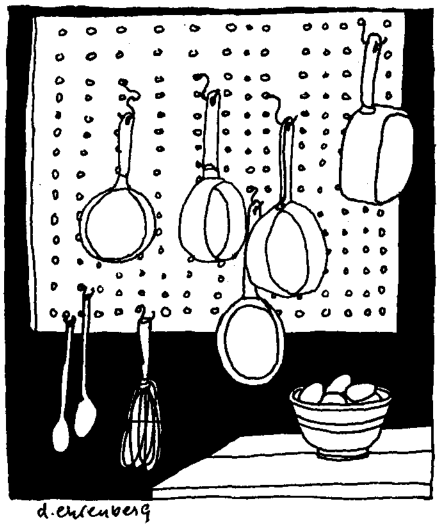


THE SPORTING SCENE

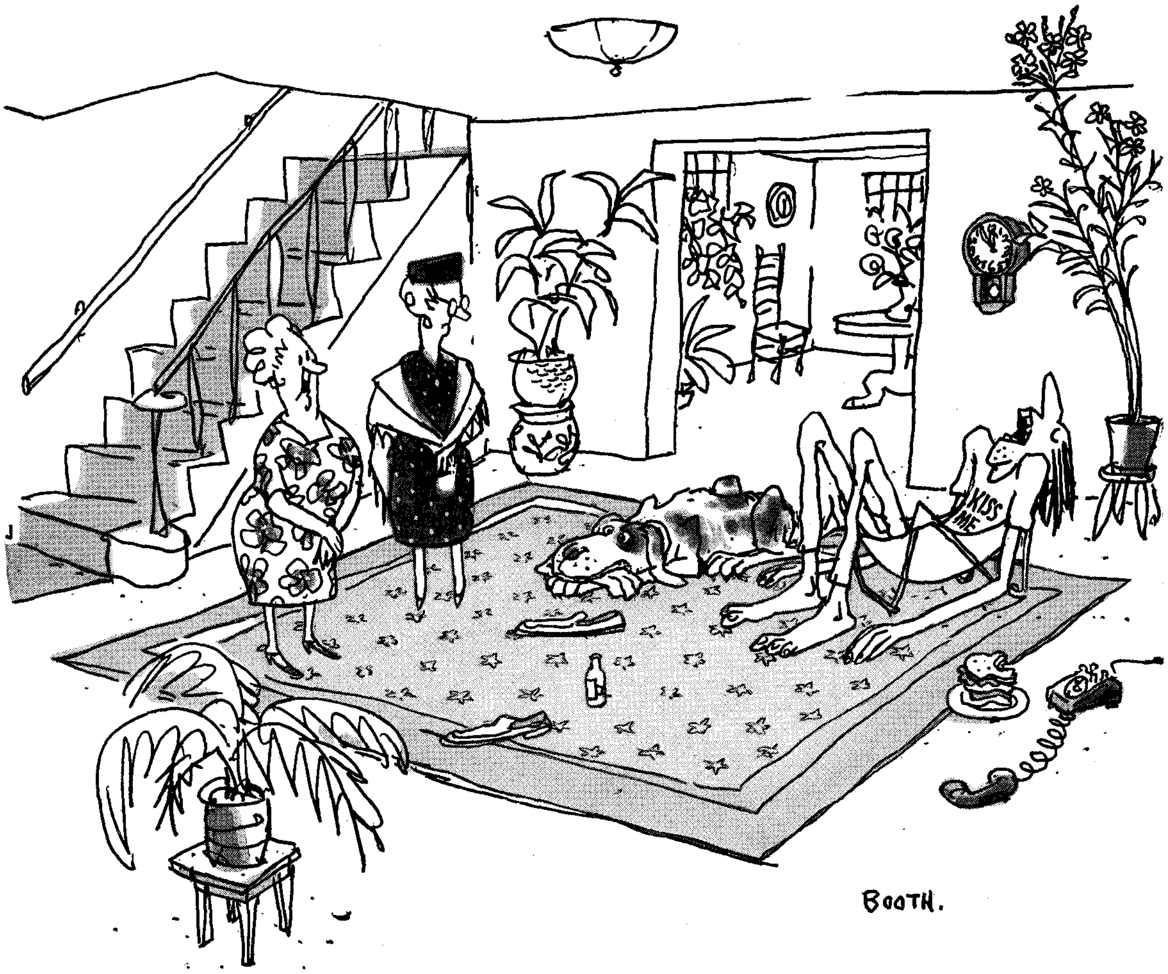
SEVERAL STORIES WITH SUDDEN ENDINGS

IT was quite a summer. This was the summer in which the Chicago White Sox and the Chicago Cubs led their divisions at the beginning of August. It was the summer when Rod Carew, of the Minnesota Twins, batted .486 for the month of June and finished the season at .388, winning his sixth American League batting title and attaining the highest individual batting average since Ted Williams also batted .388, in 1957. It was the summer in which the Texas Rangers played under four different managers in a single week, and in which four different clubs—the Rangers, the White Sox, the Twins, and the Kansas City Royals—took turns leading the American League West in a single week. It was the summer in which the Red Sox hitters bashed out thirty-three home runs in the space of ten games, and in which the Red Sox pitchers gave up sixty hits to the Milwaukee Brewers in the space of four games: a perfect summary of the Boston season. This was the summer when Pete Rose wound up with two hundred and four hits, tying Ty Cobb's all-time record of nine two-hundred-hit seasons, and when Lou Brock, at the age of thirty-eight, stole thirty-five bases, running his stolen-base total to an even nine hundred—eight more than Cobb's famous lifetime record. This year, M. Donald Grant, the chairman of the board of the New York Mets, engaged in a bitter financial and personal wrangle with Tom Seaver, the best pitcher in baseball, reaching a point where Seaver requested and obtained his departure from the club; traded to the Reds, he finished with a 21–6 record and an earned-run average of 2.59. Without their hero, Mr. Grant's Mets finished last in their division, thirty-seven games behind the winning Phillies, and divested themselves of 406,322 former fans. This was also the summer when Ted Turner, the owner of the Atlanta Braves, sent a yachtload of his ballplayers to sea off Newport, Rhode Island, so that they could watch him competing in the America's Cup trials at the helm of his 12-metre sloop Courageous; Turner went on to defend the Cup successfully for the United States, but his Braves, despite their fresh understanding of the importance of perfect teamwork on the foredeck during the spinnaker legs, finished last in the National League West.

There was more. This summer, a shy, left-hand-swinging half-Chinese thirty-seven-year-old slugger named Sadaharu Oh struck the seven-hundred-and-fifty-sixth home run of his career, while playing for the Yomiuri Giants, in Japan, and thus surpassed (in a way) Hank Aaron's lifetime mark; the qualifying parenthesis suggests that Japanese ballparks and Japanese pitchers are not all of major-league dimensions—a fact that the wonderful Oh admitted when he politely murmured, "I don't think I would do as well in American baseball." Back home, some foreign-born baseballs—made in Haiti for the Rawlings Company, and perhaps secretly polished there with an elixir of Haitian rabbit juice—may have had something to do with a record one-season total of 3,642 home runs and a jump of eight points in the major-league batting averages, to .264. On the afternoon of July 27th, at Wrigley Field, the Cubs defeated the Cincinnati Reds, 16–15, in thirteen innings; eleven home runs flew out of the park during the game, five of them in the first inning. Elsewhere, among the pitchers, Nolan Ryan struck out nineteen batters in a single game—for the fourth time in his career. Detroit's adversity-scarred fans suffered fresh heartbreak when their baby pitching pheenom, Mark Fidrych, sat out most of the season, first with a bum knee and then with a sore shoulder; they found balm in the arrival of another fine young hurler, named Dave Rozema, who won fifteen games. There were fresh young flowers in many gardens: outfielder Mitchell Page, who hit twenty-one homers and stole forty-two bases for the abysmal Oakland A's; the Cardinals' new shortstop, Garry Templeton, who hit .322, third best in the National League; first baseman Eddie Murray, who hit twenty-seven homers for the resurgent Orioles; Bruce Sutter (mysteriously pronounced "Sooter"), a relief pitcher who saved thirty-one games and notched an earned-run average of 1.35 for the Cubs; Steve Henderson, a promising outfielder and hitter who came over to the Mets in the Seaver deal; and Warren Cromartie and Andre Dawson, who hit and ran and caught fly balls with immense élan for the young, and at last interesting, Montreal Expos. None of the newcomers, however, had as satisfying a season as Willie McCovey. Apparently finished at the age of thirty-nine, Stretch won a place for himself with his old team, the Giants, and—delighting everyone with his customary calm and class, and his familiar, infinitely pleasing scythelike swing—hit twenty-eight homers, including the seventeenth grand-slammer of his career. Another famous favorite, Brooks Robinson, retired after twenty years with the Orioles; one of the most graceful and accomplished defensive players in the history of the game, he won sixteen consecutive Gold Glove awards as the best third baseman in his league. The immensely strong Cincinnati outfielder George Foster led all the sluggers with fifty-two homers and a hundred and forty-nine runs batted in, while the immensely strong Jim Rice and the ditto ditto Greg Luzinski hit thirty-nine homers apiece, for the Red Sox and the Phillies, respectively. Luzinski, by the way, purchased a hundred and twenty-six loge seats in the upper left-field deck of Philadelphia's Veterans Stadium for thirty-six home dates, at a personal cost of more than twenty thousand dollars; he donated the seats to local youth groups, and then further entertained his young guests by occasionally depositing a sudden souvenir in their laps.



The triumphs of Foster, who once belonged to the Giants, and of Seaver, who once (sob!) belonged to the Mets, permitted me to play some riveting midnight ballgames in my private stadium, Insomnia Park, between all-star nines made up of notable active players who, for one foolish reason or another, have been severed from the Giants and the Mets. At first glance, the Giant Erstwhiles seem to have all the best of it, since their starting outfield includes Foster, Bobby Bonds, and Garry Maddox (with Willie Montanez, Bobby Murcer, and Gary Matthews fretting on the bench), but the return of McCovey leaves a bad hole at first base;



"My son Ronald begins to open up around eight o'clock in the evening. His best hours are from then until along about sunup, when he wilts and drops off like a night-blooming cereus."

• •

in any case, all that power isn't much use against the first two starting pitchers for the Mets Alumni—Seaver and Nolan Ryan, who are heartened by the presence of Tug McGraw in the bullpen, and by *their* outfield of Amos Otis, Ken Singleton, and Rusty Staub. A late-inning pinch-hitter often turns out to be Dave Kingman, who, of course, plays for both teams. Just the other night, batting for the Met-vets, he was fanned by Old Giant Gaylord Perry, who got him on a spitter.

Three of the four pennant races remained close and interesting until the last few days of August. The exception was in the National League West, where the Los Angeles Dodgers selfishly won seventeen of their first twenty games of the season and by May 30th led the defending two-time-champion Cincinnati Reds by ten games, and thenceforth glided to their half-pennant. The Reds, who had been considered the prime club of this era, never mounted a sustained challenge but competed fiercely among themselves in self-abasement at the end of their disappointing season. "I put these players on an ego trip last spring," cried manager Sparky Anderson. "I sacrificed self-discipline for aggressiveness," wailed George Foster. "I didn't drive in any runs," whimpered Dave Concepcion. "None of us can say he isn't to blame," blurted Johnny Bench. In truth, the Reds lost mostly because of weak pitching (their staff had the tenth-best E.R.A. among twelve clubs), which was partly attributable to a Cincinnati front-office decision last fall to cut loose some of their best pitchers (including the redoubtable Don Gullett) when they threatened to become free agents, and a concomitant high moral resolve to stand aloof from the free-agent market altogether.

The free agents, whose historic arrival in the marketplace of baseball last autumn became the occasion for so much apprehension, speculation, and (in some cases) unbridled disbursement of the owners' money, fared unevenly in their first summer. Wayne Garland, who signed a ten-year contract with the Indians for two million three hundred thousand dollars, lost nineteen games. Bill Campbell, a reliever, who was paid a million dollars upon signing a four-year contract with Boston, won thirteen games and saved thirty-one games for the Bosox, and was responsible in considerable part for the club's survival in the pennant race until the last Saturday of the season. Rollie Fingers saved thirty-five games for *his* new team, the Padres, which otherwise had little to show for its heavy plunge into the free-agent pool; another lavish spender, the California Angels, ran into bad luck when two of its expensive new stars, Bobby Grich and Joe Rudi, were drydocked for most of the season with serious injuries. Don Gullett won fourteen games and lost four for the Yankees. (Ah, there, high moral resolve!) And so it went—a mixed return, which will surely encourage some previously hesitant owners to speculate heavily in this year's free-agent market (which opened at the Plaza Hotel last week, after this was written) and others utterly but anxiously to avoid it. In the minds of all of them now, and in the minds of baseball fans and baseball people everywhere, are the vivid summer adventures of the most expensive free agent of them all, Reggie Jackson, who came to the Yankees last year for two million nine hundred thousand dollars (payable, in various forms, over a period of several years). Some of the owners will recall that Reggie's notorious new fame and fortune seemed to contribute heavily to the internal turmoil and clubhouse dissension that nearly shattered the club, and that Reggie's sometimes indifferent play in the outfield was the cause of bitter derision in the stands and, once, of a near fistfight with his manager in the dugout. Others may have noted that when the Yankees finally did get untracked and mounted their splendid late-summer and early-autumn offensive, it was Reggie Jackson who often seemed to contribute the telling hit or the telling catch in another crucial victory. But no matter: all of them—and all of us who share in the game—will remember what he did on the very last night of this long baseball year, when he alone transformed everything and made this season finally famous.

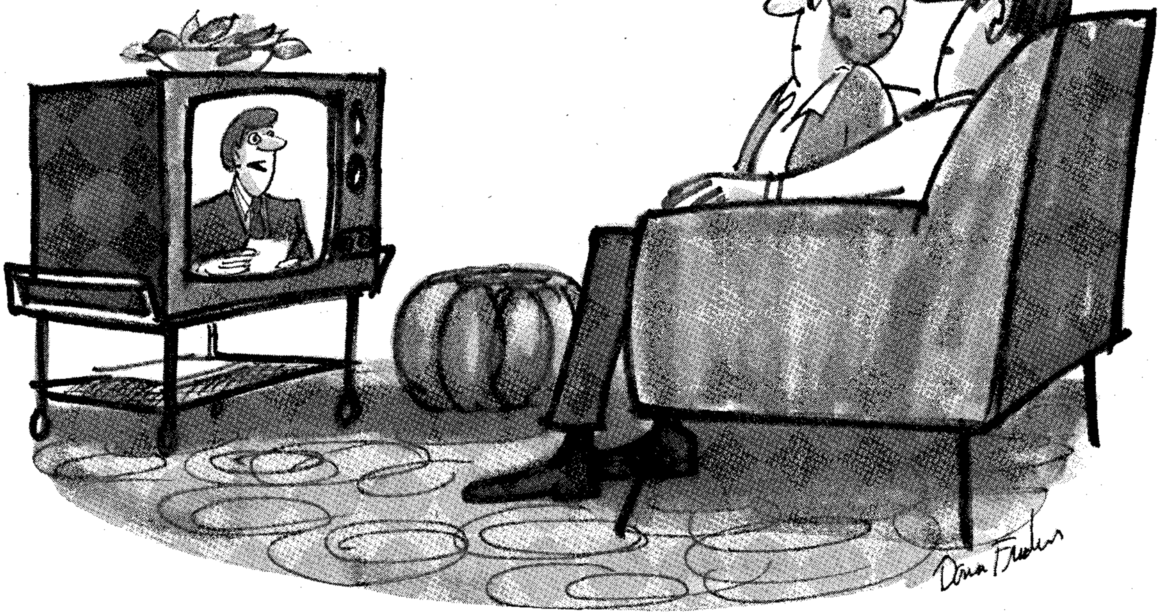
It was also quite a summer at the box offices. Between them, the two leagues drew an all-time-record audience of 38,709,781 fans. Even when the combined attendance figures for the American League's two new expansion clubs—the Seattle Mariners (1,338,511) and the Toronto Blue Jays (1,701,052)—are subtracted, the total comes out at better than thirty-five and a half million, which is an impressive net gain of more than thirteen per cent over last year's record figures. Eighteen of the twenty-four established clubs enjoyed gate increases, and new home records were set by the Red Sox, the Angels, the White Sox, the Royals, the Rangers, the Dodgers, the Expos, and the Phillies. Both the Yankees and the Reds drew over two million at home and two million on the road—a coup previously pulled off only by the 1966 Dodgers. This year's Dodgers drew an all-time mark of 2,955,087 at home, and missed the three-million mark only because of two unexpected rainouts at Chavez Ravine.

MY first glimpse of Chicago's marvellous summer festival of baseball came early in June, when chance took me to that city just in time to catch a Yankees-White Sox game on a steamy Saturday night at Comiskey Park. The Pale Hose were in second place in the A.L. West, a bare two games back of the Twins, and the picturesque South Side bathhouse was stuffed to its iron rafters with sweating, beery, shirted and unshirted roarers. I sat in the stands and yelled cheerfully and almost neutrally, and tried to suppress my critical misgivings when the home side surrendered seven runs to the Yankees in the second inning, on four singles, a bases-loaded walk, a triple, a ghastly error by center fielder Chet Lemon, and two separate and distinct doubles by Reggie Jackson. However, I had not begun to grasp the White Sox' cunning 1977 strategy, which was, from first to last, to ignore every defensive nuance of the game, thus leaving their players entirely free to concentrate on knocking the cover off the ball. Richie Zisk, the Sox' right fielder and big stick (and, by a consensus of Chicago Poles, a very prince of players), led off the bottom of the same inning with his fifteenth homer of the year, setting off the scoreboard rockets, and Chet Lemon ignited further airborne salutes and flowerpots with a homer in the fourth and another in the sixth. In the seventh, we all rose and, in accordance with local custom, bawled an earsplitting chorus of "Take Me Out to the Ball Game," under the spirited leadership of Harry Caray, the celebrated Sox broadcaster, from his booth. There was barely time to sit down again before Oscar Gamble, pinch-hitting, socked *another* Chicago home run, thus moving the Sox up to within reach of a tie, 8–6. It ended that way, but with two out in the bottom of the ninth the headlong White Sox rapped out two singles, thus bringing up Zisk again, who concluded things with a terrific line clout off Sparky Lyle that was barely pulled down by Roy White in left field. The Chicago fans rewarded their losing heroes with a cacophonous round of applause, and I filed out with the hot and almost happy hordes, all of us exchanging excited glances and exclaiming "Great game!" "Wonderful game!" over and over again.

SPECIAL CHECKING

"Thank you, my dear. And I hope that you and all your colleagues and loved ones will have a very nice day, too."

I could not get back to Chicago until the first weekend in August—at the very end of the party. The Cubs had held first place in the National League East since May 28th, at one time leading by a margin of eight and a half games, but now they were at last running out of pitchers and had slipped toward the onrushing Phillies and Pirates and Cardinals; the White Sox, who stood at the top of their division through the entire month of July, had just dropped four straight, and their cushion was down to two and a half games. The joy-ravished Chicago citizenry, who had not been given a White Sox pennant since 1959 or a Cubs pennant since 1945, had almost stopped talking about a glorious "L" series in the fall. I went back to Comiskey Park on a damp evening, and saw the White Sox beat Bert Blyleven and the tough Texas Rangers, 5–4, in an anxious, gnawing sort of game that was settled in the top of the eighth, when White Sox first baseman Jim Spencer made a fine play on a squeeze bunt by Bert Campaneris and threw out the tying runner at the plate. The crowd had been thinned a bit by the threat of rain,



"A grand jury sitting in Terre Haute, Indiana, today handed up an indictment of society."

but the fans sustained a full-house din from start to finish, beating on drums, waving bedsheet banners ("The Sox Are Better Than Sex"), and, at two- or three-minute intervals, roaring out the inane, marvellous chorus from a 1969 rock song called "Kiss Him Goodbye": "Na-na-na-na—Hey-hey! Good*bye!*" The seventh-inning-stretch concert, under Harry Caray's baton, now picked up the Mickey Mouse Club theme song, and at every opportunity—including several that were almost invisible to me—the fans treated some fresh Sox hero to another standing ovation. Joy had deepened into ritual.

I watched all this in good company, sitting in the press box next to Bill Veeck, the White Sox president, who had acquired the venerable but shaky franchise last year, by dint of some hairbreadth last-minute financing, and then kept it alive, mostly on his own enthusiasm, through a dreary, losing, last-place first summer. Chicago is probably a Cubs town at heart, but the startling White Sox outdrew the surprising Cubs this summer, and everyone in town was happy for Bill Veeck. On this evening, he drank six glasses of iced tea and smoked two packs of Salems and incessantly praised his lightly talented players ("A good kid, a wonderful kid. . . . No one takes more pleasure in the game than he does"), while admitting their failings ("We can't catch the ball very well. We hit a little. We *get* hit a lot. They've been killing us in the late innings"). Veeck seemed awed by the crowd ("They cheer for *everything*—we're leading the league in standing ovations"), and when it was over at last, and the Sox had won, he stood up and coughed happily and murmured what I had come to recognize as his own baseball credo: "Well, that was fun, wasn't it? It's meant to be fun, you know." The White Sox didn't win this summer, finishing third in the A.L. West, twelve games behind the Kansas City Royals, but Bill Veeck had fun right to the end. When the season was over, he mailed out World Series tickets—Comiskey Park World Series tickets—to his season subscribers, with a note that said, "Well, we blew it. No, that's not true—not exactly. Kansas City won it. But, as you can see by the enclosed tickets, we were ready!"

The end of the Cubs' brief reign was much nearer at hand. On the very next afternoon, I went to Wrigley Field and saw them lose to the Padres by 11–8—a defeat that took them out of first place at last and dropped them a half game behind the Phillies. The Cubs fell a long way after that, finishing in fourth place, with a record of 81–81, but their decline was probably ordained from the moment, on the very day of my visit, when it was announced that Bruce Sutter, their extraordinary reliever, had been placed on the disabled list with an ailing shoulder, and when it became known that Rick Reuschel, their ace starter, would miss a few turns because of a sore back. Up to that point, Sutter, a forkballer, had won five games and saved twenty-four for the North Siders, and Reuschel, who was the best starting pitcher in the National League in the first half of the season, stood at 15–3. Nothing could replace them. In the game against the Padres, the earnest, semi-anonymous Cub regulars—Ivan DeJesus, Larry Biittner, Steve Ontiveros, Manny Trillo, Bill Buckner, and the rest—struggled manfully, but the Chicago pitching was frightful; the Padres blew them away with four homers, including a grand slam and a three-run shot, both by Dave Kingman. The cheering seemed thinner and shriller than it had at Comiskey Park, but that was because the afternoon crowd was mostly children; they remained hopeful to the very end, as kids will, but it was a sad day, and I wished I had come out to beautiful Wrigley Field when the going was good. Later in the summer, I received a letter from a Cubs fan named Timm Rinehart, who told me what it had been like there during the best time of all, which was that terrific thirteen-inning, eleven-homer 16–15 victory over the Reds in July. He wrote:

> I was there in the bleachers from noon batting practice until the final run scored at 6:20 P.M.—beer money in my pocket, shirt off, pants rolled up, smack in the special land and time of baseball, the only place to be. . . . It was 10–7 almost before we knew it, and then the game became one of Reds' surge and Cubs' catch-up, each one less probable and therefore more exciting than the last. Reds 10–7; Reds 10–8; 10–10 tie! Reds 11–10, then 13–10, then 14–10 (great game, but this Cincinnati team is just too much). Reds 14–13 (my God, we are back in this!); 14–14, in the ninth! Reds 15–14 in the top of the twelfth (that damned Rosello never could make the big play under pressure); 15–15 (George Mitterwald, the Baron, hits another homer!) in the bottom of the twelfth; and the Cubs 16–15 at the end (Rosello, of course, comes through with the big hit, a single). In the bleachers, we fans

took on a shared, historic, "we were there" spirit. We were high on the game and not on the beer, which ran out in the ninth inning anyway. It was the game that took over.

I HAVEN'T the heart to review the long and depressing M. Donald Grant/Tom Seaver debacle here, and it seems to me that the Mets fans have made the final and most telling comment on the affair—at the ticket windows. From first to last, Mr. Grant's pronouncements and decisions in the matter seemed to reflect the kind of corporate masochism that so often governed the strategies of the owners during the long wars over the reserve clause, and this has made me wonder how many baseball nabobs and front-office people (and writers) are moved by a need to patronize, and sometimes even demean, the extraordinarily gifted young men who play this beautiful, difficult game—who can really do what the rest of us have only dreamed of doing. Seaver went to the Reds in the middle of June, and it was more than two months before the schedule brought him back to pitch against his old teammates, on a beautiful Sunday at Shea Stadium. The fans came back for that one, and Tom received a shattering ovation when the lineups were announced, but the Mets drew heavy mitting, too, and few boos. The Sign Man held up "Seaver Lives!" but the emotional contretemps seemed to be beyond the creative powers of the banner artisans. Manager Joe Torre started Eddie Kranepool and Bud Harrelson, and Jerry Koosman, of course—all boyish and sun-dappled Mets when all the world was young. It was a fine game, with Cincinnati ahead by 2–1 through the seventh, and with Harrelson and young Steve Henderson and good old Eddie Kranepool combining for the Mets' run. Koosman pitched beautifully, but Tom was even better—eleven strikeouts—and the Reds broke it open in the eighth, after a throwing error by Harrelson, and won it, 5–1. Everyone seemed drained in the end, and it was plain in the clubhouses that Seaver and the Mets had both badly wanted to win.

"I thought we had a real shot," Kranepool said. "If you stay close against Tom, you have a shot. He'll never beat himself. I don't care if a pitcher has been on your team for thirty years, he'll still want to get you out. That's the way it is."

Harrelson was disconsolate. "From the noise, Tom had more fans than we did," he said. "That made it hard out there."

A RARE HISTORY

On the eve of Guy Fawkes Day, fireworks had been planned for London. Figures and animals appeared in the sky and seemed to move by degrees, shimmering as they vanished. Incredible detail! Beneath these, bonfires consumed the monster in effigy.—*Diary, unknown author.*

Now the question arises, How will I judge you?
What flights of fancy we have had together!
The crows have come down, observant as deacons, to munch in the evening,

then to fly away to wait in the night
in whose sediment we have steeped our eyes.

But how will I judge you?

Then it occurs to me: the sky must grow bright and painted with fireworks;
faces appear, change expression, mingle; three elephants step trunk to tail
before dancing out of light as though a wing swept the sky clean.

You and I will stand on the hill sloping off toward old trees—such old trees,
elm trees I think they were—
in those smuggled notes that crossed between our childhoods.

I wonder: How will I wear this glove of night
when I finally touch you after all this time, at this tree
which lightning marked from limb to root so many years ago?

"Wear this glove," you say to me. "It will hide your hand, disguise fingertips,
soften knuckles grown impersonal with years. Wear it
as you touch me, reach up inside my skin,
tearing me from one extreme to the other."

I do neither thing.

Thunder rides high in the air. Sparks dissipate and
hang in the shadow-trees—not falling or
extinguished—the way things are written later.

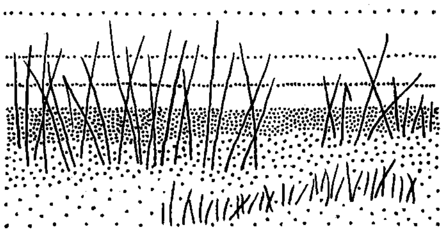
—ALEX STEVENS

• •

"I'm glad it's over," Tom Seaver said.

M. Donald Grant did not attend.

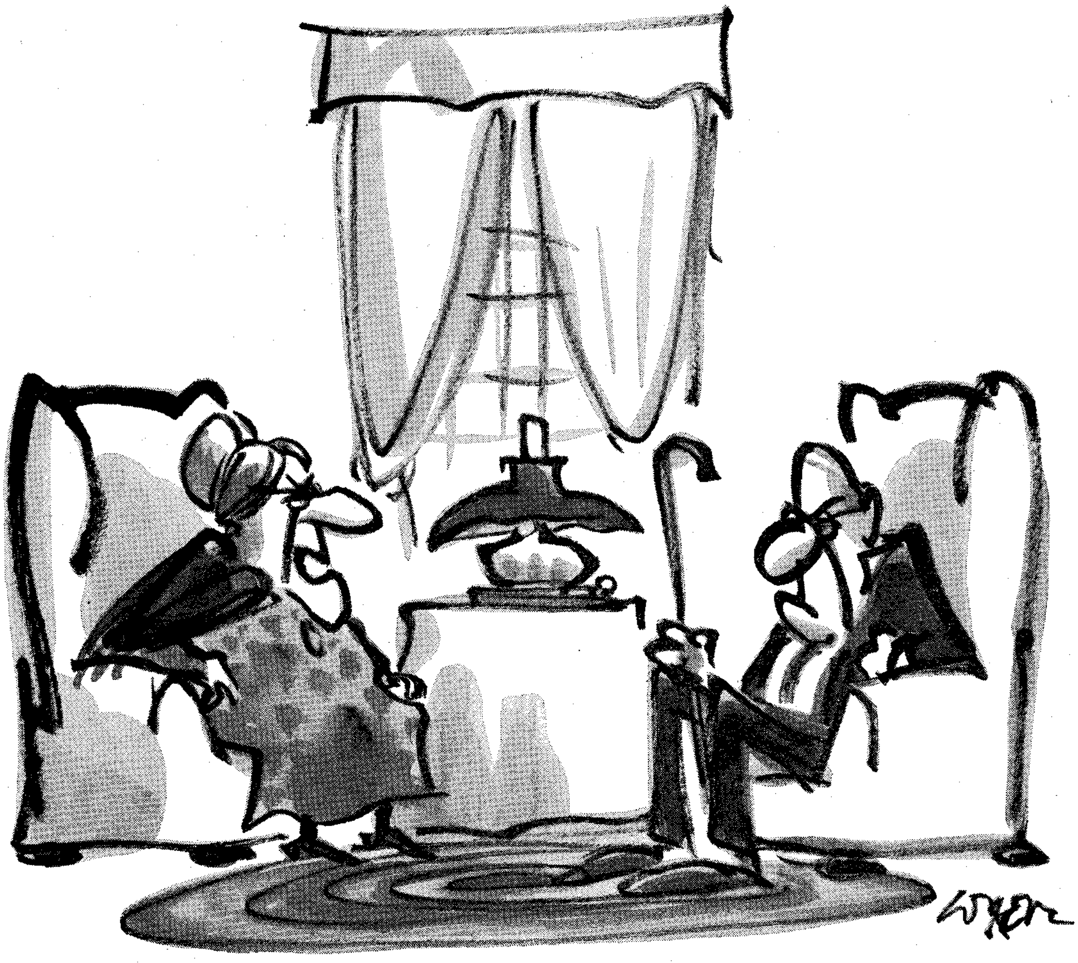
IN the pennant campaigns, the Phillies rewarded their clamorous followers with sixteen consecutive midsummer wins in their home park; the team was never headed after early August, in spite of a brief sag near the end of the month which allowed the Pirates to creep to within three and a half games. The Kansas City Royals, helped at last by terrific pitching and some invigorating late-inning rallies, settled the four-team dogfight in the A.L. West with a ten-game streak and then, in September, with an uninterrupted sixteen in a row—the longest run of victories in the majors in twenty-four years. The strangest summer of all was that of the Boston Red Sox, whose season's record bears close resemblance to the temperature chart of a first-stage malaria victim. After the burning fever of that ten-game, thirty-three-homer splurge, which took them to first place in mid-June, the team dropped nine in a row, and then staggered through July, sometimes in first place in the A.L. East and sometimes out of it. Early in August, the Bosox threw off the covers again, winning eleven straight and seventeen of nineteen. Then they lost seven games in a row (and along with them their lead once again), and *then* won ten of



eleven, to draw within a game and a half of the Yankees in mid-September. Their much steadier rival through most of these disorders was the Baltimore Orioles, a pleasing and surprising amalgam of veterans (Lee May, Ken Singleton, Al Bumbry, Jim Palmer) and utter unknowns (Eddie Murray, Billy Smith, Rich Dauer), who responded uncannily to the direction of the Merlin-like Earl Weaver and came home at last with ninety-seven victories—good enough for a pennant in a less excessive year.

The Yankees, it may be recalled, had a little trouble along the way. Their relentlessly publicized off-the-field sulks and tiffs and rumorings and squabbles will not be reëxamined here, if only because the daily turns of plot of a soap opera—"Churls' Way," perhaps—lose their edge when seen from a little distance. The trouble, of course, was a violent multiple clash of personalities, brought on by owner George Steinbrenner's intense ambition and his impatient, meddlesome need for total success; by Billy Martin's insecure ego, his dangerous temper and occasional deviousness, and his capacity for martyrdom; by Reggie Jackson's money and display of money, his love of the hottest part of the spotlight, and his actorish ways with the press; by Thurman Munson's brooding silences, his injured pride as a challenged leader, and his distaste for big-city maneuverings; and by the various and equally urgent wants and responses of a dozen other well-paid but fame-frazzled and (in the end) exhausted professional athletes, whose every word and gesture was recorded, from April to October, by enormous squads of local and national reporters and media people. I visited the Yankees after many games last summer, but I rarely stayed long, because it was the most joyless clubhouse I had ever been in. In time, I became sorry for them all, and it even occurred to me that this rich and favored team was terribly unlucky, because it didn't seem to have a true leader—one carefree or charismatic veteran star who could laugh at all this once in a while and thus suggest to the other players that they were young, after all, and that what they were engaged in was still a game.

On the field, the Yanks never bored me. In hindsight any champion team acquires an aura of brilliance and inexorable success, but these Yankees did favor a highly melodramatic style of baseball, often seeming to wait for the big game, attended by the largest and most expectant audience, before coming up with the sudden astounding performance, the impossible play, the killing blow. In June, playing before a gigantic weekend home audience against the Red Sox, just a week after the Sox had humiliated them by belting out sixteen homers during a three-game sweep at Fenway Park, the Yankees took the opener when Roy White tied the game with a two-run, two-out homer in the ninth and Reggie Jackson hit a game-winning single in the eleventh. They won the next game, too, and the one after that—on a ninth-inning single by



"I'll tell you why it's never worked out. You're a twenties sensibility and I'm a thirties sensibility."

Paul Blair—to cut the Boston lead from five games to two. The Yankees probably began their pennant move on August 10th, when Reggie Jackson was at last moved to the cleanup spot in the order, but the upward path was a long and bumpy one. On August 16th, at the Stadium, the free-swinging White Sox, trailing by 9–4, erupted for six runs in the top half of the ninth against Ron Guidry and Sparky Lyle—and were immediately beaten in the bottom half on a two-run homer by Chris Chambliss. A couple of weeks later, with the club finally in first place, Chambliss came off the bench and hit a three-run homer in the eighth that whipped the Royals by 5–3. The Yankees won the next day, against the Mariners, on Mickey Rivers' homer in the eleventh, and the day after that on Graig Nettles' homer in the ninth. This kind of momentum, which requires a deep and talented lineup, makes everyone, including the manager, look nine feet tall, but once the Yankees began to make their headlines on the field instead of in the clubhouse, one could see at last that most of these expensive athletes were performing at superlative levels. Willie Randolph had become the finest second baseman in the league; Graig Nettles, who finished with thirty-seven homers, was perhaps even more valuable for his glove work at third base; Reggie Jackson hit thirty-two homers and batted in a hundred and ten runs (exactly the kind of figures expected of him when he was offered all that loot); Thurman Munson, forever coming up with the key, rally-igniting hit, reached the hundred-R.B.I. level for the third straight year; Lou Piniella, with that oiled and elegant right-handed swing, batted .330; Rivers wound up at .326; Sparky Lyle won thirteen games and saved twenty-six more with his down-ducking slider; and young Ron Guidry, an unknown left-hander, finished with an earned-run average of 2.82—fourth best among the league's starting pitchers. The manager of such a club might seem to have the same sort of responsibilities as a private chauffeur, but it is my conviction that Billy Martin in the late weeks of this season was the best on-the-field manager I have ever seen. From mid-August to mid-October, his shifts of the batting order, his selections from a roster of often ailing or unsound pitchers, his late-inning picks of pinch-hitters or relief hurlers (or his almost mystifying patience with an incumbent) must have left rival teams and managers at times with the feeling that they had been not only beaten by the big-city slickers but somehow bamboozled as well. The pilot of a squad like the 1977 Yankees is often disparaged as a "push-button manager," but anyone who knows this game understands that there are a hundred different ways to push those buttons in every game, and many thousands of ways over the course of a season. The piano may be an easier instrument. Away from the field, Billy Martin often seems indifferent or depressed; he appears to be distracted by the office work of baseball—scouting reports, statistics, public relations—and this may be the real source of his difficulties with George Steinbrenner, who is a driving and unrelenting businessman. But up on the dugout step Martin is someone else altogether. His intensity is unique. Under the cap, his face is pale and tight, and he looks almost ill with concentration and hostility. His eyes are cold, moving constantly about the field and across the dark inner ranges of stratagem and intuition, in search of the sudden edge, the flicker of advantage, that will win again. It is the face of a man in a street fight, a man up an alley when the knives have just come out. It is win or die.

The Yankees won their pennant, we now know, by taking the first two games of a classic three-game series from the Red Sox at the Stadium in the middle of September. I think that many fans who were there may remember those games even more vividly than the Yanks' later triumphs in the playoffs and the World Series—the enormous crowds (the total of 164,852 spectators was the biggest three-game baseball audience since 1958), the oceans of sound, the weight of the ancient rivalry, the claustrophobic tension of the games themselves. The visitors, who came into the series a game and a half behind and only one game down in the lost column, were frightening at the plate. Their sluggers—Jim Rice, Carlton Fisk, Carl Yastrzemski,

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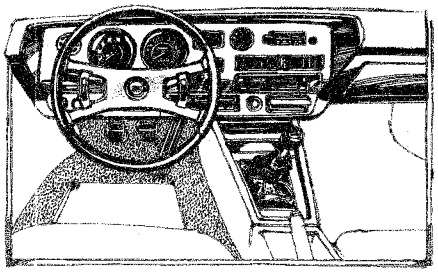
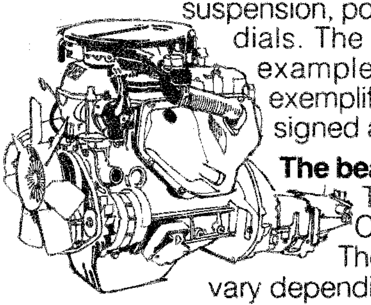
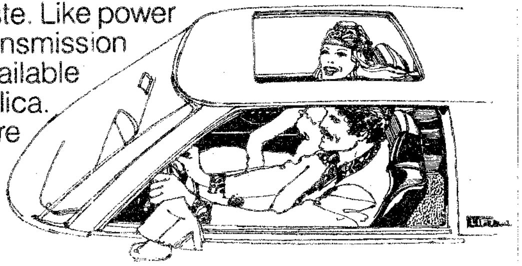


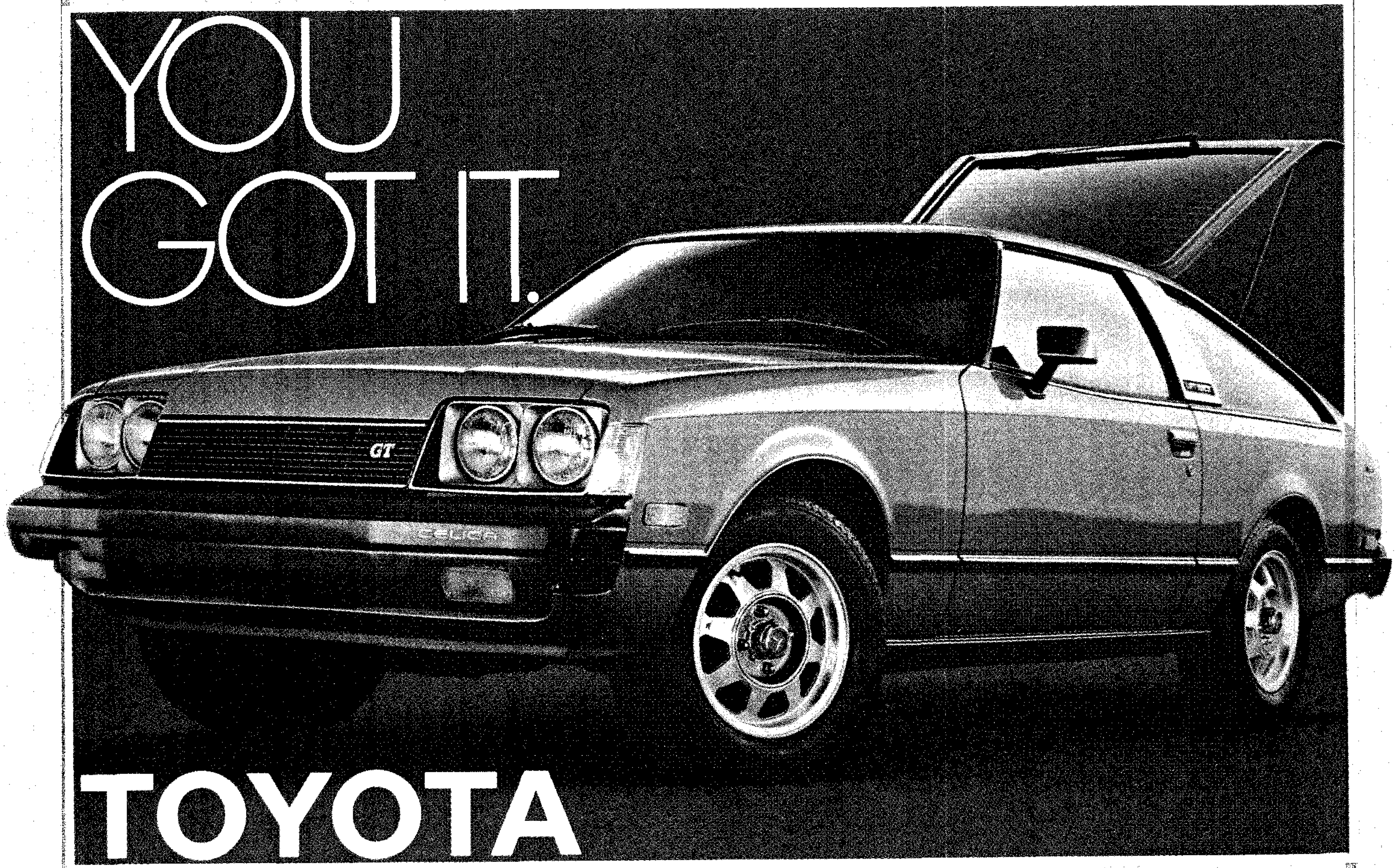
The new Toyota Celica. It's here now. A car which meets or exceeds all 1980 Federal fuel economy and safety standards. The latest in Toyota engineering advancements and wind tunnel refinements have produced an aerodynamic work of art. The Celica GT Liftback (pictured), GT and ST Sport Coupes.



A beautiful car and a fine machine. The GT Liftback aerodynamics have contributed to increased interior room (4" at shoulders), stability, acceleration and efficiency. The handling formula includes MacPherson strut front suspension, power assisted front disc brakes, and steel belted radials. The Celica's cockpit instrumentation is a beautiful example of functional engineering. And comfort is exemplified by the reclining bucket seats with newly designed adjustable driver's seat lumbar support.

The beauty is value. The 1978 Celica GT Liftback delivers Toyota dependability and economy. In EPA tests the Celica GT Liftback was rated at 34 highway, 20 city. These EPA ratings are estimates. Your mileage will vary depending on your driving habits and your car's condition and equipment. California ratings will be lower. GT Liftback options are for personal taste. Like power steering, automatic transmission or the new sun roof (available Jan. 1978). The 1978 Celica. The car of the 80's here today.





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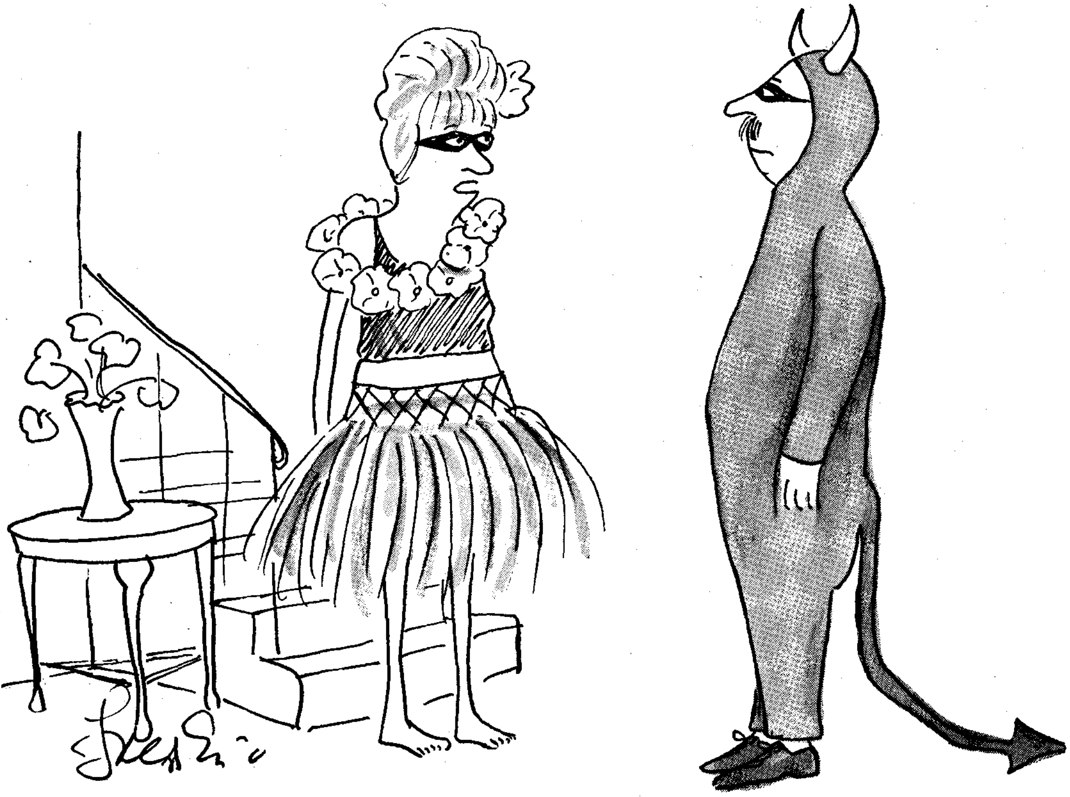


"You're sure this doesn't look funny without a tan?"

• •

George Scott, Butch Hobson, and the rest—set or tied eighteen major-league home-run records this year. (Hobson alone hit thirty homers and batted in a hundred and twelve runs—fair work for an eighth-place hitter.) Against the Pinstripes now, they attacked the ball violently, as always, but the Yankee pitchers and the Yankee ballpark broke their hearts. Fisk and Rice and Hobson and Scott all whacked enormous drives that were pulled in at the last moment just in front of the distant fences. Carlton Fisk, I imagine, will sometimes start up in bed in the middle of the night this winter with the vision of Mickey Rivers at the base of some faraway blue wall gathering in yet another of his four-hundred-foot fly balls, firing the ball back, and then finishing the play with that odd little shiver of his arms and shoulders, like a man ridding himself of a bad thought. In the first game, Rivers also poled a first-pitch drive into the low bleachers, and skinny Ron Guidry fanned nine of the Sox' big swingers and won it, 4–2. In the second game, Reggie Cleveland nailed Mickey Rivers in the back with his first delivery of the night (let's see you pull *that* pitch, Mick!) and then set down rows of Yankee hitters in disorderly but effective fashion while his teammates tried frantically to get on the scoreboard. But Reggie Jackson made two marvellous catches in right field, and in the fifth the Sox loaded the bases off Ed Figueroa with none out but failed to score (Lynn bounced into a home-to-first double play; Yaz ripped a sure single up the middle that collided with Figueroa's hip, and was thrown out), and the invisible balance of the game, one sensed, tipped in the other direction. No ballplayer is more inflammable in this sort of situation than Reggie Jackson, who, with Thurman Munson aboard in the ninth inning, hit a splendid three-and-two slider by Reggie Cleveland deep into the right-field bleachers for the only runs of the game. The win put the Yankees ahead of the Red Sox by three and a half games (and two and a half ahead of the Orioles), and although the Sox won the following night and subsequently beat the Yankees twice more, up at Fenway Park, they were never able to close the gap. Boston and Baltimore ended the season in a tie for second place, two and a half games behind.

THREE postludes, to close this September:

The Red Sox won the third game of the notable series at the Stadium, 7–3, but most of us who were there were not able to give much attention to the baseball. The Yankee rooters (young men, most of them) in the upper deck lost interest in the game when their team fell behind, and gave themselves up instead to showering everyone near them and below them with oceans of beer, to throwing pennies and darts and fruit and bottles and other objects onto the field, to fighting one another, and to waging violent near riots with the equally violent Stadium special police. There was nothing fresh or surprising about this; it happened all the time this summer at Yankee Stadium—a place where I no longer feel comfortable watching baseball in company with my wife or my young son. It seems to me that Mr. Steinbrenner, who throws himself with such energy into every aspect of his business, should now address himself to this one. Perhaps he will recall that a few years ago the Los Angeles Dodgers were troubled by rowdy eruptions in their outfield pavilions and solved the problem in the quickest fashion possible. They stopped serving beer.

•

As absorbing and exciting as it was, the pennant race in the American League East would have been much better if the Yankees and the Orioles had played against each other during the month of September. As it was, the two teams completed their season's business in the month of *July*. (The Orioles won the team series, eight games to seven.) This aberration was caused by the arrival of the Mariners and the Blue Jays in the league this year; the two expansion clubs left each division with an uneven number of clubs—seven—and a ridiculously contorted schedule. As we all know, a June or July ball team often bears little resemblance to its late-summer persona, and the determination of a true champion requires head-to-head competition between all the divisional contenders on the hard and dusty battlegrounds of September.

•

Up in green Fenway Park, the Red Sox beat the Yankees, 6–3, on the night of September 19th, and after the game was over a lot of reporters in the Boston clubhouse crowded around a tall young Boston player named Ted Cox, who, as the designated hitter for

Boston that night, had singled in his first two times at bat. He had played in his first major-league game the day before, against the Orioles, and had gone four-for-four at the plate, which meant that he had batted safely in his first six official trips to the plate—a miracle: the greatest beginning in the history of the game. Cox, who looked more boyish than any other big-leaguer I had ever seen, was flushed with pleasure. "I never *dreamed* of anything like this," he said two or three times, and I noticed that the writers around him were smiling. After a while, we drifted over toward Carl Yastrzemski, who had hit his twenty-fifth homer that night—a long drive into the center-field bleachers—and who, at the age of thirty-eight, was coming to the close of another remarkable year. (He played an entire season, one hundred and fifty games, without committing an error.) Yastrzemski, who, like so many great hitters, has oddly protuberant eyes, was still in his long-sleeved undershirt, and he was smoking a cigarette. He was unshaven, and there were deep wrinkles in his neck. He answered some questions about the homer and asked how the Orioles had done that night, and then somebody asked him how he would like it if he were Ted Cox's age and just starting out in baseball.

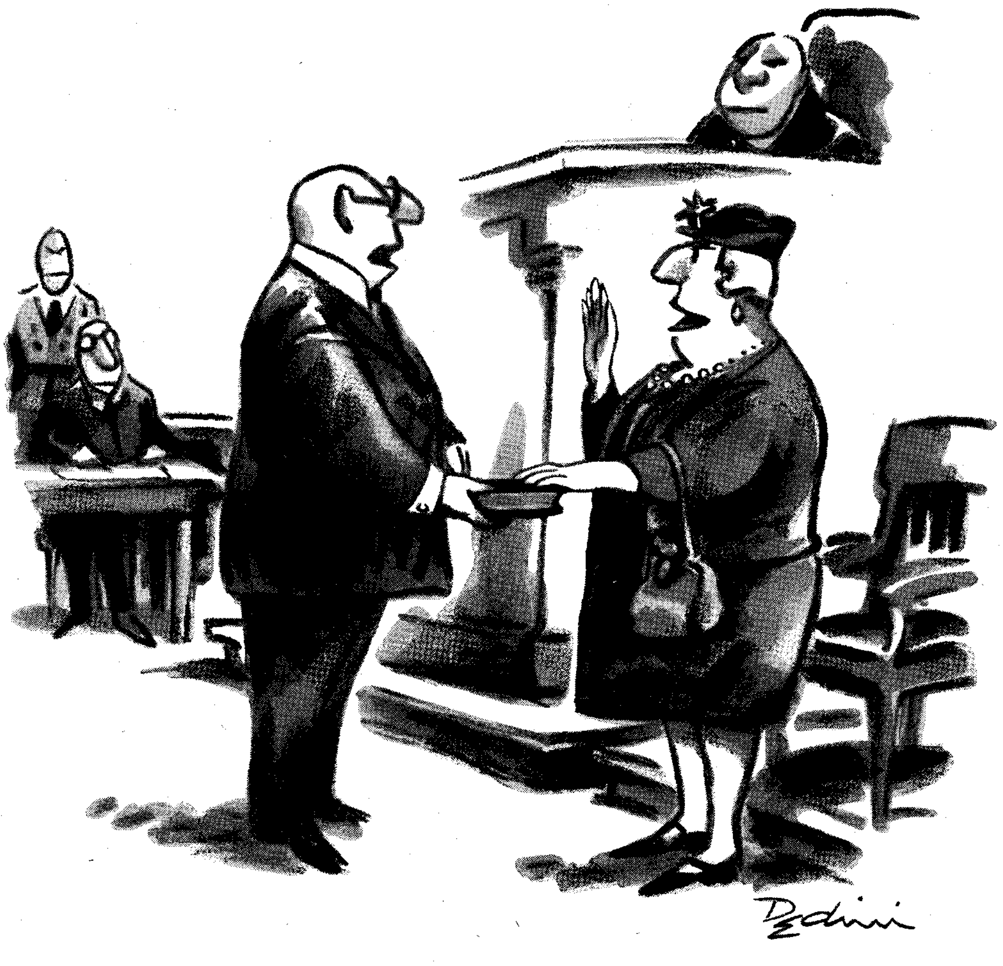
"Oh, no," he said at once. "No, thanks. I'm glad to be my age."

He lit another cigarette from the first, and a reporter asked him to compare this season with 1967, when he batted .522 in the last two weeks and carried the Red Sox to a pennant. Yastrzemski shook his head, dismissing the question. "I've always hit well in September," he said at last. "I don't know why. Maybe the fans make a difference—I don't know." There was a silence, and then he said, "This is a strange game." We waited in a circle around him, with our pencils and notebooks poised, wanting more. But there was no more. Nobody knows all about this game—not even Yaz.

THE roily and momentous events of the two championship playoffs and the World Series have left such vivid pictures on our baseball consciousness that probably only the lightest burnishing is required to bring back the colors. The Yankees' six-game triumph over the Dodgers in the World Series, and Reggie Jackson's epochal feat (in this case, perhaps, hyperbole may be forgiven) of smashing those three successive home runs in the final game, should not let us forget how very close the Yankees came to missing the World Series altogether. Reggie saved baseball's crown jewels. Without him, this would have been another year in which the more brilliant and emotional October baseball came in the preliminary series. It is my guess that the Phillies and the Royals were great public favorites to win their playoffs, if only because both these attractive teams had been losers in the same event last fall and then had made the long summer journey back to win their divisional titles again, each of them with a deeper and far more confident lineup than in the year before. This time, each was eliminated on its own home turf, where it had every expectation of winning at last, and each was beaten under bitter and extraordinary circumstances. I cannot remember such a painful week of baseball.

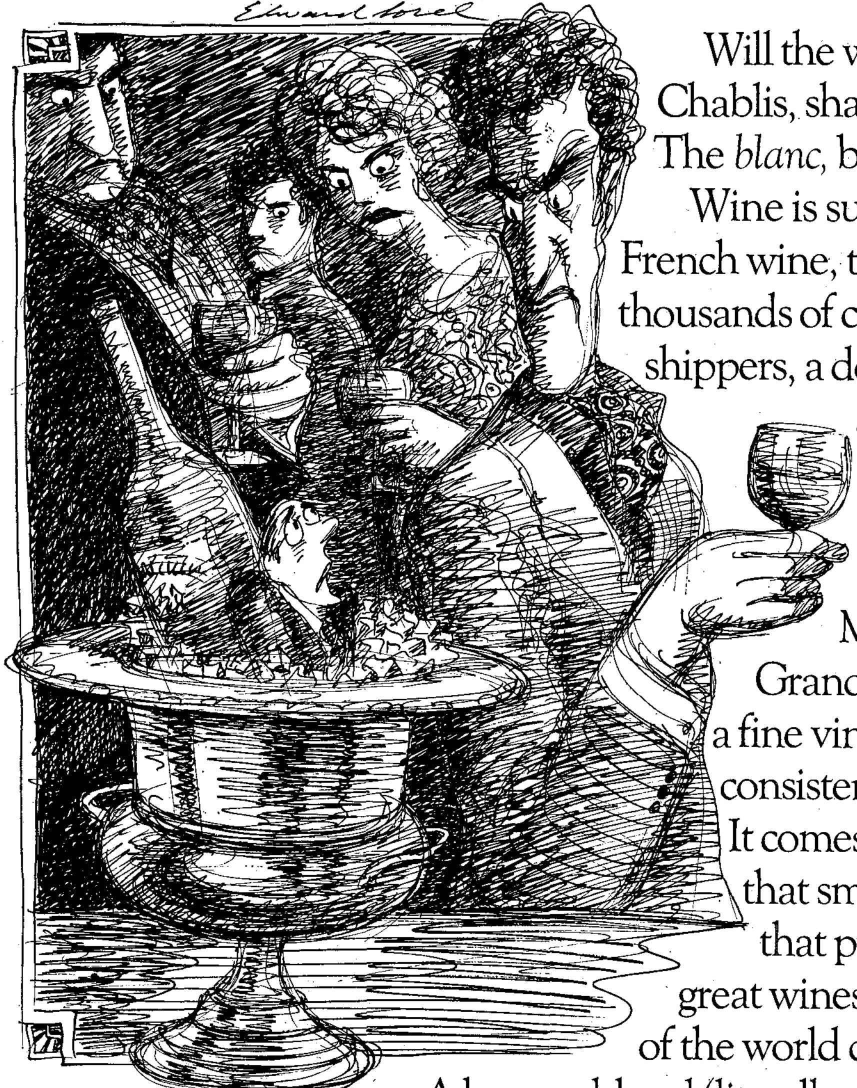
The Yankees and the Royals began at Yankee Stadium, taking up their business, it seemed, exactly where they had left off last fall, when Chris Chambliss's ninth-inning homer broke up a tied game and a tied series. This time, however, the power hitting was by the team in the dusty-blue road uniforms: Kansas City, which had altered some batting strokes and batting attitudes this year to beef up its attack, racked up six runs in the first three innings and whipped the Yanks, 7–2, on homers by Hal McRae, John Mayberry, and Al Cowens. McRae's attack the next night was on the person of Willie Randolph, whom he upended violently at second base while breaking up a double play; the two ended up in a tangle, yards beyond the bag, with the ball on the ground and McRae, as he peered through the dust, waving urgently and then triumphantly to Freddie Patek, the base runner ahead of him, who scored the run that tied the game at 2–2. McRae's body block seemed legal but ill-advised; it affronted the Yankee hitters, who immediately responded with three runs in the bottom half of the inning. Their pitcher, Ron Guidry, allowed but one subsequent K.C. runner to reach first, and won by 6–2, on a three-hitter.

Pitching is nearly everything in a short series, and the Royals' admirable Dennis Leonard, a twenty-game winner this year, proved this adage in Game Three, with an effortless four-hit, 6–2 victory on his home field, to the ecstatic pleasure of the Kansas City rooters. I watched the game on



"Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?"

"And then some!"



Will your chilled wine get a chilly reception?

Will the white be wrong? The Chablis, shabby? The Meursault, so-so? The *blanc*, blankety-blank?

Wine is such a jungle—especially French wine, the best of all. There are thousands of chateaus, hundreds of shippers, a dozen vintage years—perhaps a million different bottles from which to choose... what?

We'd like to suggest Grande Marque White.

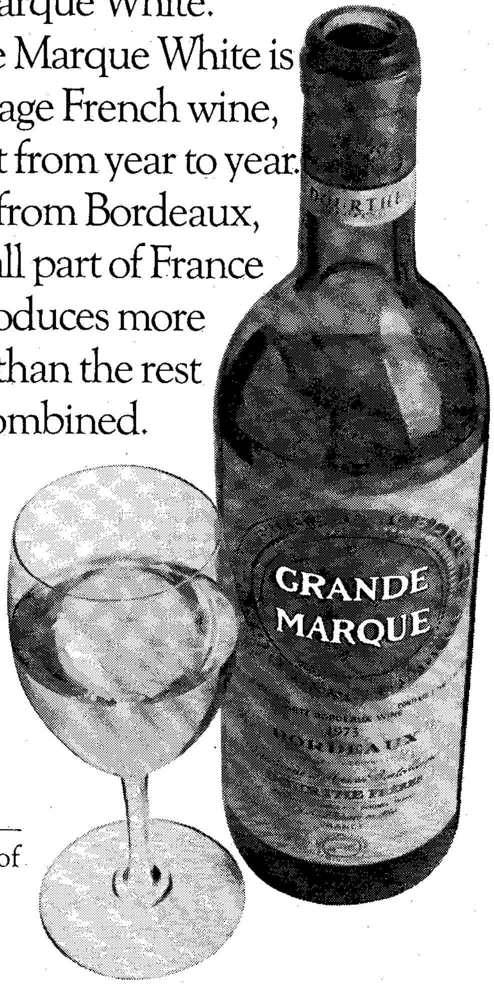
Grande Marque White is a fine vintage French wine, consistent from year to year. It comes from Bordeaux, that small part of France that produces more great wines than the rest of the world combined.

A large gold seal (literally, a *grande marque*) on the bottle makes it easy to spot.

And check the price: this year, Grande Marque is *down*, in most states.

So, be wary of frostbite on the dog days. Keep your friendships warm. And your Grande Marque chilled.

"All the French you need to know." Grande Marque is a product of France, imported by Munson Shaw, New York.



television, enjoying (via some wonderful NBC camerawork) Leonard's laserlike deliveries and the Royals' eager, contact-hitting style of ball. By my calculation, the Yankees were now out of sound pitchers and out of luck, but I had somehow forgotten about the ever-available Sparky Lyle, who entered the next day's doings in the fourth inning—very early for him—and, bearing down on the batters and on his gigantic chaw of tobacco, threw shutout two-hit ball for sixteen outs and the ballgame, which the Yanks won, 6–4.

Game Five: It began with a fistfight at third base between George Brett and Graig Nettles, and ended with Freddie Patek alone and in tears in the empty Kansas City dugout. The Yankees' comeback, last-inning victory, it might be noted, was the first break in a pattern of nine consecutive alternate wins and losses by these two courageous and uncompromising teams, beginning with their first playoff game last year. Billy Martin, stretching his luck and risking his job, benched Reggie Jackson (who had looked bad at the plate and in the field) and put Paul Blair in his spot in right field, and got an essential hit out of both men—Jackson's was a pinch-hit single—late in the game. That's *managing!* The Royals led early, 3–1, but could not widen that lead. Looking back on it all now, I can't be sure whether it was the Yankees' resolution in putting their leadoff batters aboard in both the eighth and ninth innings that really won this game, or whether it was Mike Torrez' inspired work in relief of Ron Guidry, or whether Kansas City manager Whitey Herzog's somewhat precipitate derricking of Paul Splittorff lost it, or whether it wasn't really the Yankees' obstinate defense in the middle innings that made it all happen: a very deep running catch by Mickey Rivers in the fourth and, in the fifth, two dazzling plays by Willie Randolph and a great peg, nailing a base runner, by Thurman Munson. But never mind. The Kansas City fans, who fell into a shocked, incredulous silence in the eighth and ninth, as the Yankees caught up and then went ahead at last, will have all winter and all next summer to think about these doleful issues. Rivers tied it with a single, and Randolph hit the gamer—a sacrifice fly—and the Yankees won, 5–3. When it was over, I was nearly in tears myself, there in front of the set. I couldn't bear to have either team lose.

The pressure of the playoffs had

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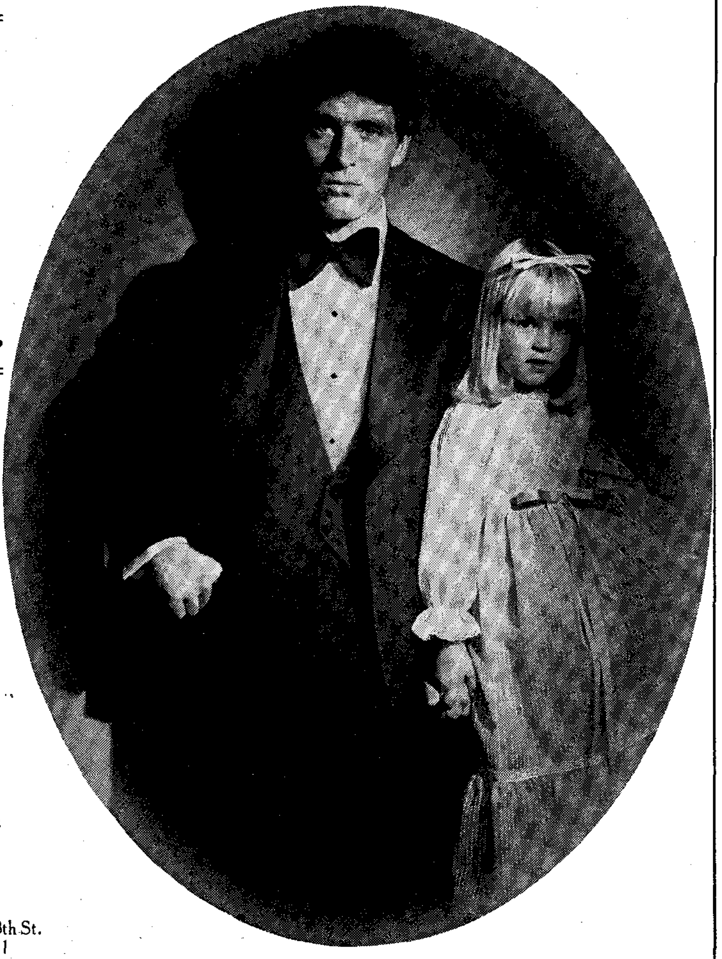

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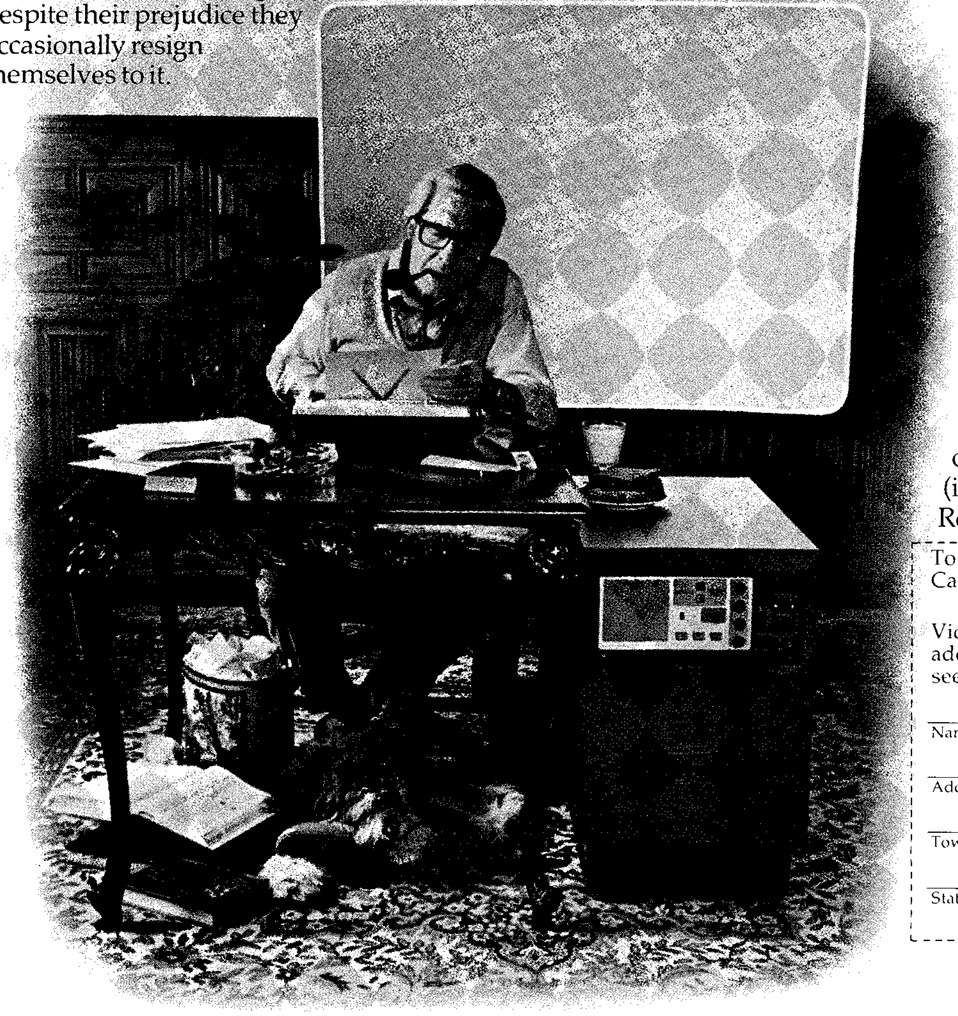

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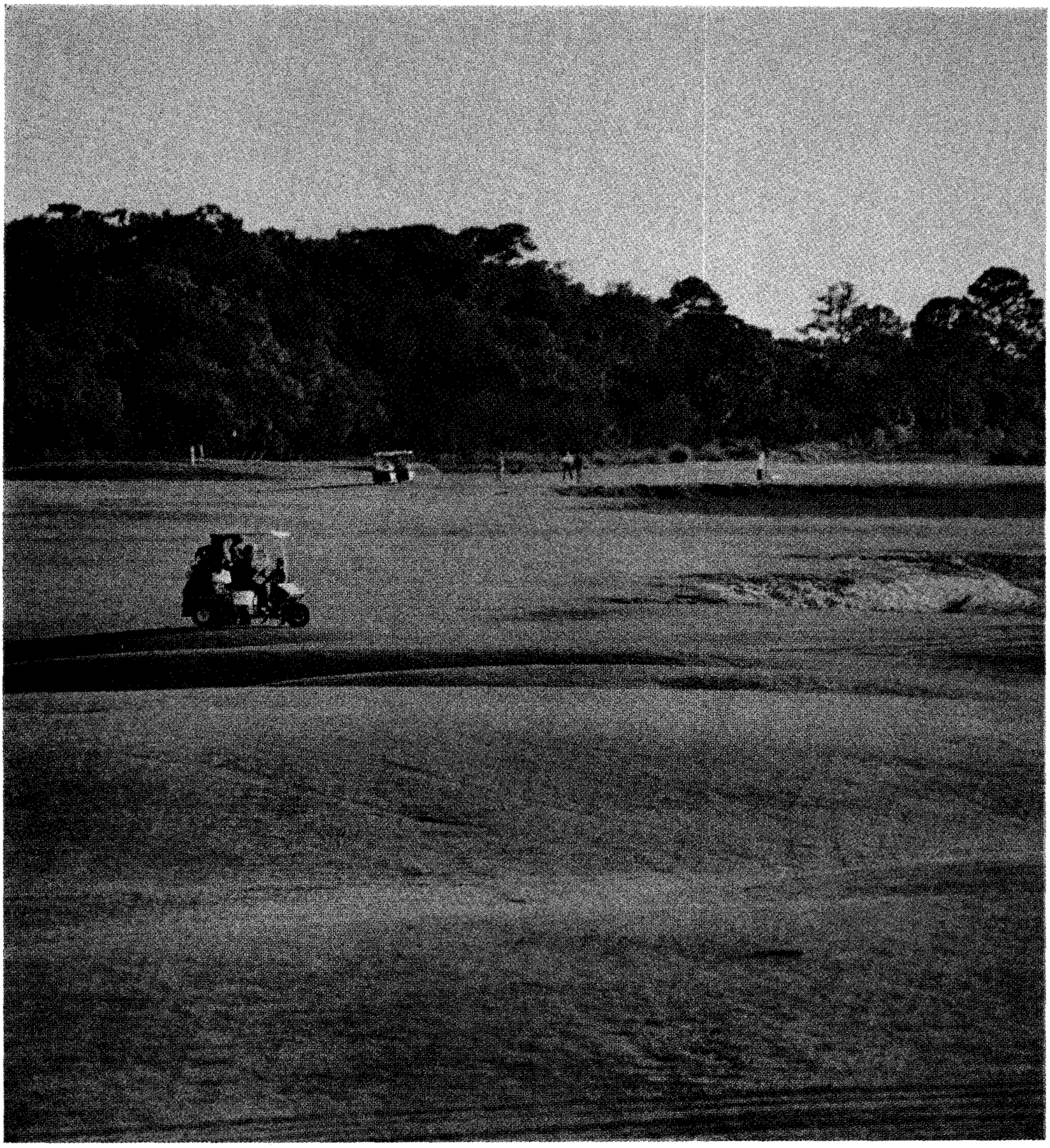

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quite a different effect on the National League finalists, causing them both to suffer through several patches of abysmal baseball. In Dodger Stadium, Ron Cey hit a grand-slam home run for the Dodgers in the first game, and Dusty Baker did the same thing the next day (Cey and Baker and Reggie Smith and Steve Garvey all wound up with thirty or more homers for the club this year), but the Dodgers still lost the opener, 7–5, giving back five runs on three frightful misplays by their shortstop, Bill Russell. The second encounter was an easy 7–1 ride for the Dodgers' Don Sutton, who has proved to be unbeatable and very nearly untouchable in post-season play, and another hard October loss for the Phillies' estimable Jim Lonborg. The teams repaired to Philadelphia even up. The third game, while undeniably historic, is one that should be expunged from the annals of the sport. In retrospect, it appears that the only participants who could remember the fundamentals were the grizzled Dodger pinch-hitters Vic Davalillo and Manny Mota, each of whom was sent up to bat with two out in the Dodger ninth, and who, in effect, won the game—Davalillo with a picture-book drag bunt and Mota with a double off the left-field fence, which was gloved but then not held by Greg Luzinski. Prior to that, the game had been distinguished by two debatable (from my vantage point, at least) umpire's calls at home plate; by the suddenly vanished cool of Dodger Burt Hooton, who walked in three runs in the second, to the accompaniment of jungle screechings from the stands; and by successive wild heaves by Reggie Smith and Ron Cey in the eighth, which helped the Phils move to a 5–3 lead. Mota's hit was followed by a fielding error on the ensuing peg, and in a bare few minutes after that the Phillies lost the lead and the game and (it turned out) the pennant on a burning one-hop smash by Davey Lopes that was not held by the third baseman, Mike Schmidt; a very close but (I think) mistaken umpire's call at first on the same play; a wild pickoff throw by a pitcher; and, at last, an undisputed run-scoring single by Bill Russell. The concluding mistake was the league's decision to play the fourth game on schedule the next evening, in spite of a drenching local downpour that perfectly confirmed a Weather Service forecast and the continuing power of network television over common sense and good baseball. The Phillies, still dazed by the sudden unravelling of their fortunes, lost by 4–1. The winning pitcher

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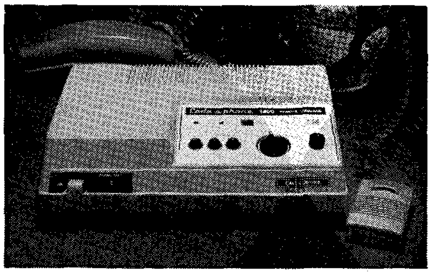

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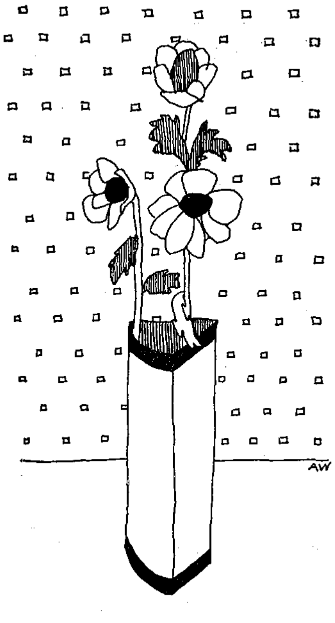
was the left-handed sinkerball artist Tommy John, who won twenty games this year for the Dodgers. *Partly* left-handed: three years ago, John's severely damaged pitching arm was rebuilt by surgeons, who replaced a ruptured ligament in his left elbow with a transplanted tendon from his right forearm.

After that wild third game, the two clubhouses seemed almost equally subdued, and several players on each team told me that the strain of these short playoffs seemed almost unbearable. "It doesn't seem right," said Ron Cey. "You come through that whole long season, and then you can get wiped out in just a couple of bad innings. I think a longer playoff would be fairer for the players and better for the fans."

I see the point, but I do not agree. Of all our games, baseball most tries the nerves and the composure of its players, and a safer, statelier stretch of games is not necessarily a better show. Serious fans forgive bad baseball in the end, for they know how hard this game really is, and a shocking error or a poor game or series only whets our appreciation of its opposite: the clutch play, the big hit—courage and triumph in the unfair presence of danger.

EVEN before Reggie Jackson took matters in hand, this was a rousing World Series. The Dodgers hit nine home runs, setting a National League series record, and if they had somehow been able to carry the action into a seventh game there is good reason to think they could have won it. By far the best game, it turned out, was the first, at Yankee Stadium, and the Yankees' winning coup may have been the three runs they scored off the redoubtable Don Sutton. The visitors, it will be recalled, bravely tied the game with a run in the ninth, but then ran smack into Sparky Lyle; deep in the unstilly night, the Yanks won it, 4–3, on a twelfth-inning double by Randolph and a single by Paul Blair. The next evening, Catfish Hunter, who had suffered through a dreary season of injuries and illness, was badly manhandled by the Dodgers, who whacked four homers and won, 6–1. Hunter, a lighthearted hero of many previous Octobers, smiled and shrugged in response to the post-game questions. "The sun don't shine on the same dog's ass all the time," he said.



Out West, within the vast pastel conch of Dodger Stadium, the Yanks now captured two fine, extremely grudging games behind some stout pitching by Torrez and Guidry, who both went the full distance. The Dodgers, apparently determined to win on pure muscle, excited their multitudes with more downtowners, but the Yankees took the first game, 5–3, on two deflected infield singles, and the second, 4–2, on some modest wrong-field hits and a solo homer by Reggie Jackson. Thurman Munson hit a homer in Game Five, and so did Jackson, but only after the home team had whanged out thirteen hits for Don Sutton, who coasted home in a 10–4 laugher.

Back we came to New York, for the extraordinary conclusion. In this game, the Dodgers took an early 3–2 lead on Reggie Smith's home run off Mike Torrez; it was the third round-tripper for Smith, who was beginning to look like the dominant figure in the Series. The other Reggie came up to bat in the fourth inning (he had walked in the second) and instantly pulled Burt Hooton's first delivery into the right-field stands on a low, long parabola, scoring Munson ahead of him and putting the Yankees ahead for the rest of the game and the rest of the year. Jackson came up to the plate again in the next inning (Elias Sosa was now pitching for the Dodgers), with two out and Willie Randolph on first, and this time I called the shot. "He's going to hit it out of here on the first pitch," I announced to my neighbors in the press rows, and so he did. It was a lower drive than the first and carried only four or five rows into the same right-field sector, but it was much more resoundingly hit; at first it looked like a double, or even a loud single, but it stayed up there—a swift white message flying out on an invisible wire—and vanished into the turbulent darkness of the crowd.

My call was not pure divination. With the strange insect gaze of his shining eyeglasses, with his massive shoulders, his gauntleted wrists, his high-held bat, and his enormously mus-

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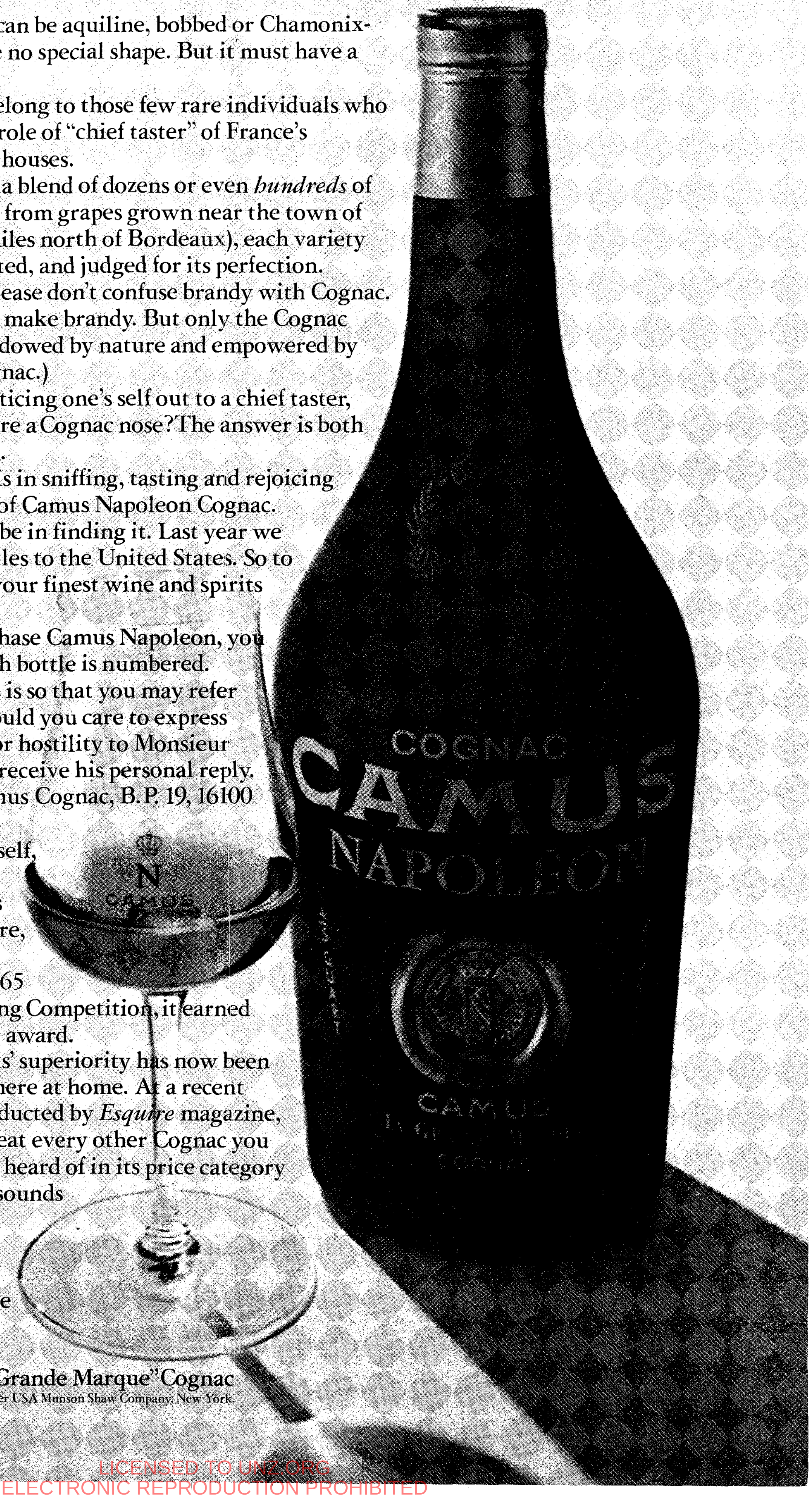
cled legs spread wide, Reggie Jackson makes a frightening figure at bat. But he is not a great hitter. Perhaps he is not even a good one. A chronic overstrider and overswinger, he swings through a lot of pitches, and the unchecked flailing power of his immense cut causes his whole body to drop down a foot or more. He often concludes a trip to the plate (and a Yankee inning) with his legs grotesquely twisted and his batting helmet falling over his eyes—and with the ball, flipped underhand by the departing catcher, rolling gently out to the mound. It is this image, taken in conjunction with his salary and his unending publicity in the sports pages, that seems to enrage so many fans. "Munson!" they cry, like classicists citing Aeschylus. "Now, you take Munson—*there's* a hitter!" And they are right. But Reggie Jackson is streaky and excitable. I have an inexpungeable memory of the two violent doubles he hit for the Oakland A's against Tom Seaver in the sixth game of the 1973 World Series, and of the homer he hit the next day against Jon Matlack to destroy the Mets. I remember the gargantuan, into-the-lights home run he hit in the All-Star Game of 1971 in Detroit. And so on. Reggie Jackson is the most emotional slugger I have ever seen. Late in a close big game—and with the deep, baying cries from the stands rolling across the field: "Reg-gie! Reg-gie! Reg-gie!"—he strides to the plate and taps it with his bat and settles his batting helmet and gets his feet right and turns his glittery regard toward the pitcher, and we suddenly know that it is a different hitter we are watching now, and a different man. Get *ready*, everybody—it's show time. And, besides, Reggie had been crushing the ball in batting practice and he had hit a homer in each of the last two games against the Dodgers. Hence (to sound very much like Howard Cosell) my call.

I did not call the third homer. One does not predict miracles. This one also came on the first ball pitched—a low and much more difficult pitch, I thought, from knuckleballer Charlie Hough. The ball flew out on a higher and slower trajectory—inviting wonder and incredulity—this time toward the unoccupied sector in faraway center field that forms the black background for the hitters at the plate, and even before it struck and caromed once out there and before the showers of paper and the explosions of shouting came out of the crowd, one could almost begin to realize how many things Reggie Jackson had altered on this night. The

HOW TO GROW A COGNAC NOSE.



A Cognac nose can be aquiline, bobbed or Chamonix-sloped. It need have no special shape. But it must have a special sensitivity.

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(Incidentally, please don't confuse brandy with Cognac. Almost anyone can make brandy. But only the Cognac area in France is endowed by nature and empowered by law to produce Cognac.)

Short of apprenticing one's self out to a chief taster, how does one acquire a Cognac nose? The answer is both simple and difficult.

The simplicity is in sniffing, tasting and rejoicing in your first bottle of Camus Napoleon Cognac. The difficulty may be in finding it. Last year we sent only 4,116 bottles to the United States. So to save time, consult your finest wine and spirits merchant first.

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Like Cognac itself, the "Cognac nose" of Monsieur Camus is a product of nature, confirmed by high authority. In the 1965 International Tasting Competition, it earned him the gold medal award.

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"All told," say the editors of Car and Driver magazine, "the 320i stands as eloquent rebuttal to all those who'd have us believe that small economical cars must be dull—and that automotive performance for the late 1970's is best achieved with decals..."

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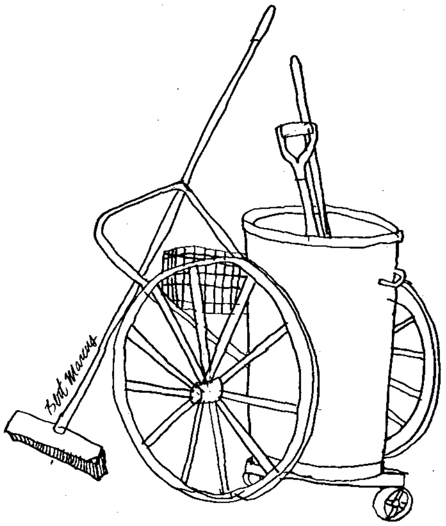
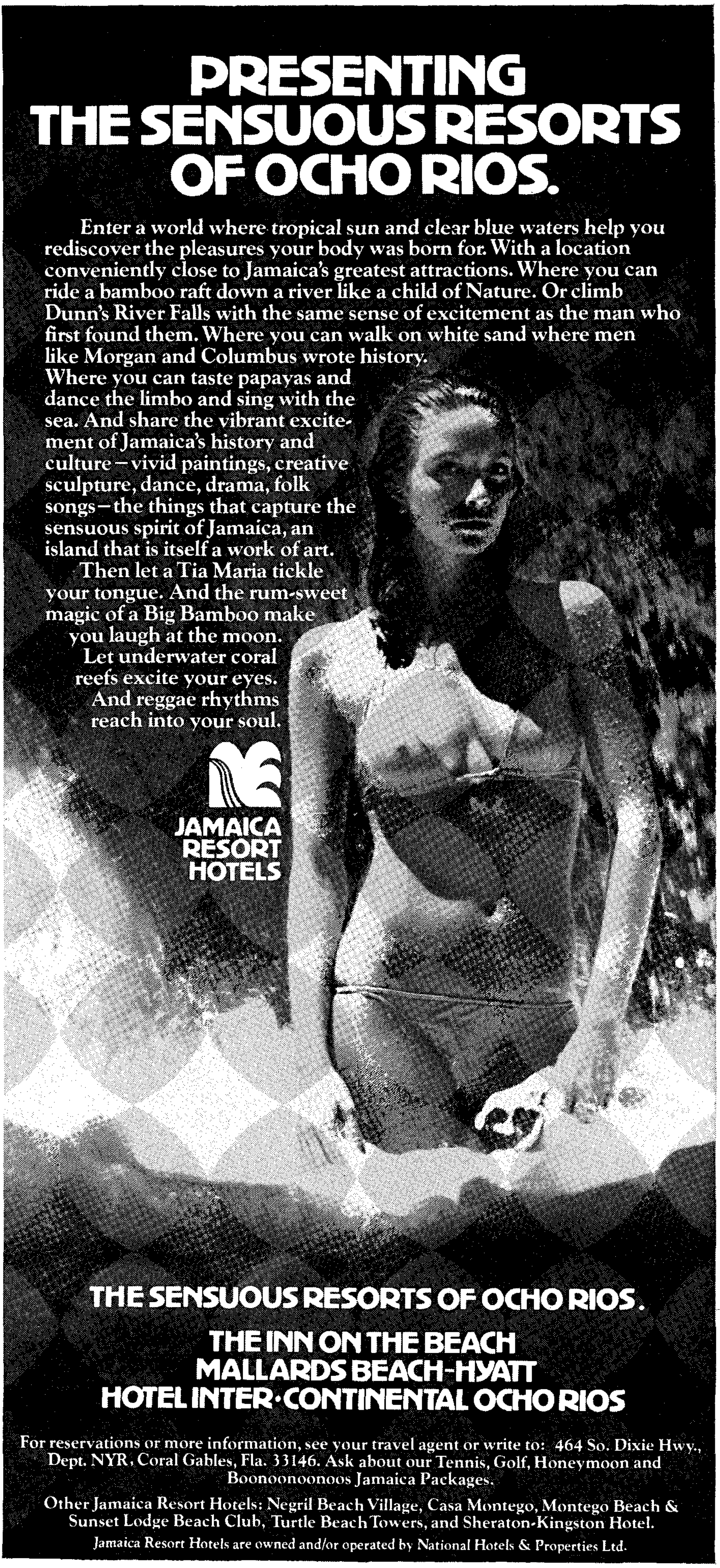
game was won, of course (it was 8–4 in the end), and the Yankees were world champions once again. It was their first championship since 1962, and their twenty-first in all. Jackson's five homers for the Series was a new record, and so were his ten runs and twenty-five total bases. The three home runs in a single Series game had been done before—by Babe Ruth, in 1926 and again in 1928, but neither of Ruth's splurges had come on consecutive at-bats, and neither had been conclusive. Reggie Jackson's homer in the previous game had been hit on his last trip to the plate, and his base on balls in the second inning had been on four straight pitches. This meant that he had hit four home runs on four consecutive swings of the bat—a deed apparently unique in the annals of the game. But Jackson's achievement, to be sure, cannot properly be measured against any of the famous *sustained* one-man performances in World Series history—by Brooks Robinson in 1970, for instance, or by Roberto Clemente in 1971. Reggie's night—a thunderclap—was both less and more. It was *hors concours*. Jackson, in any case, had won this game and this World Series, and he had also, in some extraordinary confirming fashion, won this entire season, reminding us all of its multiple themes and moods and pleasures, which were now culminated in one resounding and unimaginable final chord.

Beyond this—or to one side of it, perhaps—Reggie had at last secured his own fame. He had justified his gigantic salary, if it *could* be justified, and in all probability he had suddenly increased the number of players who will now decide to seek their fortunes as free agents in the next few years. More than that, he had arranged for them all to receive a great deal more money for their services. Even the flintiest traditionalists among the owners—and





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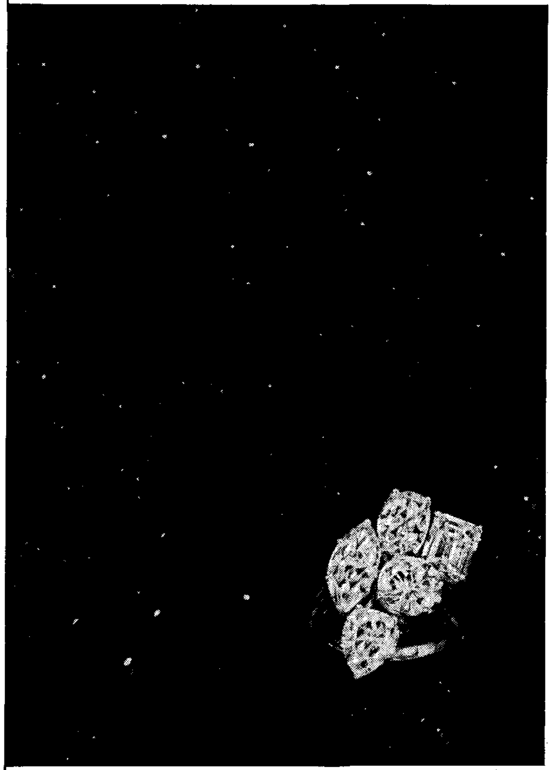

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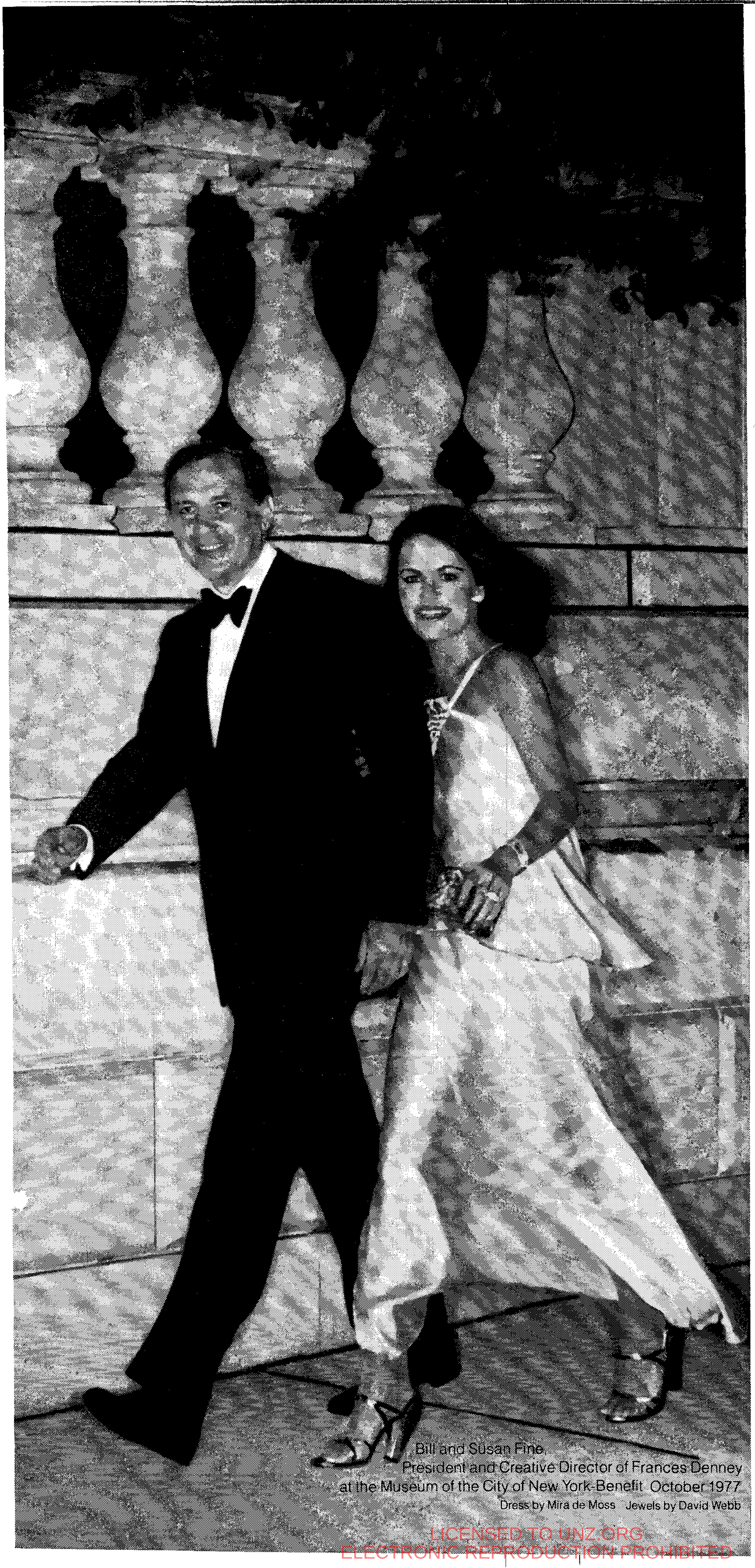
among the fans, too—must sense that a new time has arrived in baseball. We are in the Jacksonian Era.

THIS World Series was famous at the very end, but it was notorious all the time. Even while they were winning, the Yankees continued their off-the-field bickerings and grudges and complaints. During the Series, clubhouse reporters wrote that Thurman Munson hoped to play for Cleveland next year, that Mickey Rivers and Graig Nettles were also eager to be traded, that Ed Figueroa had almost jumped the team, and that Reggie Jackson was bitterly critical of Martin's use of Catfish Hunter in the second game. A news-magazine story claimed that in the middle of the season two Yankee players had asked George Steinbrenner to fire Billy Martin; Thurman Munson said that the story was a lie. A press conference was convened by the Yankees at which it was announced that the club was giving Billy Martin a new car and a bonus. Reggie Jackson, who is never at a loss for words, continued to grant startling interviews to great masses of media people. "I couldn't quit this summer, because of all the kids and the blacks and the little people who are pulling for me," he said at one point. "I represent both the underdog *and* the overdog in our society."

In the Dodger camp, the tone of the news, at least, was different. Manager Tom Lasorda, who did a remarkable job on the field this summer and this fall, attracted hundreds of reporters to pre-game interviews, during which he told a lot of Vegas-style standup-comic jokes, and also declared his love for his country and his family and the Dodger organization. "During the national anthem," he said at one point, "a tear came to my eye—I'm not ashamed to admit that. It's the kind of guy I *am*." He made frequent mention of the Big Dodger in the Sky. One day, he confirmed to reporters that he and his wife had had dinner the night before with his good friend Frank Sinatra and *his* wife. Lasorda said that his friend Don Rickles had come to the clubhouse before the fourth game to invigorate his players with insults. "Our team is a big family," he said. "I *love* my players. They've got manners, they've got morals. They're outstanding human beings." The Dodger players, who are clean-shaven and neatly dressed and youthful in appearance, were friendly and cheerful with the press. (The Dodgers are instructed in public relations during spring training, and many of them who live in and



Bill and Susan Fine.
President and Creative Director of Frances Denney
at the Museum of the City of New York-Benefit October 1977
Dress by Mira de Moss Jewels by David Webb

"There are times when nothing will do but a memorable perfume—

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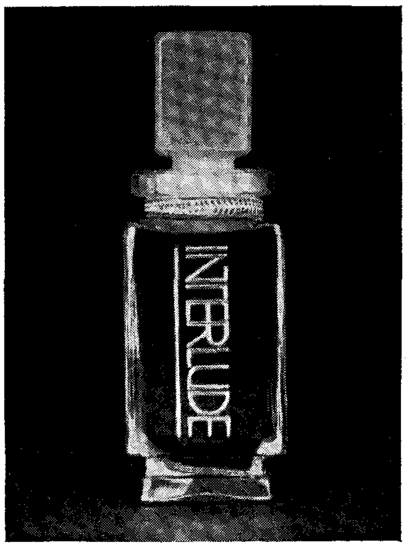
"Wearing a fine perfume is more important to me than wearing a piece of marvelous jewelry. Interlude has a rare quality . . . a mysterious, oriental bouquet, that lingers . . . and lingers. For special occasions. It's provocative and elegant at the same time.
Bill loves it.
(Most men do.)"

Susan Fine



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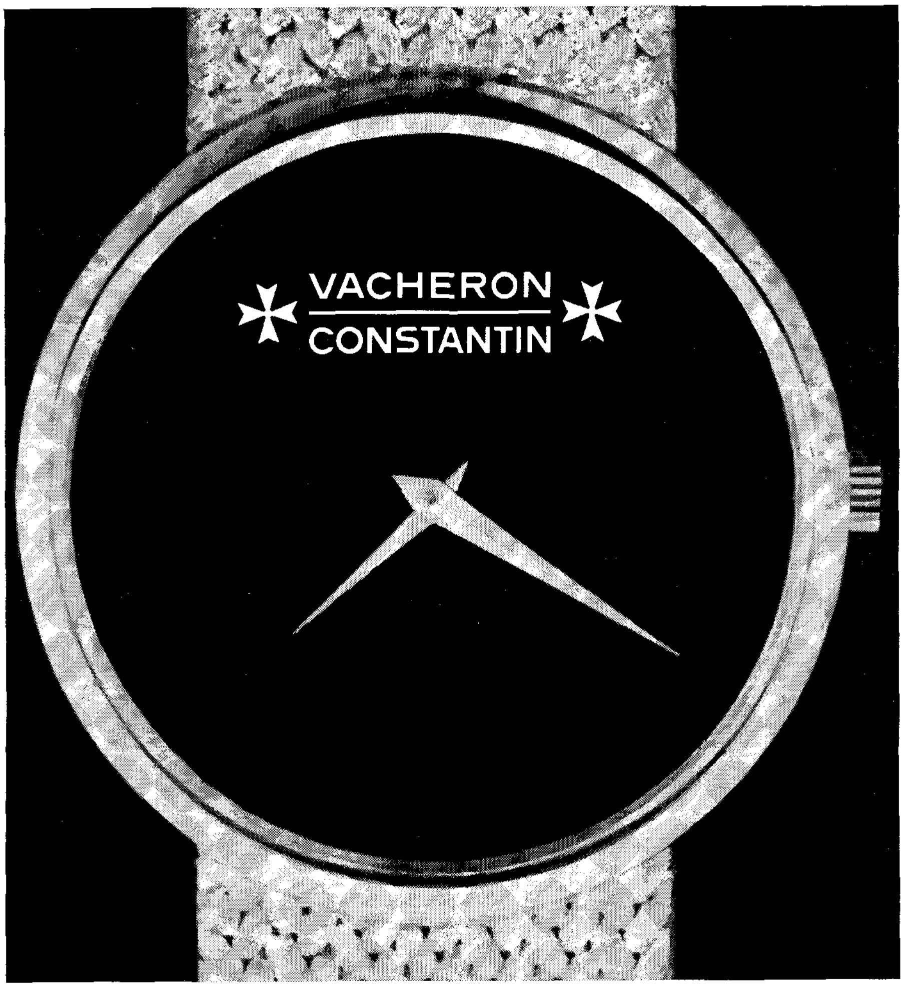


Vacheron Constantin 608 Fifth Avenue New York

around Los Angeles appear at community dinners and other Dodger-boosting functions during the off-season.) Steve Garvey, asked by a reporter what he thought about the Yankee Stadium fans, paused for a moment and then said, "Well, throwing things on the field is not my idea of a well-rounded human being."

I think I prefer the sour Yankee style to the Dodgers' sweetness, since it may bear a closer resemblance to the true state of morale on a professional ball team during the interminable season. It probably doesn't matter much either way. The outcome of this World Series suggests that neither of these contrasting public images had anything to do with what happened on the field. What we can be certain of is that none of this will go away. We live in an unprivate time, and the roar of personality and celebrity has almost drowned out the cheering in the stands. The ironic and most remarkable aspect of Reggie Jackson's feat is that for a moment there, on that littered, brilliant field, he—he, of all people—almost made us forget this. Suddenly he confirmed all our old, secret hopes. He reminded us why we had come there in the first place—for the game and not the news of the game, for the feat and not the feature. What he had done was so difficult and yet was done so well that it was inexplicable. He had become a hero. —ROGER ANGELL

●

NORTHFIELD NOTES . . .
Mr. and Mrs. David Greemore, former residents of San Diego, Calif., are spending two weeks at the homes of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Aldis Trombley and Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Greemore. Pam and Lori Trombley made the trip across the United States with them, after visiting several weeks in California. Following their visit, the Greemores will be making their home in Washington, D. C.

The simple, honest people are few and far between.—*Northfield* (*Vt.*) *News*.

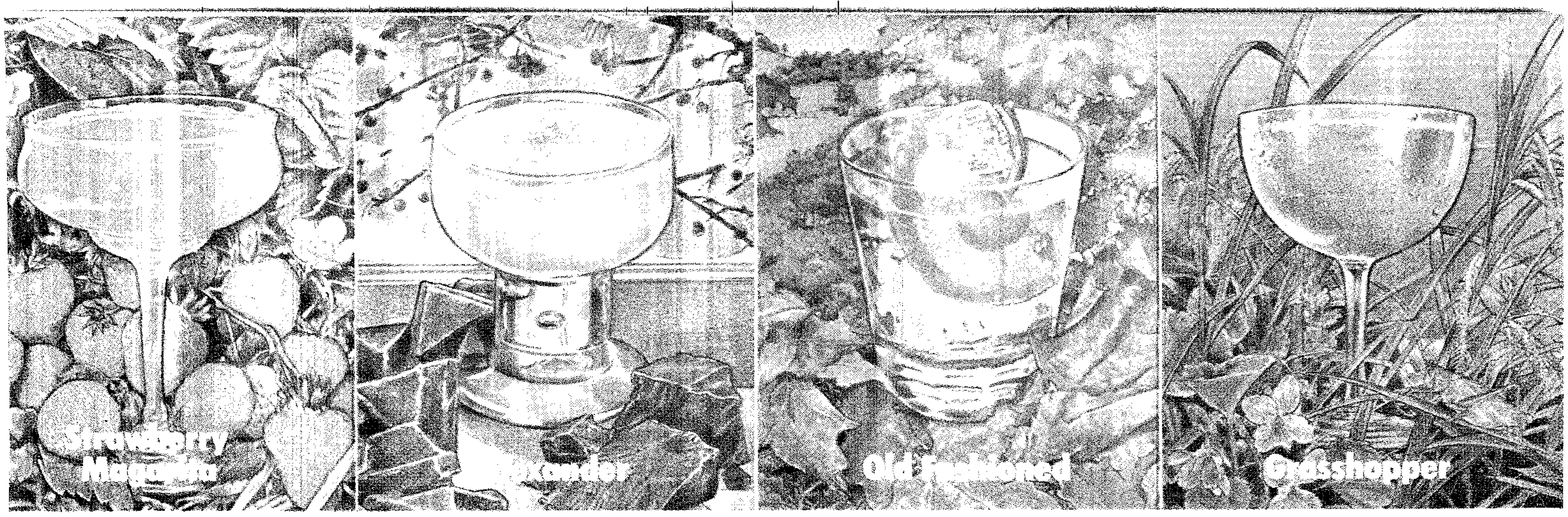
So let us be grateful for Mr. and Mrs. David Greemore; their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Aldis Trombley and Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Greemore; and Pam and Lori Trombley!

●

A BART train bound from Daly City to Fremont uncoupled in transit yesterday, marking the first time such an incident has occurred on the system.

A BART spokesman said the six-car train "sep rated in the middle" a just north of the Bay Fair station in Alameda county at 5:09 p.m.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

No vivid writing, please.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Old Fashioned
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THE HOLLAND HOUSE PROHIBITION LAW: A DULL DRINK IS A CRIME.

Is the most stirring thing about your drink the swizzle stick? Does your cup runneth over with the run-of-the-mill highball or scotch on the rocks?

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So be a really good host. Make a pitcher full of one of our deliciously different drinks for a change.

In other words, invite some exciting drinks to your next party.

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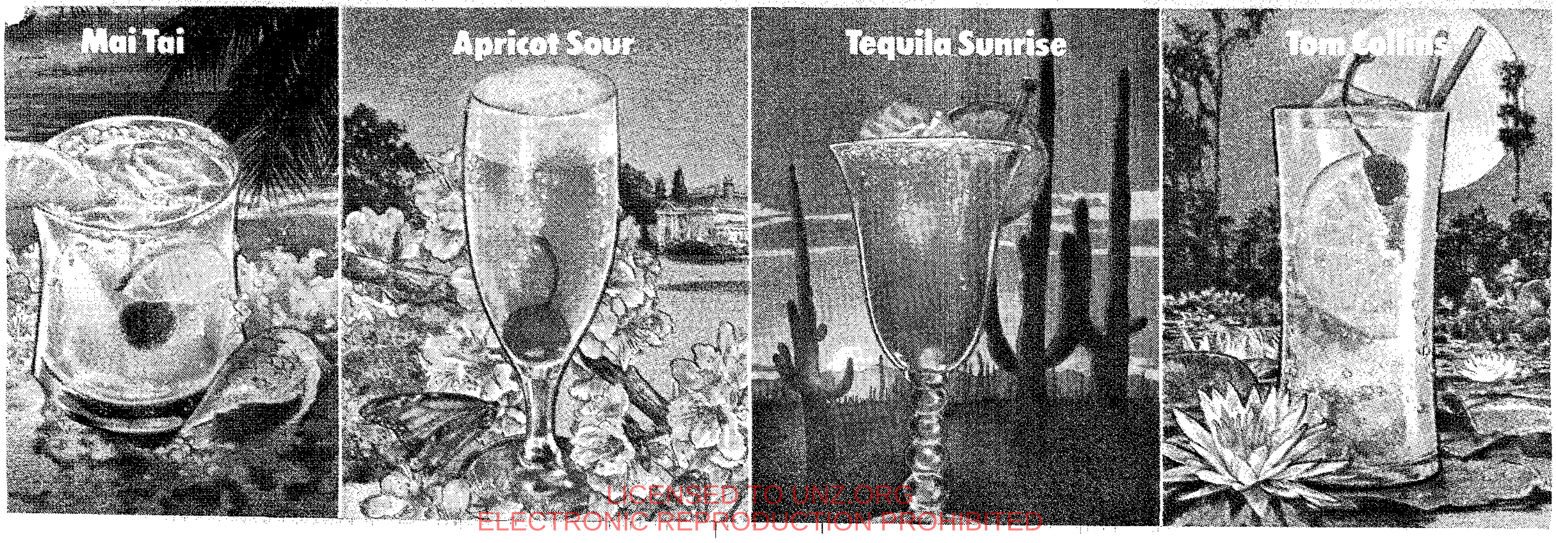
Mai Tai
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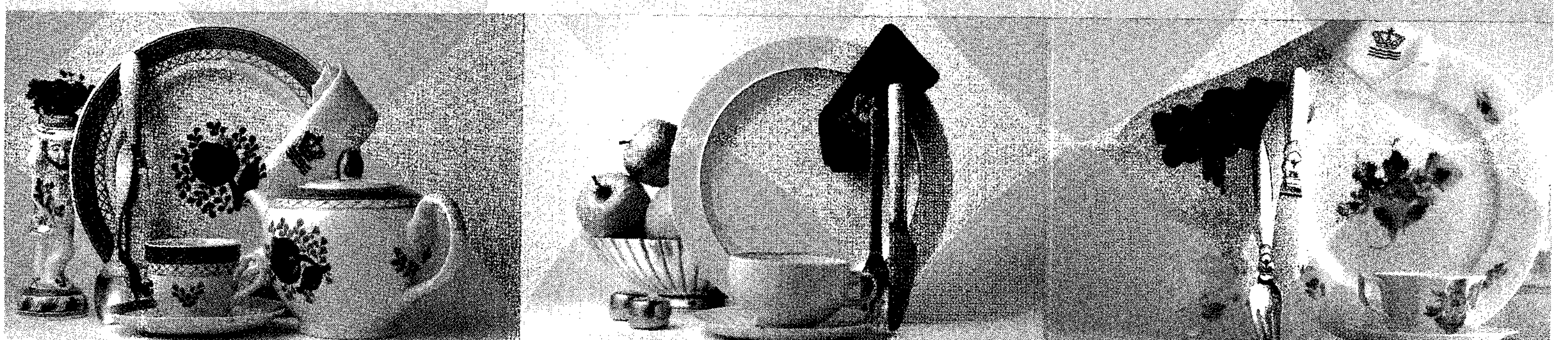
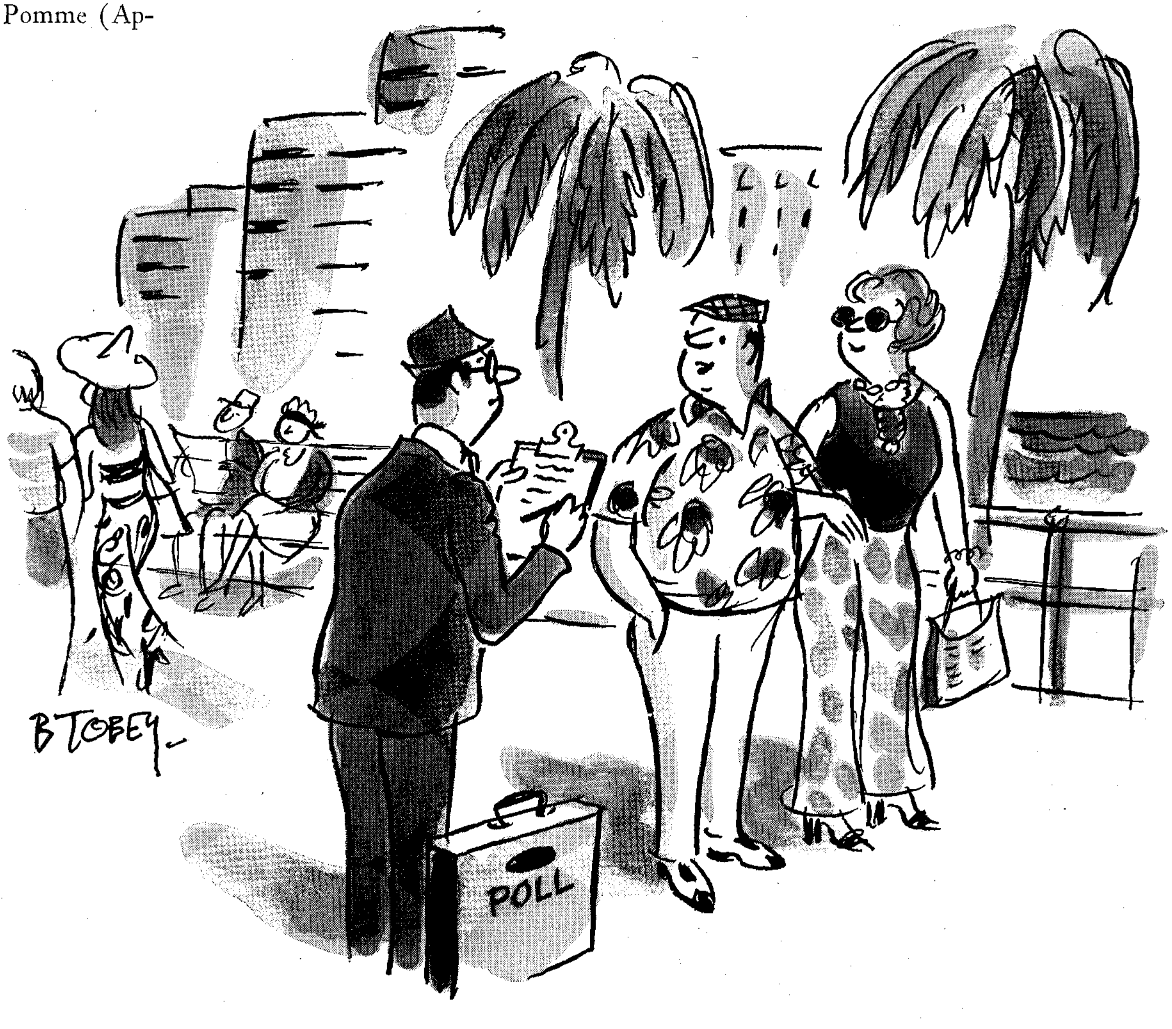


THE CURRENT CINEMA

Scrambled Eggs

“One Sings, the Other Doesn’t” is as straightforward as its title. Agnès Varda, who wrote the script, and directed, also serves as narrator—in accented English, with gusto—telling us just what the film is about. It begins in 1962, with the efforts of the seventeen-year-old apple-dumpling schoolgirl Pauline (Valérie Mairesse) to raise money for an abortion for her twenty-two-year-old friend Suzanne (Thérèse Liotard), who already has two children by her photographer lover. The photographer takes pictures of nude women—deserted women, unwed mothers, women as victims—and Suzanne, a dark, slender girl, is one of his most dolorous subjects. But Pauline, a bouncy, orange-haired aspiring singer from the middle class, stares at his camera truculently. Suzanne, who comes from a peasant background, is left penniless when this guilt-ridden lover hangs himself; she’s forced to take her children and go back to her parents’ farm. The two heroines meet again at an abortion rally in 1972. Pauline—now known as Pomme (Apple)—sings with a popular feminist street-theatre combo. She tells Suzanne that she, too, has had an abortion, and Suzanne explains that she works in a family-planning clinic. In flashbacks we see how each of them has got where she is—Pomme by her “energy and cleverness,” Suzanne by determined studying (inspired by her memories of Pomme’s boldness, she has taught herself to type in the winter, blowing on her little blue fingers and pecking away at the typewriter while wedged up against a cow in her parents’ barn). Then we pick up their lives in the seventies. Pomme goes to Iran with an Iranian (she had met him while she was in Amsterdam for her abortion), becomes blissfully pregnant, and marries him. But when her husband expects her to prepare dinner—an activity that would conflict with her creative thinking about a new song—she sees that being back in Iran has released the male chauvinist in him, and she leaves. Her husband joins her in France for the birth of their son, and he wants the baby. Rather than go back to Iran, she makes a deal with him: he can take the five-month-old infant if he’ll impregnate her before he leaves. That way, they’ll each have one. At the end, Pomme is content with her new child and her singing, and Suzanne is married to a pediatrician whom her teenage children love and respect. The narrator concludes, “They were alike—they had fought to gain the happiness of being a woman.”

The lives of Pomme and Suzanne between 1962 and 1976 are supposed to indicate the evolution of modern women’s consciousness. Their own mothers are horrors—narrow, unloving housewives out of Balzac, or Zola—while these two represent the transition to a bright future, which is symbolized in the last sequence, a riverbank picnic. Suzanne’s family and Pomme’s extended family—a communal group of singers, actors, and protesters—are gathered in celebration of women’s rise from victimization to new independence, and Suzanne’s teen-age daughter (played by Varda’s own daughter) faces the world of tomorrow confidently. “One Sings” is all up front. It’s a cheery, educational feminism-can-be-fun movie. Pomme and her combo tour provincial towns, performing songs with lyrics (by Varda) such as “I’m neither a tough cookie nor a busy beaver nor a utopian dreamer—I’m a woman, I am me.” Decked out in harlequin colors that suggest a French child’s dream of what Haight-Ashbury was like, they chant “My Body Is Mine.” Singing about the joys of pregnancy when it’s “your choice and your pleasure,” they wear pillows stuffed inside their long dresses—“It’s beautiful to be a balloon.” When these bubble dollies send actual balloons into the sky or sing about their “ovules,” Varda brings a Disney touch to women’s liberation. The sunshiny, masscult-hip simplicity of the feminist movement



“We don’t have any opinions. We’re just down here for a vacation.”

Clothes are like Broadway shows.
The classics go on season after season.

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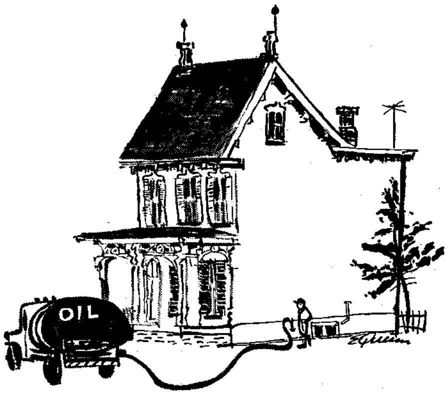
celebrated here is so laughable you can't hate the picture. You just feel that some of your brain cells have been knocked out.

Visually, the film has the glamorous real-unreal quality of the new feminine-hygiene ads—muted realism. Happiness here is a flower-print dress on a summer day in the country. The appeal of the film is of life seen as sensuous banality, in a pretty pastoral flow. Pomme has the look of an Auguste Renoir model with a bad dye job: a cherub with the frizzies. There's unforced charm in her complacent impudence. But she belts out her songs in a brass-lunged style, and she has a brute quality: her mind, like her lyrics, is a grab bag of feminist slogans. She swings ideas around like a baton twirler, and it's difficult to appreciate a struggle for self-expression which results in songs of the quality of hers. Pomme's middle-class hippie rebelliousness is contrasted with Suzanne's slow, hard-won self-education. Suzanne—reserved to the point of inexpressiveness—is a dimly performed, wan, Madonna-like character whose life seems to fit a traditional pattern. Circumstances force her to push beyond her youthful, Little Match Girl submissiveness, and she rises into the middle class, brings up her children with scrupulous devotion, and achieves the Sheila Levine goal: a doctor husband who loves her; i.e., what used to be called happiness and is now fulfillment.

The only real difference between Suzanne's life and the lives of countless poor, put-upon heroines of fiction who rose by their bootstraps is how colorless and humorless her fine doctor is. That's true of Pomme's Iranian, too; when you hear that he's an economist, you think there's been a mistake—he seems too vague to have acquired any skills. The men in the movie are shaded out. Varda doesn't appear to be antagonistic toward men; she just has no particular interest in them. The purpose of sex in this movie seems to be to have an abortion. That's the real high. Abortion is the new rite of passage, to be reported to one's friends with sad pride. Men are welcome in this balloons-and-sunshine land of the future. They're still needed to provide the plump, gurgling, freely chosen babies. Choice is what's important; the same women who choose abortion then choose pregnancy. There's no psychology in this movie—only sociology. The feminism here is a new form of asexual lyricism.

"One Sings" isn't sentimental in the manipulative manner of commercial movies. On the contrary, there's a whimsical randomness in Varda's approach. At times, as in the early sequence of Pomme's posing for Suzanne's photographer lover, the effect is so fresh it almost seems like luck. A photographer herself before she made her first feature, "La Pointe Courte," in 1954, Agnès Varda has often said that she started making movies before she'd actually seen any. She has always written her own scripts, and she seems to express herself in film almost effortlessly. Years of sweat may go into raising the money for a production, but filmmaking itself comes easy to her—partly because she doesn't dramatize her material. She has a loose, simplified narrative method: in "One Sings," people talk to each other, and she narrates the transitions and moves on. But the skin-deep characters don't involve us in their predicaments. They don't seem to have any consciousness—they're just part of the traffic she's directing. Though we're told that this movie is about how these two women grow, that's exactly what we don't see. There are no perceptible connections between the two heroines, or between them and their parents or their lovers or their children. The way Varda skims over their lives, they could be butterflies or duckies. In Varda's earlier films ("Le Bonheur" especially), the shallowness was sometimes redeemed by physicality; she gave a special tactile feeling to bodies, fabrics, landscapes. It was possible to believe that the characters in "Le Bonheur," as in her "Cleo from 5 to 7," were made deliberately vapid, and so a viewer could get the impression that something complex and elusive was being suggested, even if one couldn't locate it. This time, there's nothing enigmatic about Varda's tone. When Pomme, who treats children as toys for adults, comes up with her solution—to trade off one baby and keep the next—we're meant to think she's sensible. In the terms of this movie, she *is:* her idyll works. (The narrator reports that the child in Iran is doing fine and that the Iranian has a new wife and another baby.) Agnès



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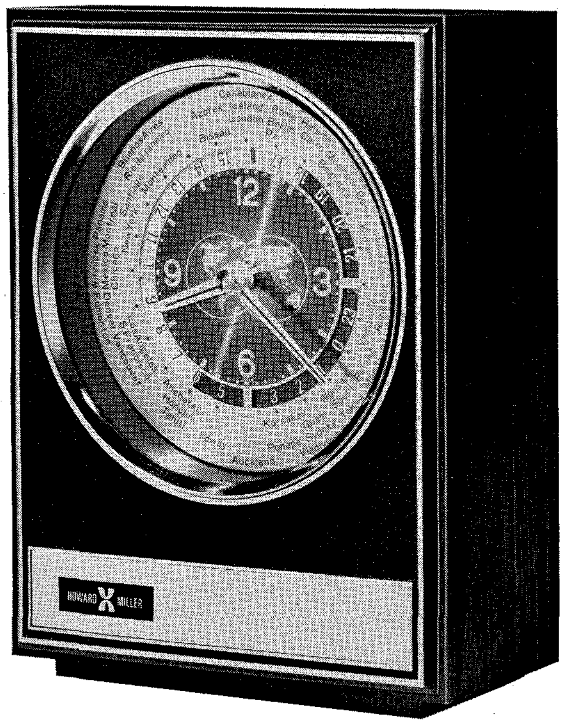

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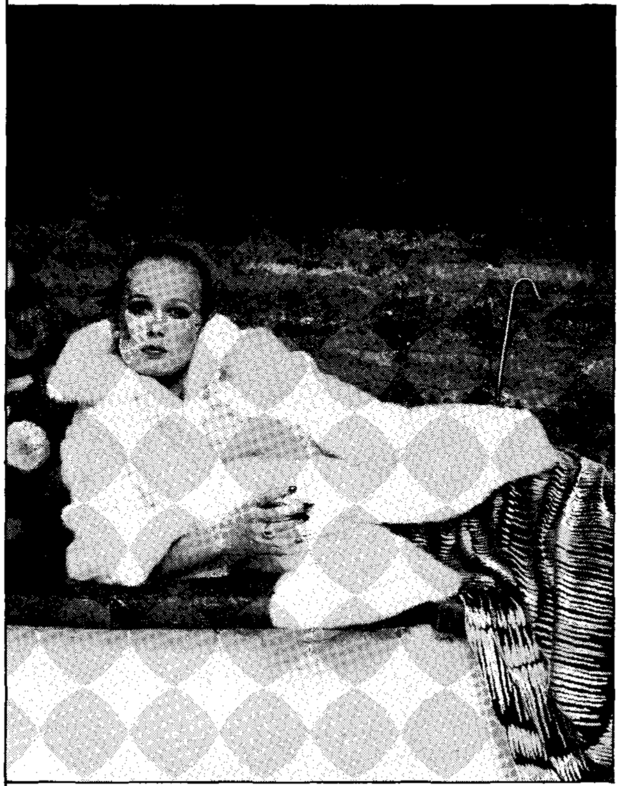

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Varda is perfectly candid; everything is as practical and simple as Pomme's approach to maternity. Varda is proud of Pomme's and Suzanne's accomplishments in becoming women. (In this film, being a woman isn't a fact, it's a profession.) Yet experience has no weight in "One Sings;" there are no women in it—only girls. Its vision of the future is of a frolicsome adolescent matriarchy. One cannot accuse Varda of jumping on a bandwagon: her films have always had a sympathetic responsiveness to the women characters, and a polymorphous affection for them. This seems to have become drippier, though, now that she's officially expressing the new awareness, and commenting on the heroines with "Then she had time to cry" or "She went on singing, changing."

Varda's lyricism is trivializing. If there were twenty seconds of footage of an actual abortion in the movie, Pomme's chirrupy songs would be chilling. It seems never to have occurred to Varda that her characters have no depth—that they're amoebic in the way they react to stimuli. She's a lively, sophisticated film technician who thinks that this ode to superficiality is poetic truth. If a big American advertising agency had been given the job of devising a feminist film to offend the smallest number of people, this mindless, cosmetic movie is exactly what it would have come up with. Charming young girls setting their belligerent jaws and singing about their ovules. —PAULINE KAEL

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Trenton (N. J.) Times]

PHILADELPHIA (AP)—Dr. Samuel A. Goudsmit, a professor of nuclear physics at the University of Nevada, was flipping coins the other day trying to prove a point.

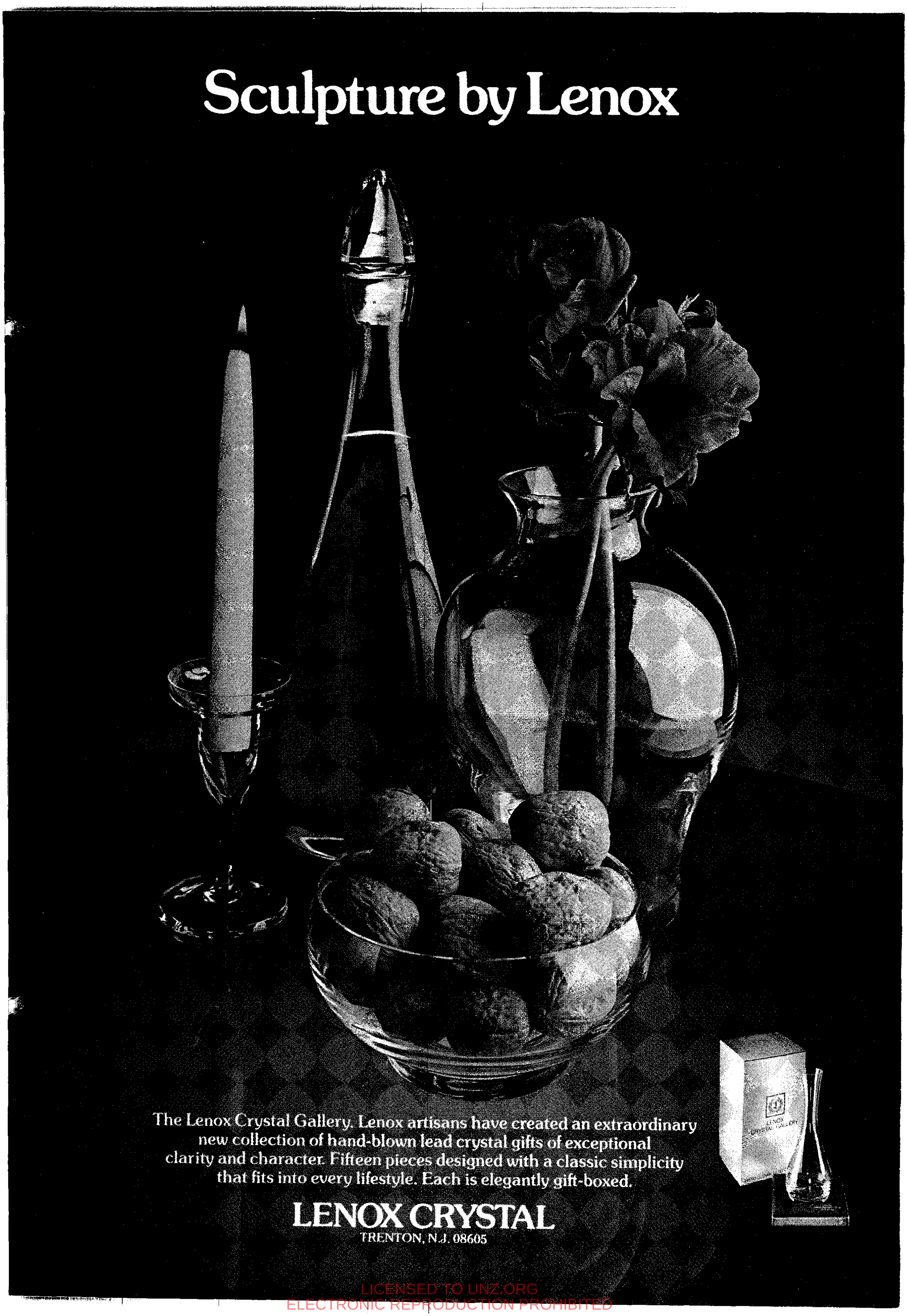
"You probably thought, as I did, that if you tossed a coin many, many times, it would come up heads 50 per cent of the time."

Not so, he insisted in a lecture this week to the American Philosophical Society, which also was looking into the speed of white mice and Benjamin Franklin's gout.

The odds are there would be more heads tossed than tails—or vice versa; the chance of a 50-50 tie between heads and tails is quite slim, he explained.

"Think of it this way," he said, extending a deck of cards to Dr. Wilbert E. Moore, a law professor at the University of Denver who chaired the meeting here.

Dr. Moore pulled out a two of hearts, an eight of spades and a ten of diamonds.



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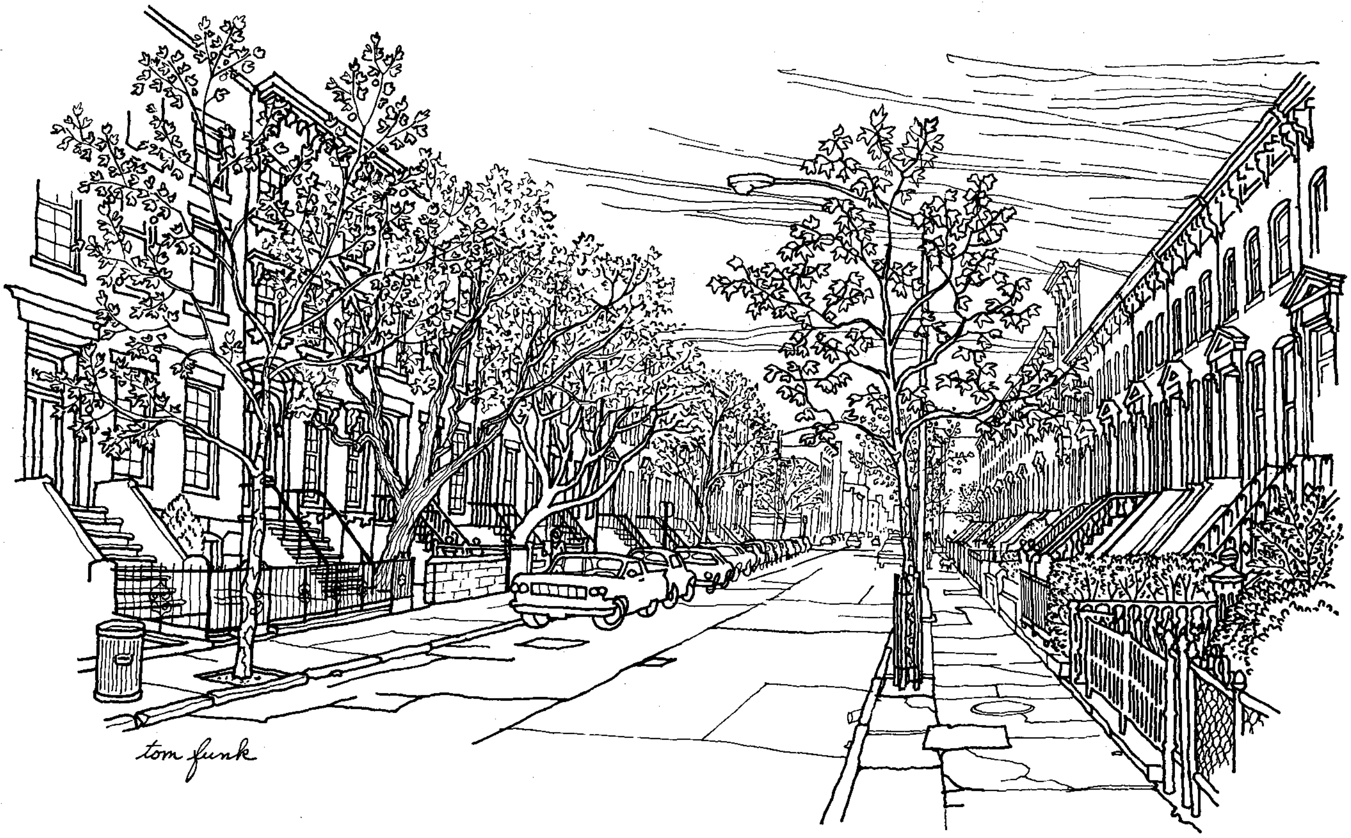
A REPORTER AT LARGE

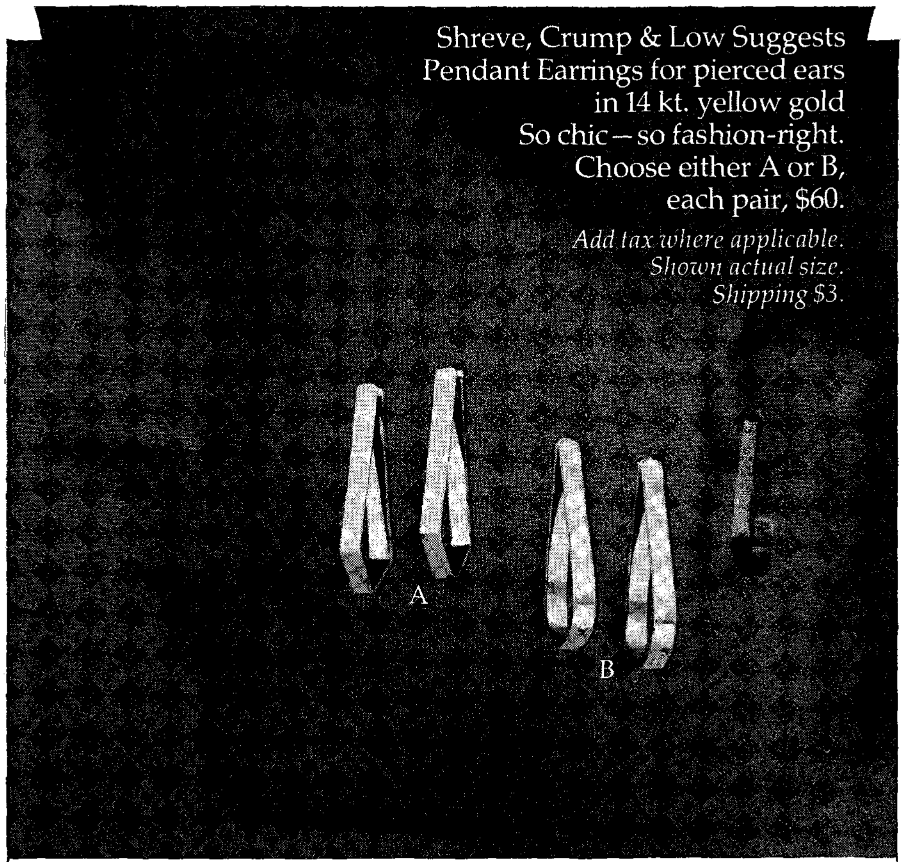
THE MAKING OF BOERUM HILL



AROUND 1964, the name Boerum Hill began to appear on maps of Brooklyn's old brownstone neighborhoods. The name, announcing a new residential area in downtown Brooklyn, was to be seen not on all maps but chiefly on those that had been drawn up in Boerum Hill itself. People living in such nearby areas as Brooklyn Heights, Cobble Hill, and Park Slope—the establishment, so to speak, of Brooklyn's brownstone neighborhoods—had never heard of a place called Boerum Hill. And later, when they had had more frequent occasion to notice the name, they still did not want to acknowledge it on the neighborhood maps that *they* drew. They had discovered by then that Boerum Hill was a made-up name, and that the area it stood for did not truly belong in the family of brownstone neighborhoods like their own. The frosty reception these neighborhoods accorded the parvenu Boerum Hill put a few people in mind of something John Lomas and Alfred S. Peace said in their book "The Wealthy Men and Women of Brooklyn and Williamsburgh," which was published in 1847: "Persons who move in society with borrowed plumes, and others who assume high positions from fictitious capital and merely ostensible possessions, have felt alarm lest their real situations be made apparent." This criticism could not, however, be broadly applied to Boerum Hill. That it was indeed wearing the borrowed plumes of a refined-sounding name not even its most faithful partisans would deny. But most of the people living there at that time could pretend neither to capital nor to much in the way of possessions. The only imposture of which they stood rightfully accused, then, was that of taking on a higher-sounding name than their circumstances justified. Still, it was their intention, as time went on, to live up to the name they had adopted—to raise themselves to the status it implied.

The unkindest cut of all had come from within Boerum Hill itself. The name had been coined so recently, and by such a small number of the residents, that people who had been living in the area all their lives had never heard of Boerum Hill and hadn't the slightest idea where it was. Moreover, those among them who were poor—which in 1964 meant almost everybody—did not care what their neighborhood was called. The handful of people who had coined the name Boerum Hill should not have been surprised by the reactions it evoked, or failed to evoke. They should have realized the difficulty of the task they had assigned themselves—to lift out of obscurity a community that had been relatively anonymous even in the days when its standing as a residential area was higher, and that in more recent decades had deteriorated into one of the most desolate slums in Brooklyn.

The neighborhood in question occupies a rectangle of something over thirty blocks adjacent to the business district of downtown Brooklyn. It is enclosed by Schermerhorn Street on the north, Wyckoff Street on the south, Fourth Avenue on the east, Court Street on the west, and one block of Warren Street between Bond and Nevins. Crisscrossing within the area are Smith, Hoyt, Bond, Nevins, State, Pacific, Dean, and Bergen Streets, Boerum Place, and Third and Atlantic Avenues. Up until the early nineteen-sixties, this community had no formal boundaries. It had simply blended, or bled, into the areas surrounding it—especially the business district and a large community to the south called Gowanus. If Court Street, to the west, had always been regarded by some people as an informal boundary, it was because lying on the other side of it were the well-known and highly esteemed brownstone neighborhoods of Cobble Hill and Brooklyn Heights. As late as the end of the nineteen-fifties,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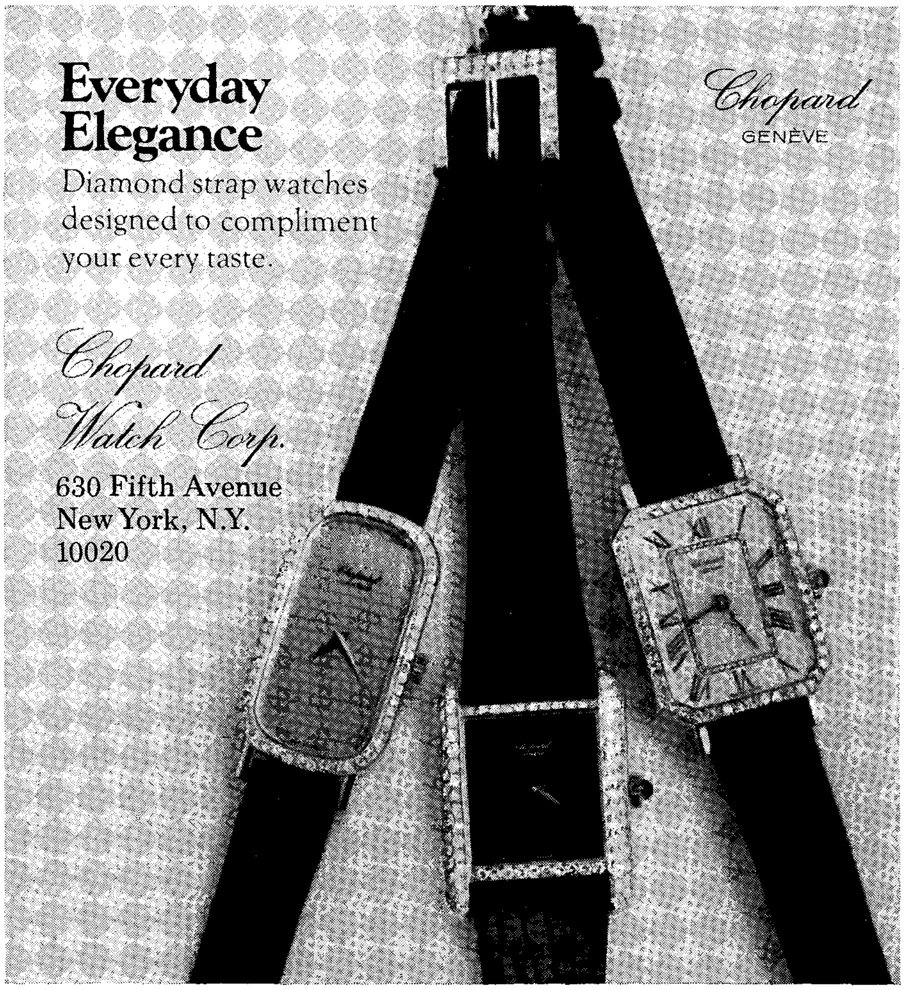
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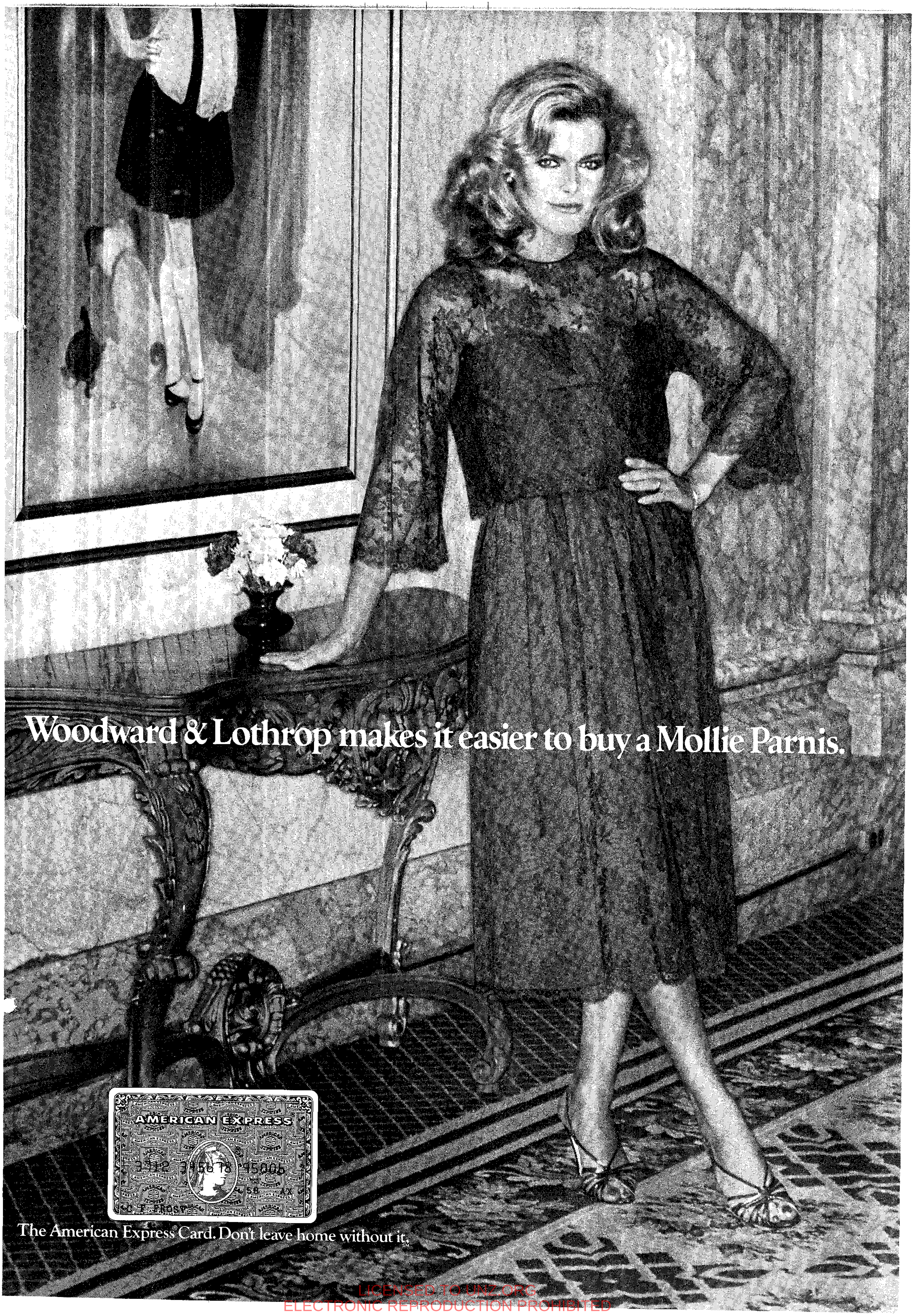
if one had asked residents of Boerum Hill where they lived some would have said Borough Hall, which is not far away, and most would have said downtown Brooklyn, which is a convenient catchall. But the official name of the area was North Gowanus.

To the middle-class professionals who began moving there in the mid-sixties, Borough Hall and downtown Brooklyn were bad enough as names, for they suggested little more than political activity and the noise of commerce. But North Gowanus was worse, for whenever strangers heard the name all they could think of was the Gowanus Canal, which lies a short distance away. And by then the Gowanus Canal had been a dumping place for so many pollutants—largely industrial wastes—that it had become possibly the most unsightly and smelly body of water in all of New York City. So it is not hard to see why the middle-class families, mostly from Manhattan, who were moving into North Gowanus in the mid-sixties—investing futures and savings in a shabby, dilapidated area—felt the need for a different name. One of them, a fiction writer, remarked a decade later, "You don't believe that the middle class is going to start a new neighborhood and call it North Gowanus, do you? Who wants to live in North Gowanus, for God's sake?"

DESPITE the jokes that Manhattanites often make about Brooklyn, that borough has been for more than a hundred and fifty years a sort of haven for refugees from across the East River. What it offered middle- and upper-income Manhattanites in the old days was a chance to live in spacious houses of their own, and the opportunity to satisfy their hunger for a sedate residential atmosphere. With only brief interruptions, this tradition has persisted. Today, most of the people who own brownstones in Boerum Hill, as in other old neighborhoods of Brooklyn, moved there at one time or another from Manhattan.

Since the middle of the eighteen-hundreds, Brooklyn has had more living space, more brownstones, and more fine brownstone neighborhoods than any other borough of New York City. In the early years of the nineteenth century, while Brooklyn was gradually developing into a city—which it became in 1834—its leaders and men of affairs must have ruled out any attempt at emulating Manhattan as a center of great financial enterprise and cultural attainments. The kind of city they chose to build was one in which busi-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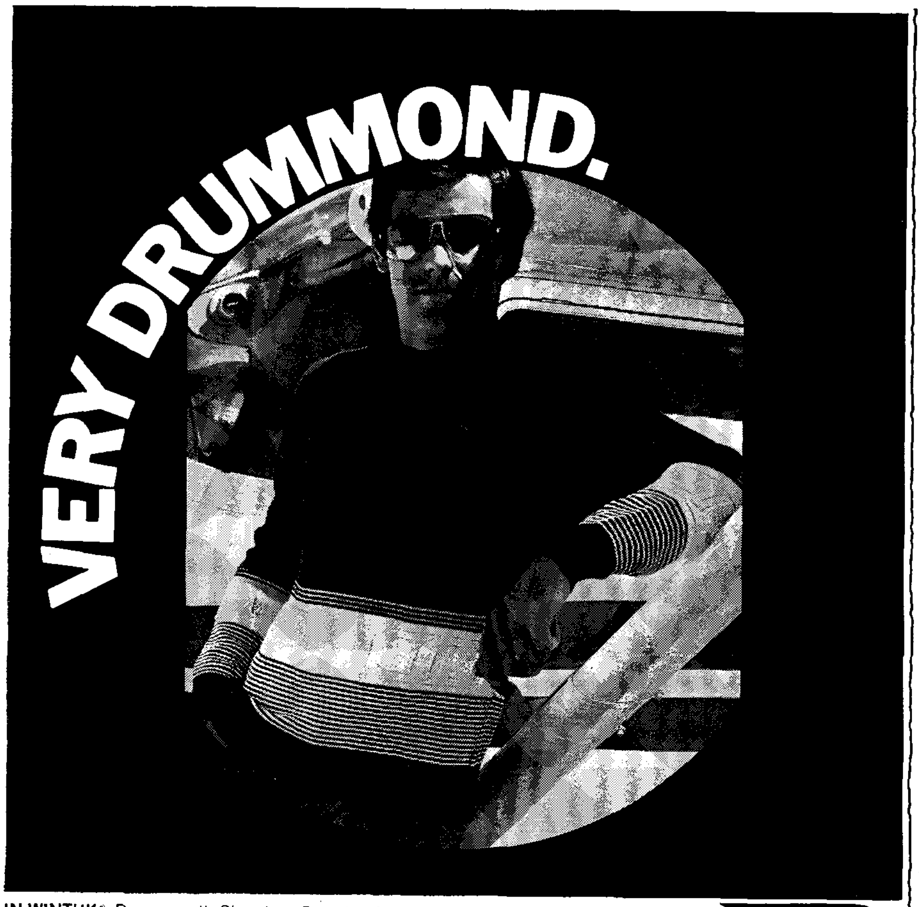
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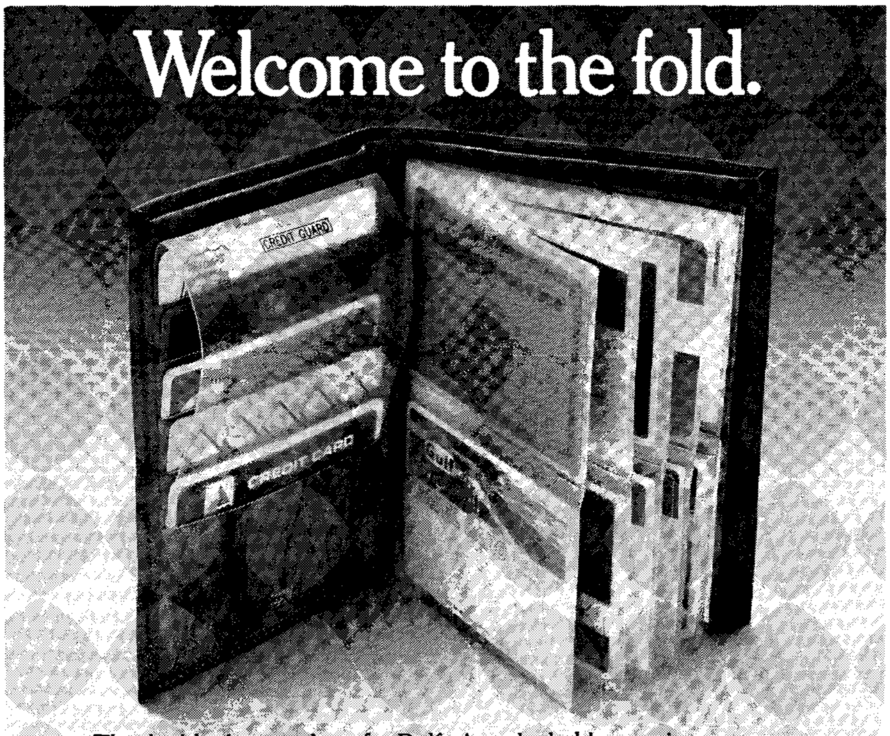

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ness and industry could flourish on a modest scale along with modes of domesticity and tranquillity that were not so plentiful in Manhattan. And they appear to have succeeded so well, and so early, in what they set out to do that by about 1890 the proudest boasts heard in Brooklyn were that it was the city of churches and the community of homes.

When city people said "homes" in the nineteenth century, they did not mean apartment buildings, however superior their apartment buildings were to much of what is being put up these days. They meant row houses or town houses—those charming antiques that survive in Brooklyn and Manhattan today as reminders of the Federal (1780s-1830s), Greek Revival (1820s-40s), Italianate (1840s-70s), and Gothic Revival (1840s-50s) periods in American architecture. In other words, they were talking about "brownstones"—the term under which all these houses are lumped today, whether they are in fact brownstones (those whose façades are covered with a thin layer of brown sandstone), or have facings of gray limestone, or are red-brick fronts with marble or brownstone trim. At any rate, during the eighteen-hundreds more of these houses were put up in Brooklyn than anywhere else in what is now New York City, which is why Brooklyn also came to possess the largest number of elegant brownstone neighborhoods.

The earliest and the most elegant of these neighborhoods was Brooklyn Heights, which had been a wooded bluff looking out across New York Harbor and commanding a dramatic view of lower Manhattan. Its establishment as a residential community began soon after 1814—the year Manhattan and Brooklyn were first linked by a steam ferry. Wealthy merchants from across the East River began building mansions on the bluff, and in a few years they had transformed it into Manhattan's first suburb. Writing more than a century later, Harold C. Syrett, a Columbia University historian, observed:

> The residents of Brooklyn Heights gazed from their solid perches with disdain on the "vigorous, voluble, somewhat less respectable population" which surrounded, but even today, has not been able to storm this citadel of gentility.... The Kings County version of Back Bay was peopled by gentlemen "of solid respectability and well lined simplicity," who left their offices shortly after three; returned from Manhattan on the Wall Street Ferry; dined at four; and then during the long spring twilights went on a sedate drive to the outskirts of the city.

... Like members of any other aristocracy, residents on the Heights were convinced that they possessed inherent qualities not shared by those in the lower castes.... Their children were forbidden to associate with the offspring of the less elevated sections of Brooklyn.

The development of Brooklyn Heights was followed by that of the slightly less elegant Cobble Hill, Carroll Gardens, Fort Greene, Clinton Hill, and Park Slope. This building movement crept gradually inland from the waterfront, up a gentle slope that begins in downtown Brooklyn and ends in the vicinity of Prospect Park and the Brooklyn Public Library. What conferred prestige upon these neighborhoods was not just the stately brownstones that lined the streets or the prosperous class to which most of the residents belonged but also the fashionable names that the neighborhoods bore. Who wouldn't have wanted to live in a neighborhood with a name like Brooklyn Heights or Clinton Hill or Park Slope?

These were not, of course, the only brownstone neighborhoods established as the building movement spread gradually from downtown Brooklyn up to Prospect Park. They were simply the most stately and genteel, the ones most worth speaking of. A number of others, especially those built after the eighteen-forties, were occupied chiefly by small businessmen, ward politicians, industrious tradesmen, and moderately successful professionals. All these neighborhoods remained relatively stable until well into this century, though the wealthier residents had been moving away for some time—especially when, with the inception of the public-transit system, Brooklyn started becoming more and more accessible to the lower-middle and working classes of Manhattan. During the Depression, however, the exodus of old families accelerated, and the neighborhoods started running down. This trend continued until the end of the Second World War, by which time many of the once stately brownstones had been converted into apartment houses for the middle class or rooming houses for the working class and the poor.

According to Joy and Paul Wilkes, the authors of the book "You Don't Have to Be Rich to Own a Brownstone," many of the old families "moved to the suburbs instead of trying to cope with coal-burning stoves, gaslight fixtures, ailing toilets, jungles of lead pipe in the cellar, and peeling wallpaper." The authors continue, "The homes became mainly rooming houses with old people and transients

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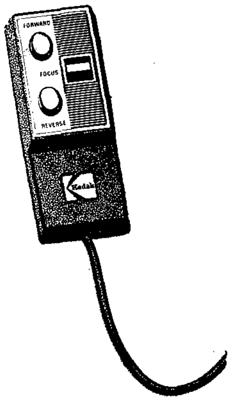

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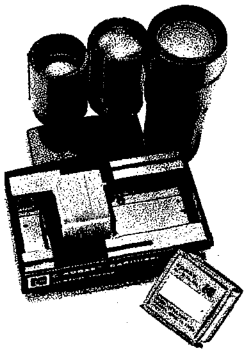

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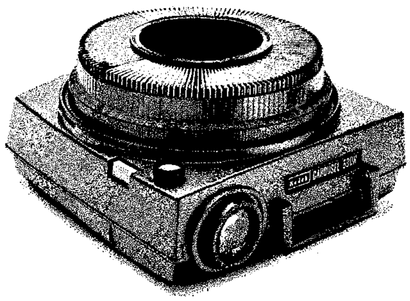

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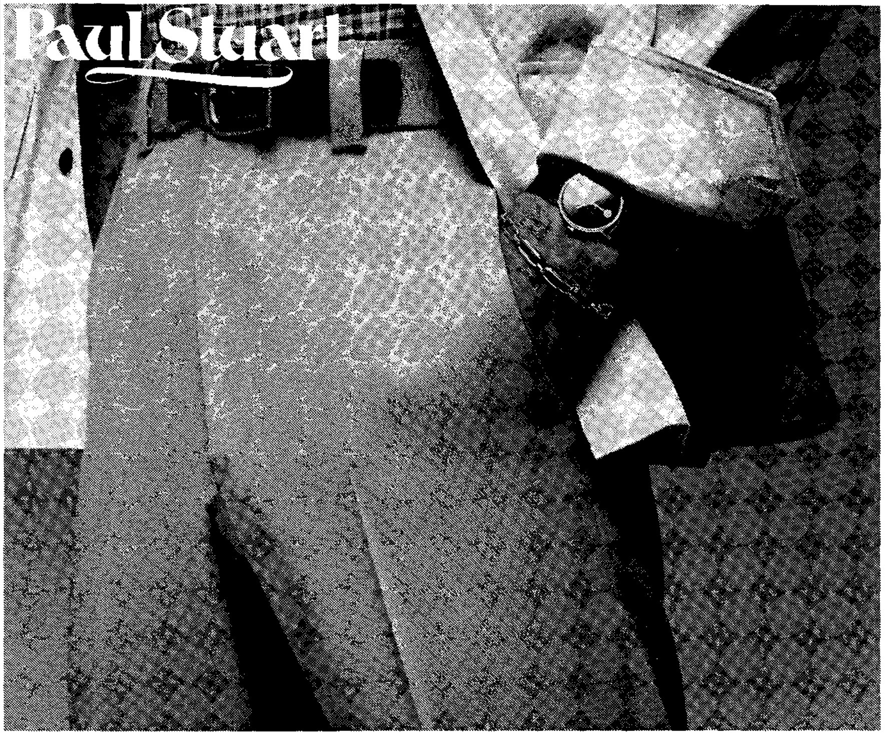

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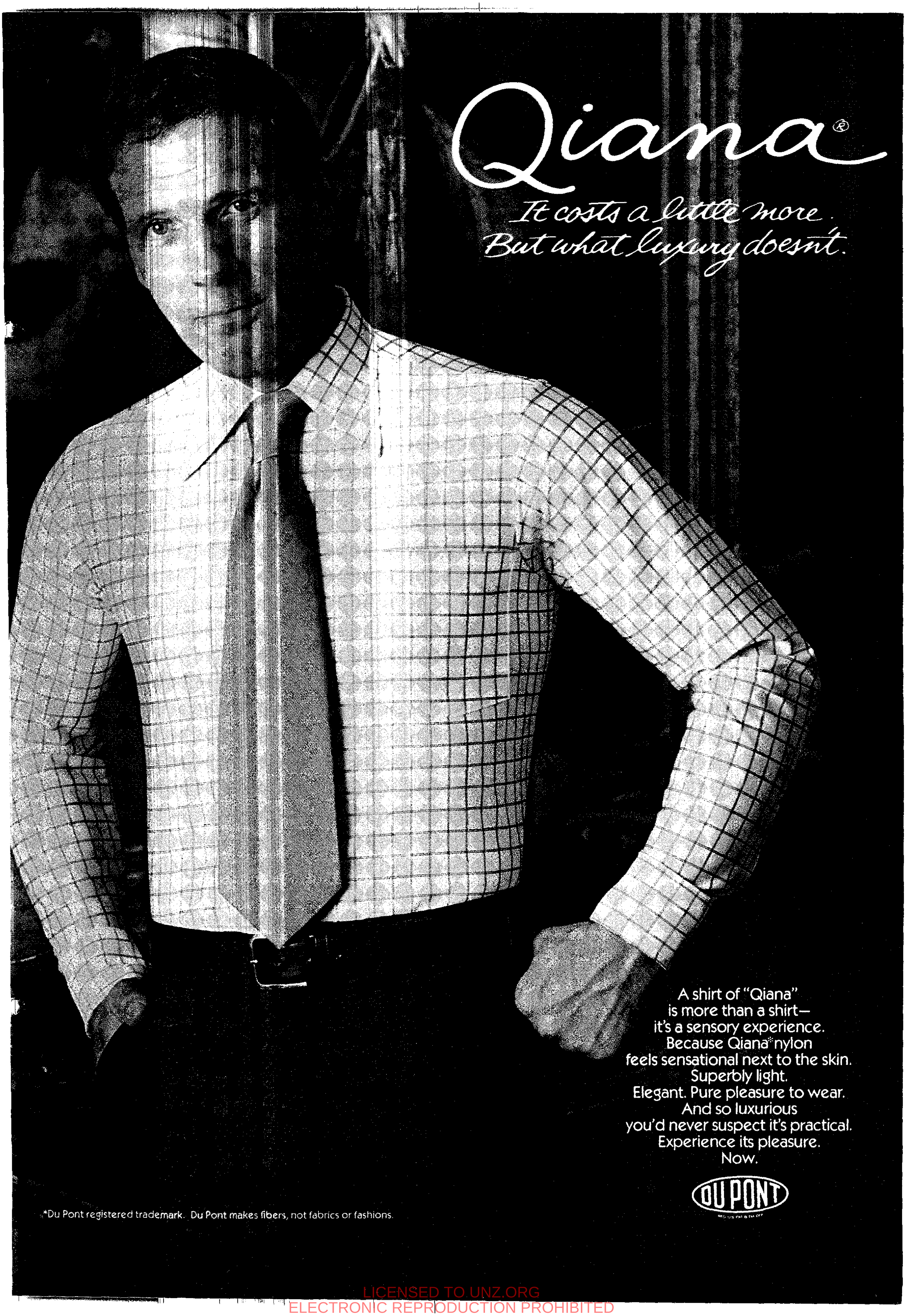
as their new occupants. There were almost no children, and young people were moving out in droves. The area was deteriorating so rapidly that slumdom seemed only a few years away." This was not uniformly true of all the neighborhoods. For instance, slumdom descended more heavily and more rapidly upon Clinton Hill, Fort Greene, and North Gowanus than upon Brooklyn Heights. Even in those places, moreover, not all the longtime residents decided to move away. And of those who did move away, not all did so because of headaches with coal stoves and the like. Some left because their children had grown up and gone, and others because, with the gradual invasion of the lower classes, it no longer meant what it once had to live in an exclusive brownstone neighborhood. By the nineteen-fifties, one did not in fact have to be rich to own a brownstone. Many of the old residential neighborhoods in Brooklyn—though by no means in Brooklyn alone, or in New York City alone, for that matter—were so rundown, and some of the houses were being offered for sale at such low prices, that almost anybody of modest means could afford the down payment on a brownstone. It was an astonishing reversal of the impressive circumstances in which these brownstones and these neighborhoods had come into being more than a hundred years before.

This deterioration led to one of the remarkable urban developments in recent times—the brownstone-renovation movement. Couples, a few with children, and mostly from Manhattan, began going to Brooklyn, buying brownstones at prices ranging from twelve thousand dollars to thirty thousand, fixing them up, living in them, and refurbishing the neighborhoods around them. Many of these people were middle-income professionals and artists, who needed more living and working space than they could afford to rent in Manhattan. They became known as brownstone renovators, and they did not mind answering to that quite accurate description. But since, as educated people, they were taken with Victorian ambience—conscious of the residential tradition they were attempting to restore—they much preferred the stylish term "brownstoners." It implied that they were not just repairing and living in brownstones—ignorant, like so many ordinary tenants, of the cultural and historical background of these old dwellings—but that they were qualified by imagination and taste to appreciate what they once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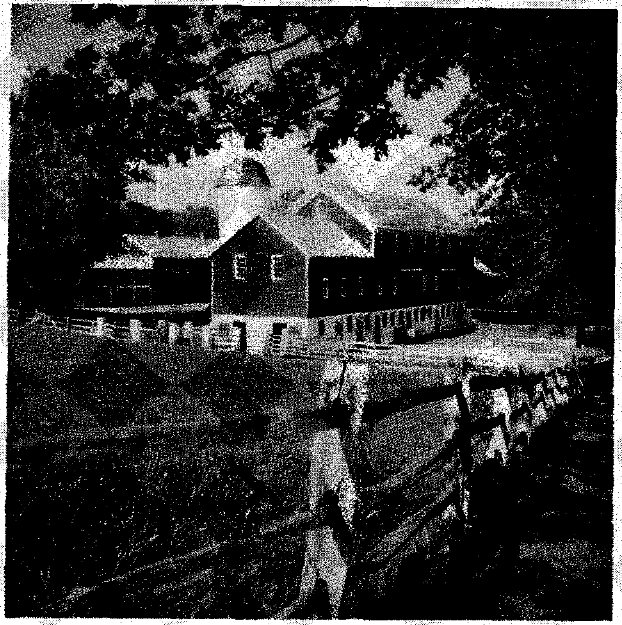

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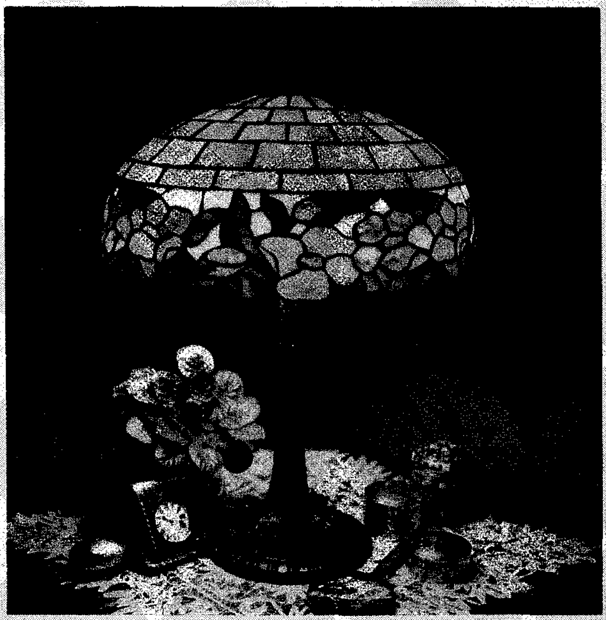
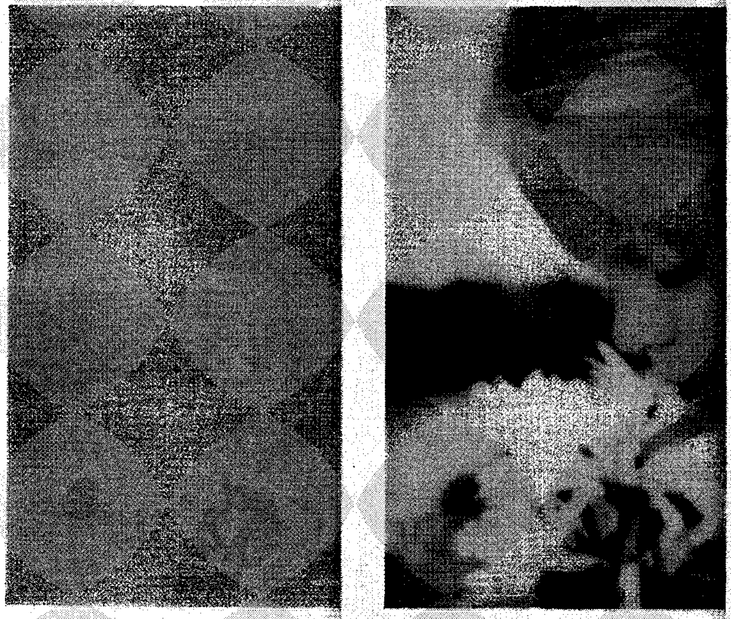


Nighttime without.



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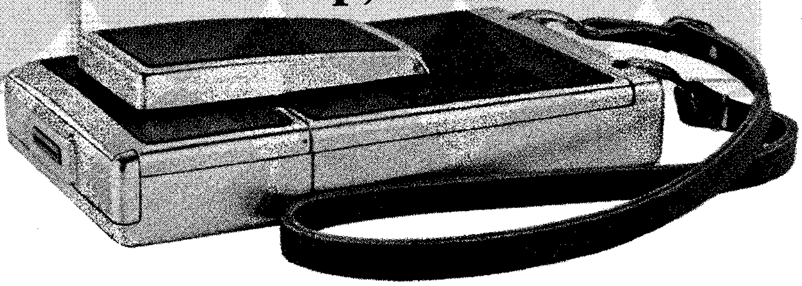

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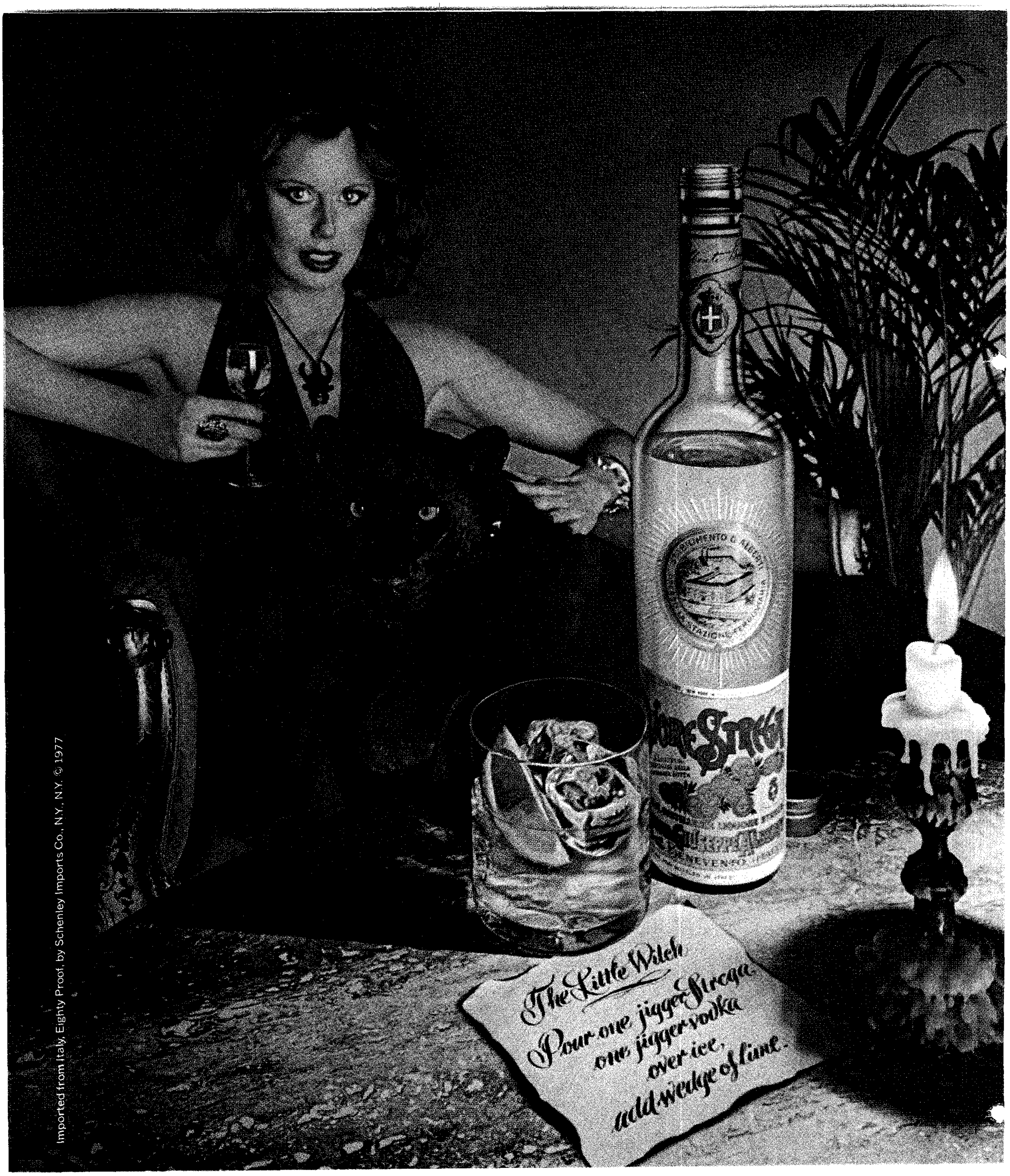
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stood for. It also implied that in saving the houses from collapse they deserved to be commended for being protectors of one of New York City's rich but neglected historical treasures. Perhaps their feeling that they were among the last custodians of an architectural past that was in danger of disappearing was what made them so aggressively fussy over the minutiae of Victorian decorative detail. It is doubtful whether the nineteenth-century people who built the houses in the first place had such a feeling for roof brackets and cornices, parquet and wide-plank floors, panelled dressing rooms, carved mahogany woodwork, elaborate ceiling centerpieces, stained-glass doors, wooden shutters, and cast-iron fences—which is not to say that the original residents took no aesthetic pleasure in such things. Finally, the term "brownstoners" implied a certain neo-pioneer heroism. Many of the new owners felt that in helping to arrest the decay of certain areas of New York City they were affirming, against the direst predictions, a belief in the city's future—showing that it *can* be a livable place for everyone.

The renovators, or brownstoners, were mostly white, with some blacks and Puerto Ricans and a scattering of Chinese and Japanese. They were generally liberal in political attitude. A survey conducted some time ago by an organization of brownstone neighborhoods in Brooklyn found that Brooklyn brownstoners were mostly in their twenties, thirties, and forties; were mostly married (eighty-seven per cent); had an average of 1.5 children; earned from ten thousand to thirty thousand dollars a year; were highly educated (ninety-one per cent had college degrees); and tended to send their children to private schools. To quote from a leaflet prepared by a group called Today's Consumer, Ltd., the brownstoners were "pioneers in inner city housing." The leaflet continues:

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Clinton Hill are in advanced stages of renovation. Carroll Gardens had less need for revival than most of the other neighborhoods, because it was one of the few whose population had remained relatively stable since at least the early decades of this century. And Fort Greene is now passing through some of the early phases of revival.

THE brownstones in what is now called Boerum Hill were built between the late eighteen-forties and the middle eighteen-seventies, and are mostly Greek Revival and Italianate in architecture. They are nowhere near as stately as many of the houses in Brooklyn Heights and Cobble Hill, or as lavish in their exterior and interior details as some of those in Clinton Hill and Park Slope. They are on the plain and unostentatious side, but they met the need of their early owners—the ward politicians, the small businessmen, the successful tradesmen—for a modest respectability. In fact, the "A.I.A. Guide to New York City" claims that North Gowanus was "a fashionable district" in the nineteenth century, that visitors to the area "included Washington Irving, James Fenimore Cooper, and William Cullen Bryant," and that "Sidney Lanier lived briefly at 195 Dean Street."

At different times between the eighteen-forties and the nineteen-forties, the population of the area was made up largely of Scandinavians, Dutch, Germans, Lithuanians, Poles, Irish, Italians, and a small community of itinerant Indians—the Caughnawagas—from Quebec. It began losing most of its old families in the nineteen-thirties, when homeowners started selling out and moving elsewhere. By the end of the Second World War, the majority of them had gone. They were succeeded chiefly by rent speculators and absentee landlords, who bought up the brownstones and turned them into low-income apartment houses and rooming houses. After a few years, Puerto Ricans made up the largest ethnic group in the neighborhood, followed by blacks, plus a handful of working-class Irish and Italians and a few of the original home-owning families who had stayed.

People who remember what the neighborhood looked like in the late nineteen-fifties say that to walk through most of it then was to make one's way past loose garbage scattered or piled up in front of buildings; broken furniture littering sidewalks and vacant lots; gangs of young toughs hanging out on street corners; and

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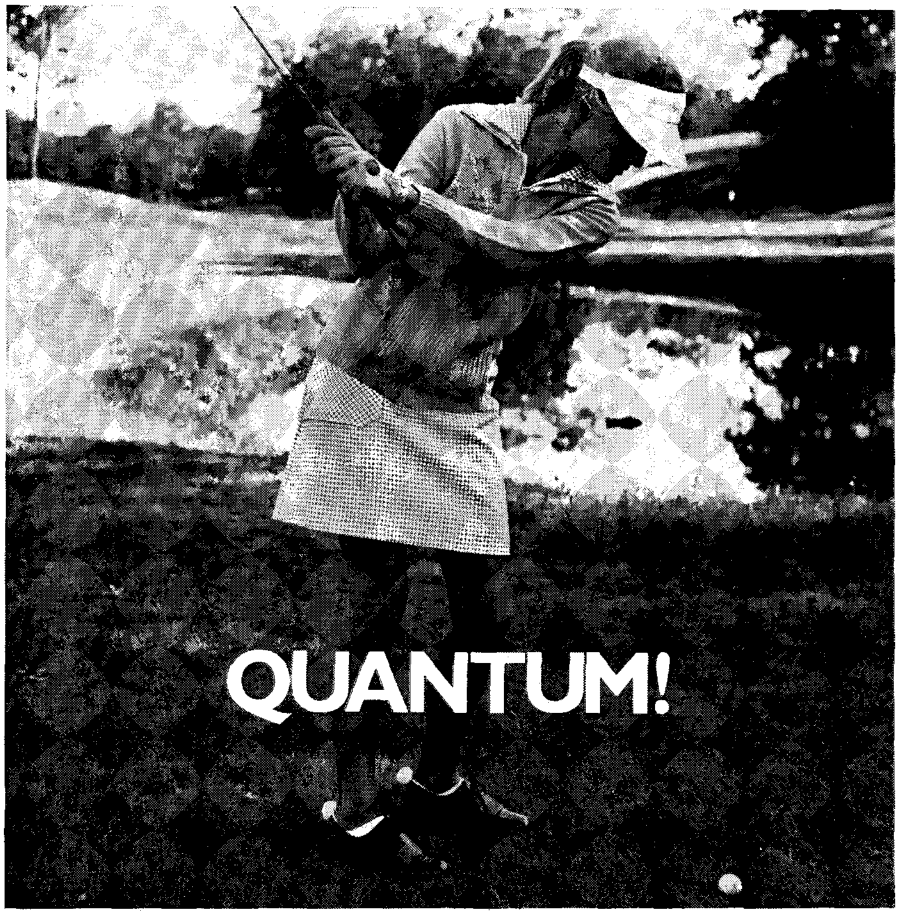

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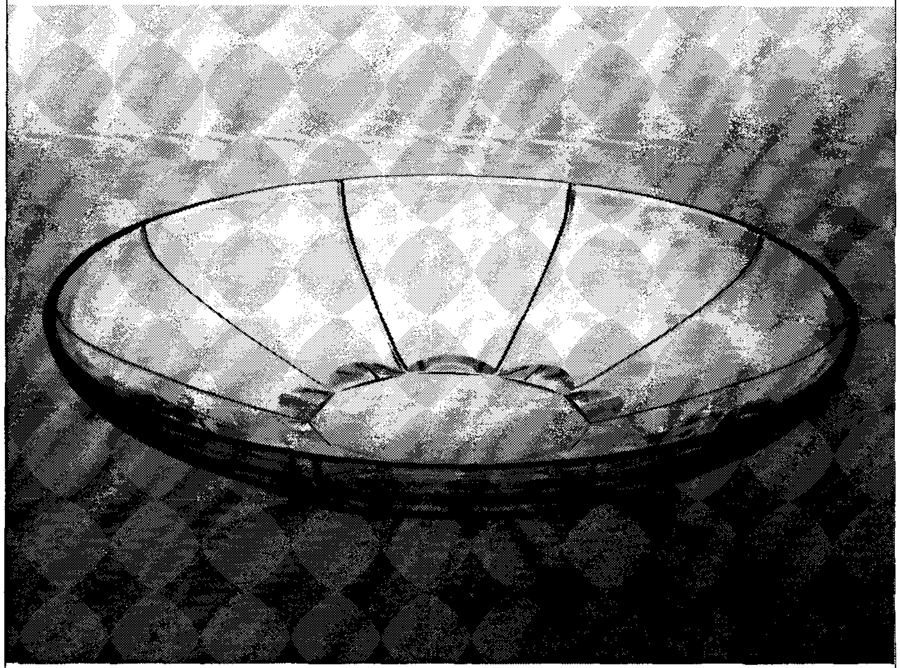

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ratty-looking tenements with broken doors and windows. By 1960, it was virtually a slum, and the City of New York had designated it a prime area for demolition and high-rise urban-renewal housing projects. It was into these surroundings that Helen Buckler, a writer and public-relations woman from Manhattan, chose to move in 1962—a decision that opened a new chapter in the history of North Gowanus and added an absorbing one to the story of the brownstone-revival movement in Brooklyn.

Today, at eighty-three, Miss Buckler lives in her own renovated four-story brownstone on Dean Street, between Nevins and Bond. She occupies the garden and parlor floors (she has always rented out the rest), and moves among her nineteenth-century furnishings with the help of a cane, having suffered a hip infection some years ago. Until the autumn of 1974, when she entered the hospital to have cataracts removed, her eyesight had also been failing for some time. Miss Buckler, who is a Quaker, attends an old Friends meetinghouse in the neighborhood. She says she has always lived in brownstones, ever since coming to New York in 1922, immediately after graduating from the University of Illinois, in Urbana. Among the things she loves best about brownstones are the fireplaces. "I've always had a fireplace," she said one day not long ago. "I counted at one time, before I moved here, and discovered that I had opened up something like eight fireplaces in New York. You see, when you move into some of these buildings you find that the fireplaces have been closed for years." The total number she has opened up is now twelve, including the four in her present house on Dean Street.

A few days after Miss Buckler came to New York, she was hired by *The Nation* as a secretary. The magazine was then being edited by Oswald Garrison Villard and had offices on Vesey Street. "Carl Van Doren, who introduced me to Villard, had just left as literary editor," she recalls. "And my nominal job was to be secretary to John Macy, who took over from Van Doren as literary editor. Macy was then separated from his wife, Anne Sullivan, who taught Helen Keller. Even as a secretary, I wrote short editorial items for *The Nation*. I got an apartment in Brooklyn Heights, on the top floor of a brownstone on Garden Place that was owned by Tracy Mygatt and Frances Witherspoon, two liberal ladies of the time. And that was

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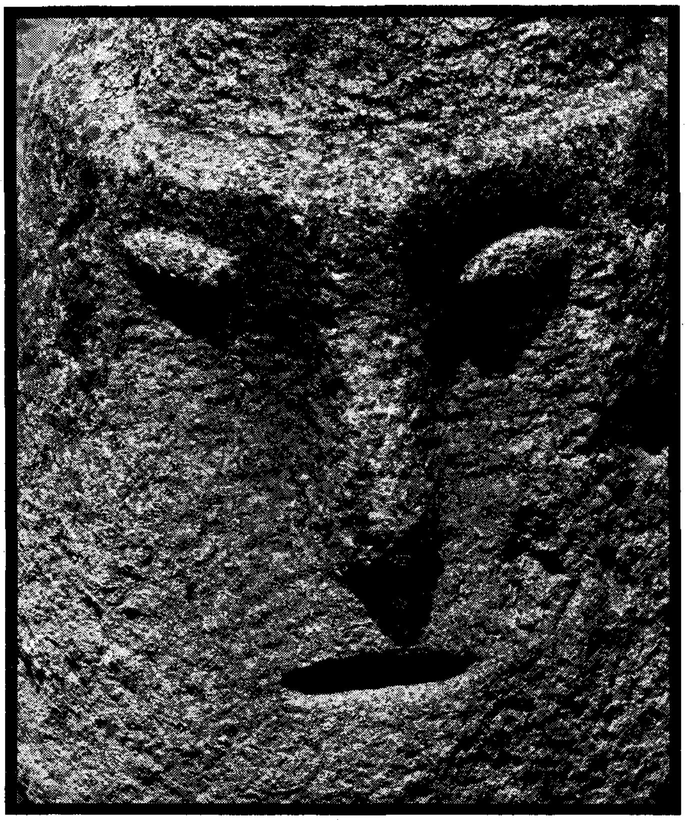

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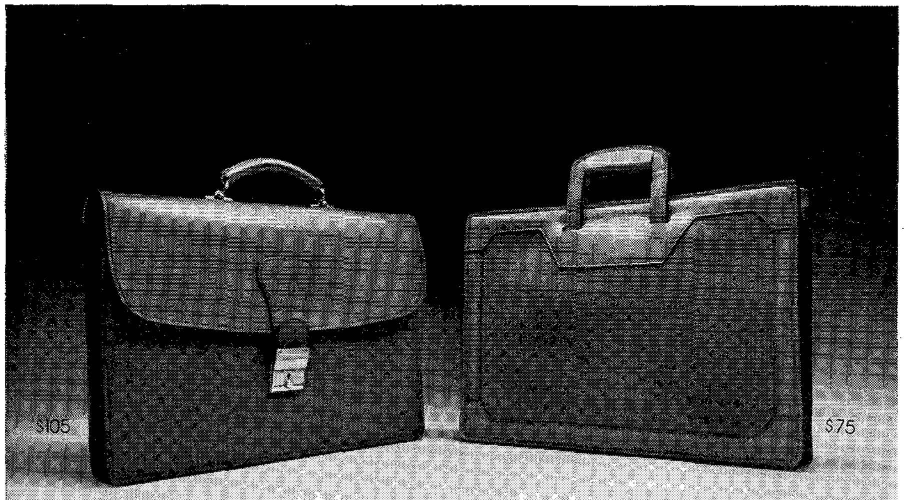

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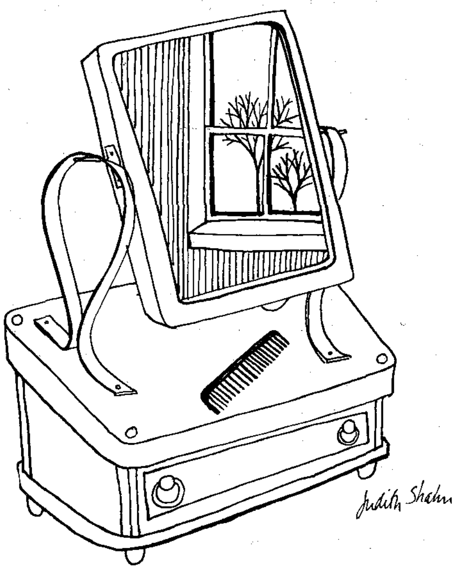
where I opened my first fireplace. After about a year and a half, I went to Paris, where I worked on a paper for two years, and when I came back I found an apartment in a brownstone in the Village. And I opened my next fireplace there. When I moved out of the Village, in 1927, I went up to East End Avenue. And I opened up a fireplace there. I remember that I almost burned the house down with cannel coal. After that, I lived on East Fifty-sixth Street. And I opened up a beautiful fireplace there. Then I moved to West Forty-ninth Street, into one of the last brownstones left on the site where Radio City now stands. It was a lovely brownstone, and when they tore it down I found an apartment on the top floor of a brownstone on East Eighteenth Street, where I proceeded to open up yet another fireplace."

Miss Buckler was getting on in years by then, and, although she was essentially a writer, she had done "all sorts of work, including politics." Around 1958, contemplating her advancing years, she asked herself, "What is to become of *you?*" She had no savings to speak of. She had been in the habit of going off to Paris "every chance I got," which meant as often as she had put aside enough to pay for a trip. One day in 1960, she was talking with a friend who owned a town house in Georgetown, and the friend said, "You know, with five thousand dollars you could buy your own home." Of course, the friend was referring only to the down payment, but Miss Buckler replied that even that was then impossible.

As soon as Miss Buckler was able to save the suggested amount, she started looking around in Manhattan for a brownstone. She could find nothing priced lower than forty thousand dollars—which meant a much larger down payment than the five thousand she then had. She was looking through the *Times* one Sunday morning when she noticed an ad for a four-story brownstone in what was described as "the Borough Hall section" of Brooklyn, which was really the area some people called North Gowanus. The asking price was eighteen thousand five hundred dollars, and, considering what brownstones were going for in Manhattan, Miss Buckler found it hard to believe. "Why is a brownstone going so cheaply?" she asked the agent when she called up. Well, the agent said, it was because the house was in a mixed neighborhood. Since she was not alarmed at the prospect of living in a mixed neighborhood, she went over to Brooklyn, looked at the house, and decided to buy. It was the house on Dean Street where she now lives.

Miss Buckler's friends were shocked to hear that she had bought a house in North Gowanus. To them, living in such an area was unthinkable. Nor was her confidence strengthened when some of the older residents told her that except for the rooming-house speculators she was the first "outside person" in years to buy a house in the community. She herself could not help noticing how shabby the area was, that there were "gaps in some of the blocks, like teeth missing in a face," that "there were a lot of noisy people" on the streets, who "were always fighting." But she reminded herself that those conditions could be found in many other sections of New York. Besides, it was the best opportunity she had had to live in a brownstone of her own, and to open up fireplaces of her own. The house was also within easy walking distance of every major subway line to Manhattan, and was only a few blocks from the Friends meetinghouse.

In August of 1962, Miss Buckler moved in. "I had made up my mind that I might lose my five thousand," she said later. "And, in fact, I had a bad scramble for a while. The boiler broke, the roof leaked, and all sorts of things happened. During this time, I became ill and had to go into the hospital. So I had to negotiate a lot of these problems from my bed. I had to renovate the upper floors first, so that I could rent them and get an income from them. There were problems there, too. For instance, the city wanted me to take out one of the bathrooms upstairs, because they were afraid my tenants would cook in it. I said no, I wouldn't do it. I asked them why they were so concerned with how many bathrooms poor people or middle-in-



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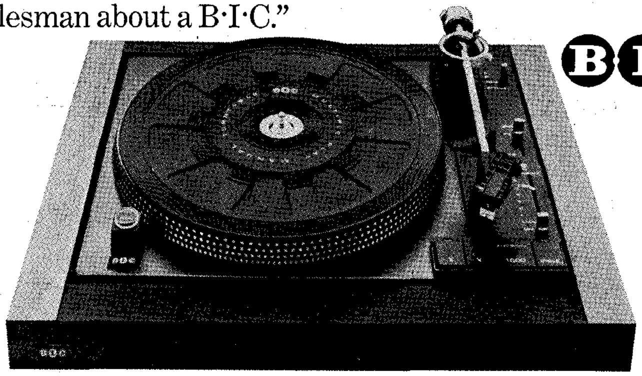

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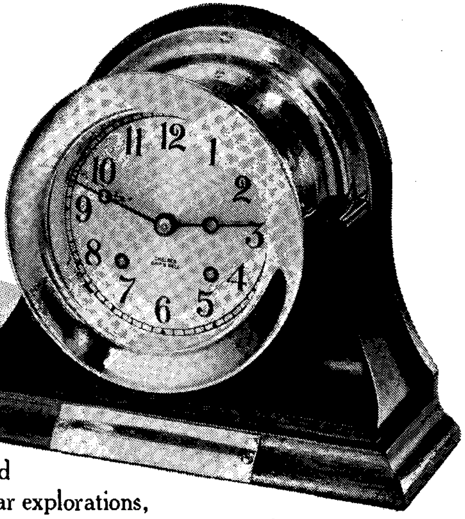

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come people had. I told them that if I were living on Park Avenue they wouldn't be trying to tell me how many bathrooms I could have in my house. Anyway, I finally got my certificate of occupancy, and I rented to my first tenants in August of 1963. They were a young couple from Manhattan, and they had a three-year lease. After that, I rented to Hilton Kramer, the art critic of the *Times*. He and his wife lived here for three years, and then they bought a house in Westport.

"The parlor floor was the last part of the house I renovated. I had had to live in it for a while with the old faded green walls and the paint peeling off everything. Nothing had been painted for years. But except for the upper floors, which had been converted into a rooming house, the house had lovely appointments. The woman I bought it from had lived on the parlor floor herself. The house would have been in impossible shape if she had not been living here. She had bought it from a Polish family that had lived here for forty years. So when I got around to fixing up the parlor I changed things as little as possible. I was lucky to find all the original etched-glass doors intact. I found the round over-mantle mirror gathering dust in the cellar. The house had elaborate moldings, and the mirrors had gilt frames. The original chandeliers had been taken out, and something Edwardian—with chains hanging down—had been put in. I wasn't able to find a chandelier that was in keeping with the period of the house. I did see one in an antique shop once, and it had the right style, but it was too small for the parlor. Then, of course, there were the fireplaces. There are a lot of people who buy these houses and don't want to spend the money to fix the chimneys. And if they don't fix the chimneys, why, they can't use their fireplaces. But, since fireplaces are my passion, the chimney was the first thing I did. And now I have four good working fireplaces."

THE problems Miss Buckler had in trying to restore her brownstone were nothing compared with those she encountered in trying to attract a new middle-income population to the neighborhood. Hardly any real-estate brokers would consider advertising houses in that neighborhood. "They wouldn't touch this area with a ten-foot pole," she said. "They considered it low class and dubious as to gentility and whatnot. They couldn't imagine the white middle class wanting to move into a neighborhood like this." What little gentility North

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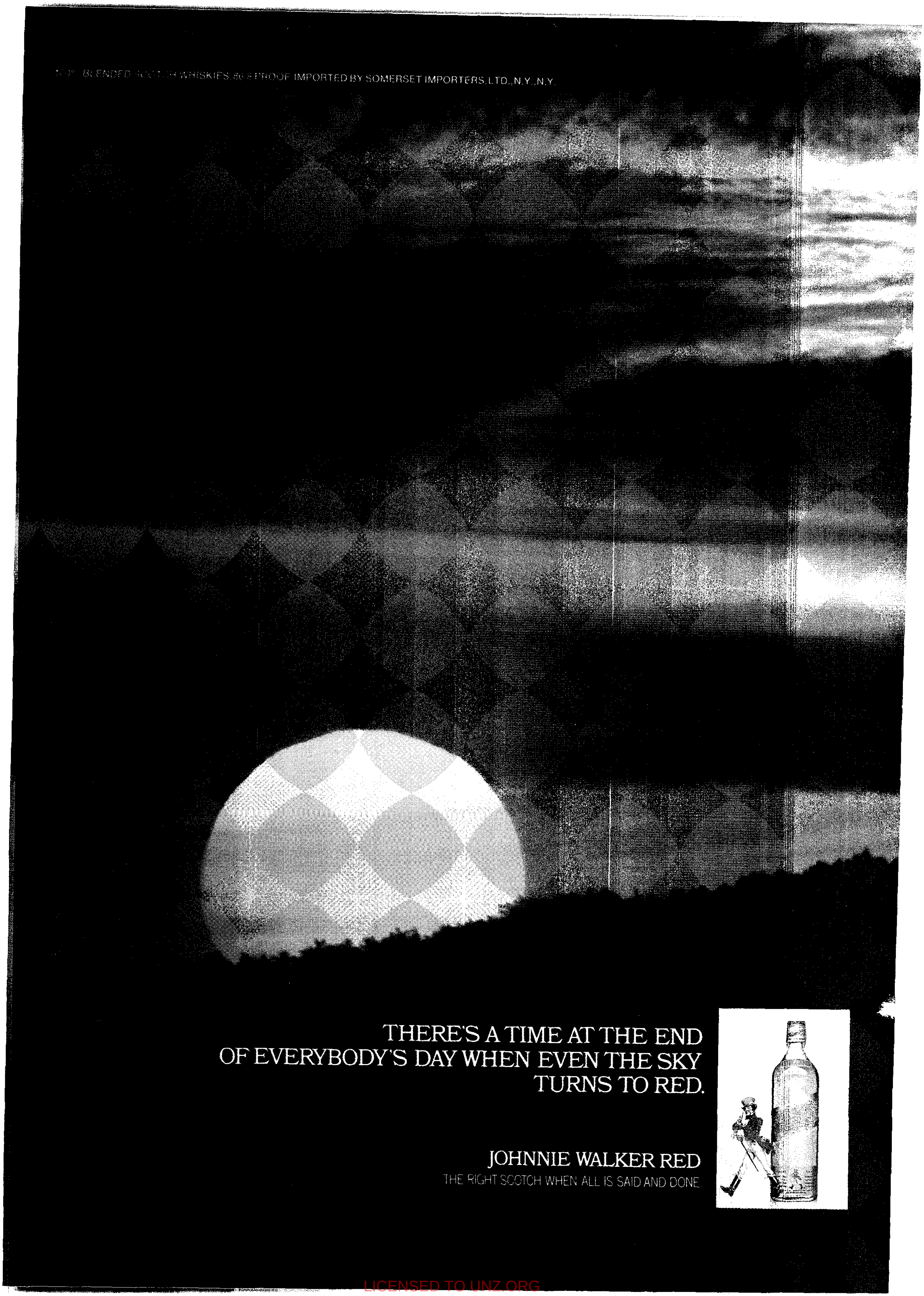

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Gowanus once possessed had vanished from everything but the memories of the few old families that had continued living there. These survivors were like the occasional little flowers one sometimes sees still blooming in an abandoned garden, overgrown with weeds. And the presence of these old families strengthened Miss Buckler in the hope that something of the past could be revived in the community.

One block down from Miss Buckler's brownstone on Dean Street was the home of William Müller and his wife, Frances. A polished, soft-spoken lawyer in his sixties, with an understated wit and a self-mocking sparkle in his eyes, Müller still lives in the house where he was born, in 1909. His feeling for the neighborhood is evidently strong enough to have kept him there through the years of its decline. What he never did like was the name. When he was a student at Columbia, he used to be embarrassed when any of his classmates asked him where he lived. Recalling the experience recently, he said he wished he could have told them he lived in a place like Brooklyn Heights or Park Slope—because whenever he told them he was from downtown Brooklyn (since not everyone called it North Gowanus) he got nothing but odd looks. The Müllers' house was built in 1859, and William Müller's father, a plumbing contractor, bought it in 1902. It retains its original ornamentation and much of the furniture that was owned by Müller's parents. Frances McGoldrick Müller is as blunt and outspoken as her husband is oblique and understated. She evidently carries a good deal of the neighborhood's past in her head, cherishes it, and sees no reason to be silent about it. "This is *not* a renovated house," she announces to visitors right away. "The young people who are going in for Victorian houses now like to come in here and look around, to see how people lived in such houses in the old days." Like her husband, she was born and brought up on the block—in a house that her grandmother bought in 1884, and in which her own mother was brought up. "When my mother was growing up, people over here didn't even bother to think about places like Cobble Hill," Frances Müller says. "They didn't think they were that inferior. She told me that young gentlemen used to go calling on the ladies over here on Easter and New Year's Day. The men wore top hats, and they used to arrive in what was called a coach-and-two—a carriage with two horses."

Also living on Dean Street were a

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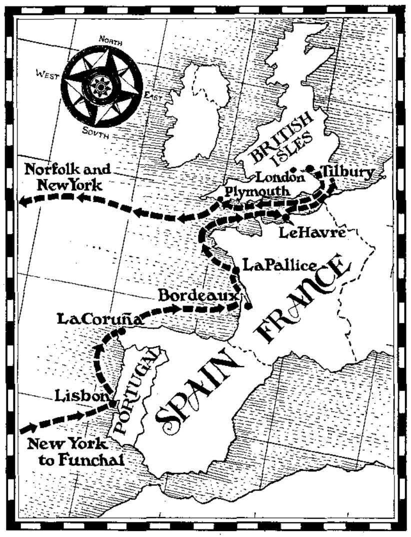

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few people the Müllers had known for decades. One was Gertrude Mahoney, who had moved there as a child, in 1908; her parents, who had bought the house, became well-known undertakers in the area. Anne Chivvis was another who had continued to live in the house where she was born. She is a granddaughter of Lawrence J. Tormey, a prominent Democratic politician in Brooklyn during the eighteen-eighties, who once represented the Third Ward in the State Assembly. And over on Bergen Street there was Ida Olliffe, whose brother, the late Lewis Olliffe, had been a State Supreme Court Justice and, before that, a member of the State Assembly.

It was to people like these that Helen Buckler turned in her efforts to begin a restoration movement in her new purlieus. Late in 1963, real-estate agents were still not showing much interest in advertising houses in the area. And, to judge from the garbage that was still piling up in the streets, and the high rate of crime, neither the Sanitation Department nor the Police Department considered the community worthy of serious attention. To Miss Buckler, there seemed to be no alternative but to organize. She called a meeting in her parlor—it was attended by seven or eight representatives of the old home-owning families—and by the end of the meeting they had agreed to form a neighborhood association.

One thing the people at the meeting were not able to agree on was what name to give their new association. They could not imagine hoisting a fresh neighborhood flag under the stale and shabby auspices of "North Gowanus" or "Downtown Brooklyn." They were quite clear in their minds, however, about what they wanted the new association to do: badger the city into improving sanitation and police services; keep pressuring real-estate agencies to advertise houses in the community; and publicize as widely as possible their vision of a rehabilitated middle-class residential neighborhood.

The temporary lack of a name for their association proved to be a more serious drawback than Miss Buckler and her followers had imagined. Almost no one was impressed by demands coming from a residential section that did not even have a name to call itself by. The answer began to emerge one day early in 1964, when Miss Buckler received a visitor from Manhattan, an old friend who had once worked with her when they were copywriters for the J. Walter Thompson agency. Miss Buckler mentioned the trouble she was

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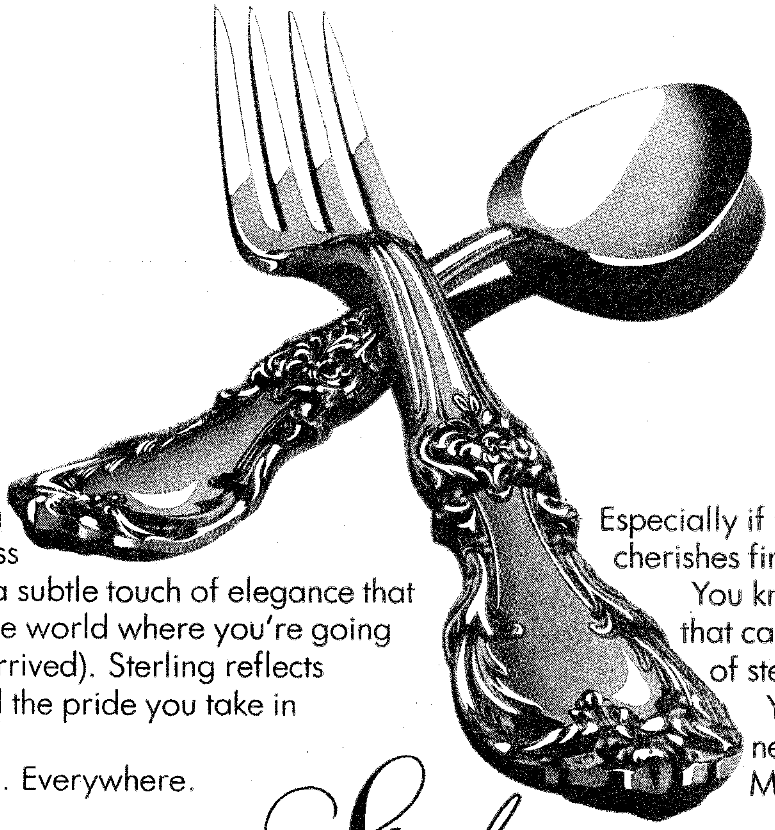

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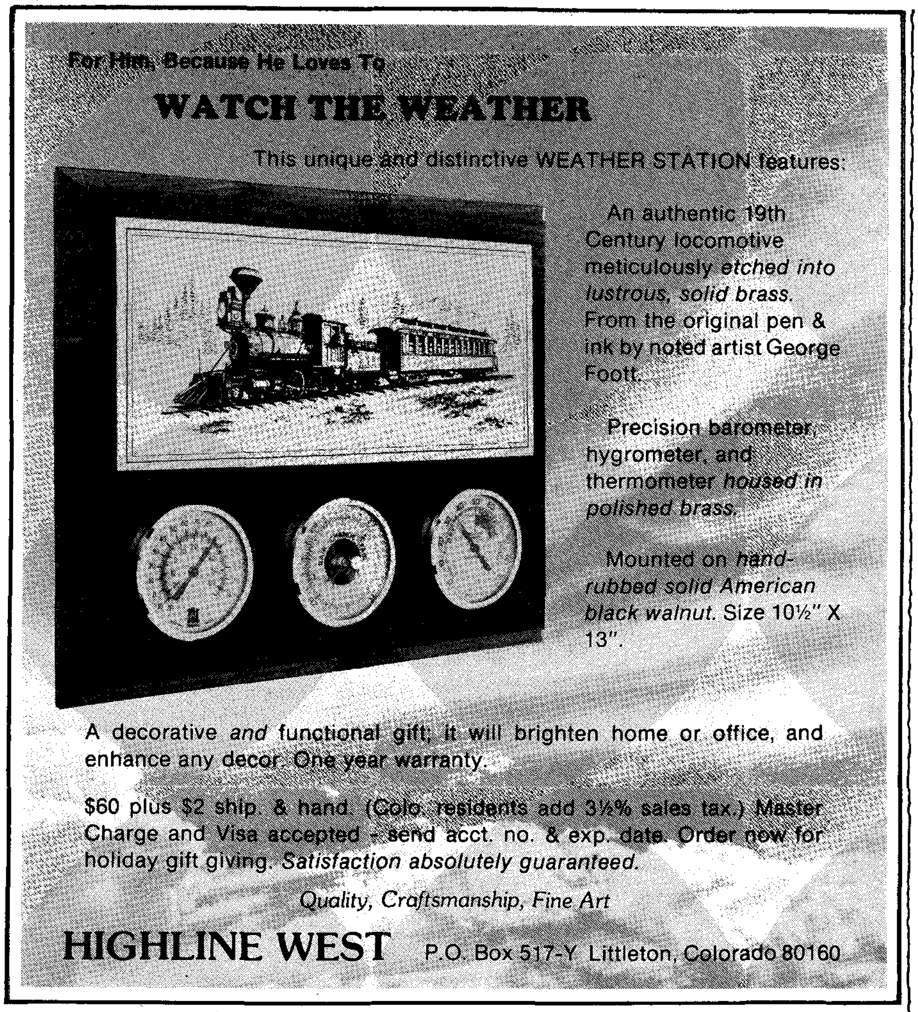

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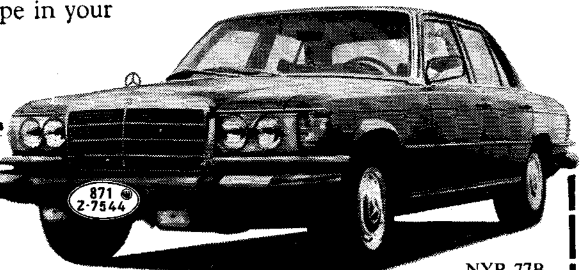

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having in finding a name for the new association of which she was president. A while later, both were standing by a window and admiring an old sycamore tree that then stood by Miss Buckler's gate, and her visitor suggested that it might not be a bad idea to call the neighborhood Sycamore Hill—a suggestion Miss Buckler found instantly appealing. A hill North Gowanus certainly was not. Lying at the bottom of the slope that rises from downtown Brooklyn to Prospect Park, it was, if anything, a valley. But the term "Hill" had an irresistible appeal. It was highly favored among refined residential areas, and it could not help conferring some badly needed prestige upon her neighborhood.

Miss Buckler's enthusiasm for the name Sycamore inexplicably did not last, however, and soon after the visit, she journeyed over to the Long Island Historical Society, on Pierrepont Street, in Brooklyn Heights, in search of further advice. The curator there told her that he himself would not recommend the policy of naming neighborhoods after flowers, shrubs, or trees. He said that a historical name was always preferable—one commemorating either an event or a person. Sitting her at a table, he went away and returned with a few eighteenth-century maps of downtown Brooklyn. The maps showed many of the Dutch farms and homesteads that were in the North Gowanus area before it was divided up into streets and avenues. Looking over the names of the old farmers, Miss Buckler found herself drawn to the name Boerum, which was already the name of a street in the neighborhood. The most famous member of that family was Simon Boerum, who, historians say, would have been one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence if he had not died in 1775, for Boerum represented Kings County in the Assembly of what was then the Colony of New York, and was one of New York's delegates to the Second Continental Congress, in Philadelphia. Franklin Burdge, one of Boerum's biographers, wrote in 1876:

> Not long after the year 1755 he bought in that part of Brooklyn called Gowanus, a farm of 80 acres . . . Brooklyn at that time was a pleasant agricultural town of about 700 white and 200 black inhabitants, the latter almost all slaves.

Burdge also wrote, of Boerum's service in the New York Assembly:

> He voted Yes to every motion condemning the acts of the British Parliament and No to every resolution by which the loyalists sought to pledge the Colony

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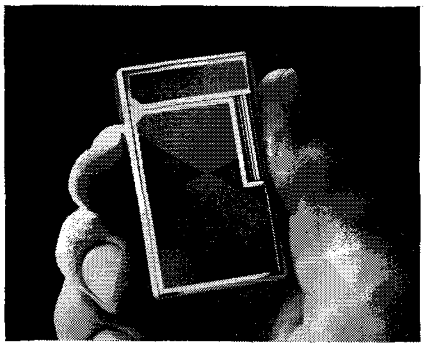

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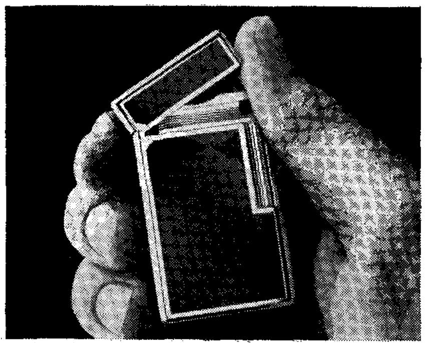
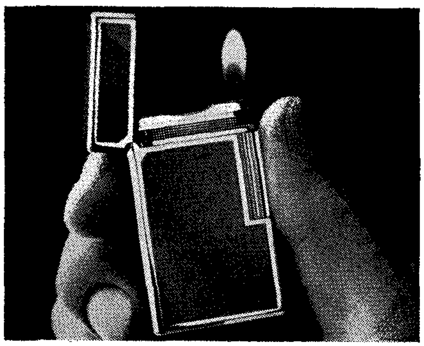


The lighter is covered with 20 microns of gold. Suggested retail is $275; other lighters range from $100 to $3,000.



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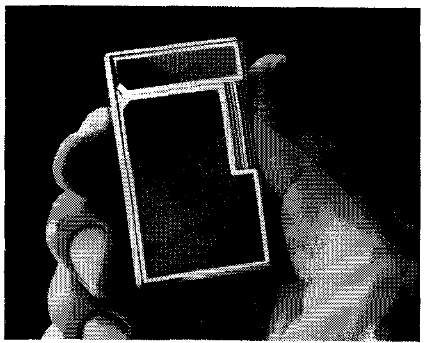

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When you have a lighter from S.T. Dupont, the door to a small club is open. It's a club that anyone can buy their way into, of course, but few people have taste enough to do it.

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On days when life is too much with you, there is a certain amount of pleasure in simply touching your S.T. Dupont lighter and knowing that there are very few things of consequence in the world ...and you own one of them.

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As an appliance

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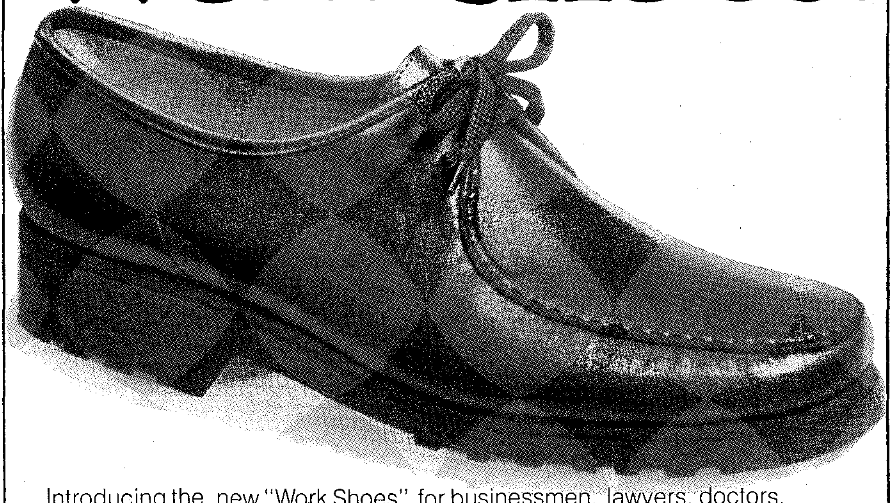

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of New York to support the more moderate measures of British oppression.

When Miss Buckler returned to North Gowanus, she called a meeting of her colleagues and convinced them that the name of the neighborhood and its association should be Boerum Hill. She then launched a campaign to publicize the neighborhood and its new name. But in areas like Cobble Hill and Brooklyn Heights, and even in the renamed neighborhood itself, the campaign faltered in the face of a firm conviction that Boerum Hill existed only in the heads of the people who had thought it up. One of the first positive responses to Miss Buckler's campaign was a story in the Brooklyn section of the *World-Telegram & Sun* on March 26, 1964. Under the headline "RESCUE OPERATION ON 'BOERUM HILL,' " the story reported that Helen Buckler, "who likes old brownstones with a fireplace in every room, is spearheading a campaign to win public acceptance of a new name, 'Boerum Hill,' for a rundown section of downtown Brooklyn."

ROBERT and Patricia Snyder do not remember today whether they read that story. But if they did, their spirits must have received a great lift, because only a month or so earlier they had moved into an old brownstone on Dean Street—the first middle-class home buyers to follow Miss Buckler into the neighborhood. Their arrival proved to be of invaluable importance to the future of Boerum Hill. Where Miss Buckler may be said to have done her job by planting the flag of middle-class revival in the community, it fell to the Snyders to lead the most difficult phase of the struggle to bring that revival about. Nothing had been farther from their minds when they moved to the neighborhood. Whatever their opinions may have been about keeping New York livable for the middle class, at no time had they dreamed of casting themselves in the role of activists in behalf of the idea. They had come to Boerum Hill in search of one thing only—space that they could buy cheaply. It had not mattered to them what the area looked like. If living in a nice brownstone neighborhood had originally been part of their intention, that disappeared after they had looked around in Brooklyn Heights and Cobble Hill and discovered that there was nothing in those neighborhoods that they could afford. Boerum Hill may have been lacking in elegance, but it probably had more cheap brownstones—if one was willing to undertake the time and expense to restore them—than any other area of its type in New York.

The Snyders were in their early thirties, and recently married. Robert, who grew up in New York and attended Columbia, is a labor lawyer, and his legal background, combined with a certain doggedness of character, became extremely useful later on, when he found himself leading the revival movement in Boerum Hill. A man of medium height and build, who now, in his middle forties, has flecks of gray in his hair, he speaks rapidly and intensely, tends to avoid small talk, and reacts more readily to what strikes him as good sense than to what may strike others as humorous or disarming. His wife, Patricia, is an artist, who paints under the name of Patricia Stegman. She is a Midwesterner, and was trained at the Art Students League in New York, under the late Morris Kantor. She is tall, attractive, and mild-tempered, and she speaks with great fluency and earnestness—and, like her husband, crisply and to the point. The Snyders, who had lived in Philadelphia for the first three years of their marriage, had met in New York, where Robert lived in Greenwich Village and Patricia had been doing her painting in a small loft on Hester Street. When his work brought them back to New York and they realized that in Manhattan they could never find the space they wanted—which included a studio for Patricia—at the price they could pay, they went over to Brooklyn looking for an old brownstone to buy.

The house they found on Dean Street was only a few doors from Miss Buckler's. It was built in the eighteen-fifties and had been occupied continuously by the same family until 1962, when the last surviving member died, at the age of ninety. Having no heirs,

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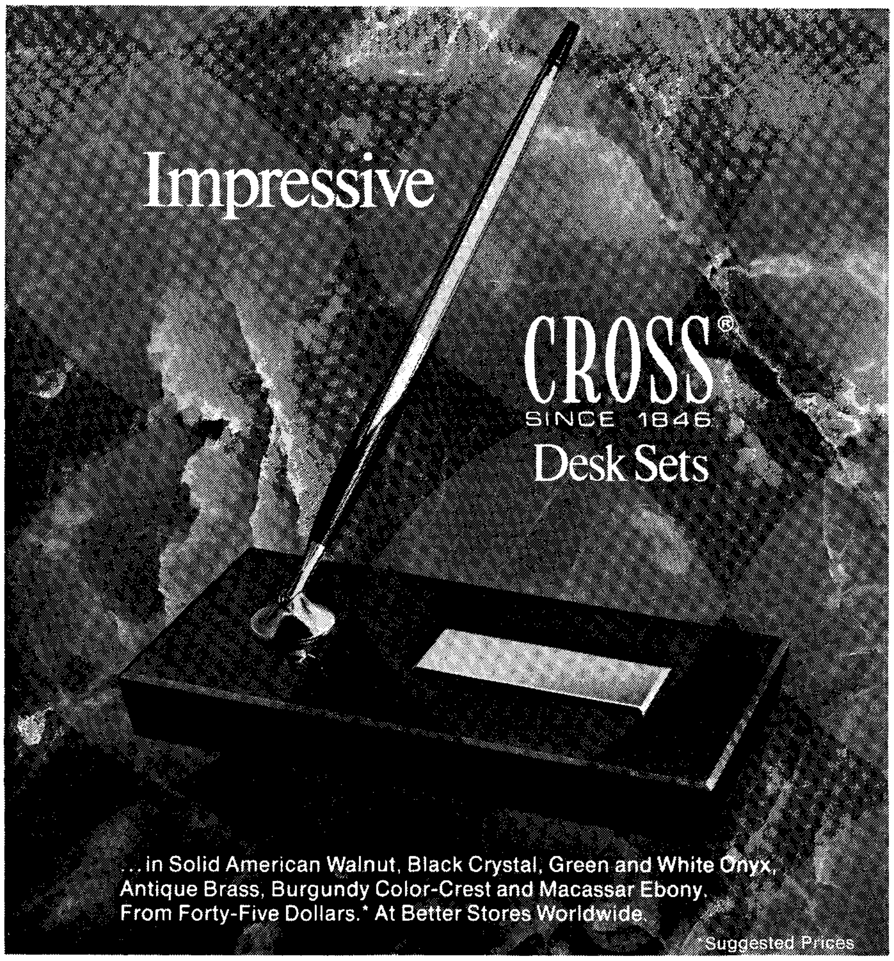

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the owner had bequeathed the house to the Salvation Army, along with the furniture that had passed down through the family for a century. The Salvation Army, not realizing that it had inherited a brownstone filled with fine old furniture, put the house up for sale at twelve thousand five hundred dollars. Toward the end of 1963, the Snyders passed by and fell in love with it. Recalling this recently, Mrs. Snyder said, "I said to Bob, 'Look at that fantastic house.' The front of it looked like it had leprosy, and there were many layers of paint stripping away. But it had the original green shutters outside and the wrought-iron balcony across the front. And it was the only block we had seen that had trees on it." The Snyders signed a contract to buy. It took several months to obtain a mortgage, however. And before they could close the transaction on the house, the Salvation Army woke up to the fact that it was on the verge of giving away a brownstoneful of valuable nineteenth-century artifacts. One day, shortly before the Snyders finally obtained a mortgage—and after giving them a chance to buy a few of the old pieces—the Salvation Army sent a truck around and cleaned out the old furniture. To the Snyders, however, the house was still a wonderful find. "We probably would have bought it even if it had been in the middle of the Sahara," Mrs. Snyder said. "It was absolutely original, absolutely unchanged." Every mirror, every doorknob was in place, and every fireplace was working. The double parlor was still separated by sliding glass doors, and there were still the original ceiling rosettes, gas chandeliers, cast-iron stove, and marble washstands. "It gave me the feeling of the Civil War," Mrs. Snyder went on. "As far as I could tell, there was nothing in it that was later than 1930. Of course, mechanically it was in bad shape. The only thing in working order was the heating. The house needed replumbing and rewiring. Windowpanes were broken. The walls hadn't been painted in ages. Some of the rooms had layers and layers of wallpaper that were brown with age. And the place was dark and dingy. Otherwise, it was like a museum. We wish we could have bought more of the furniture from the Salvation Army. It's a pity. We lost a lot of history that way. And not just the furniture. There were lots of old photographs, boxes and boxes of old papers and stuff.

"Everybody said we were clever or lucky to get our hands on a house like this. We were lucky, not clever. We

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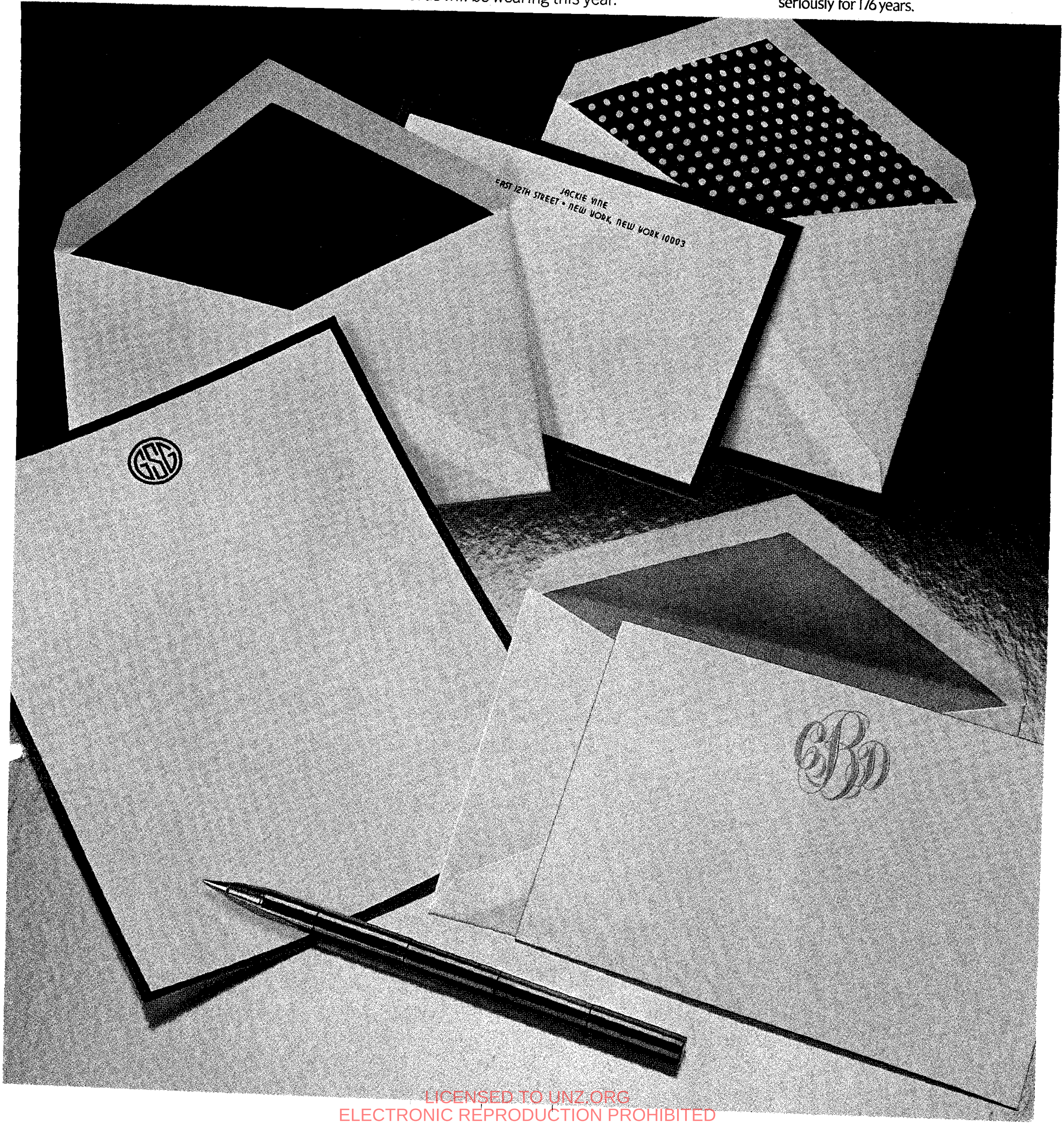

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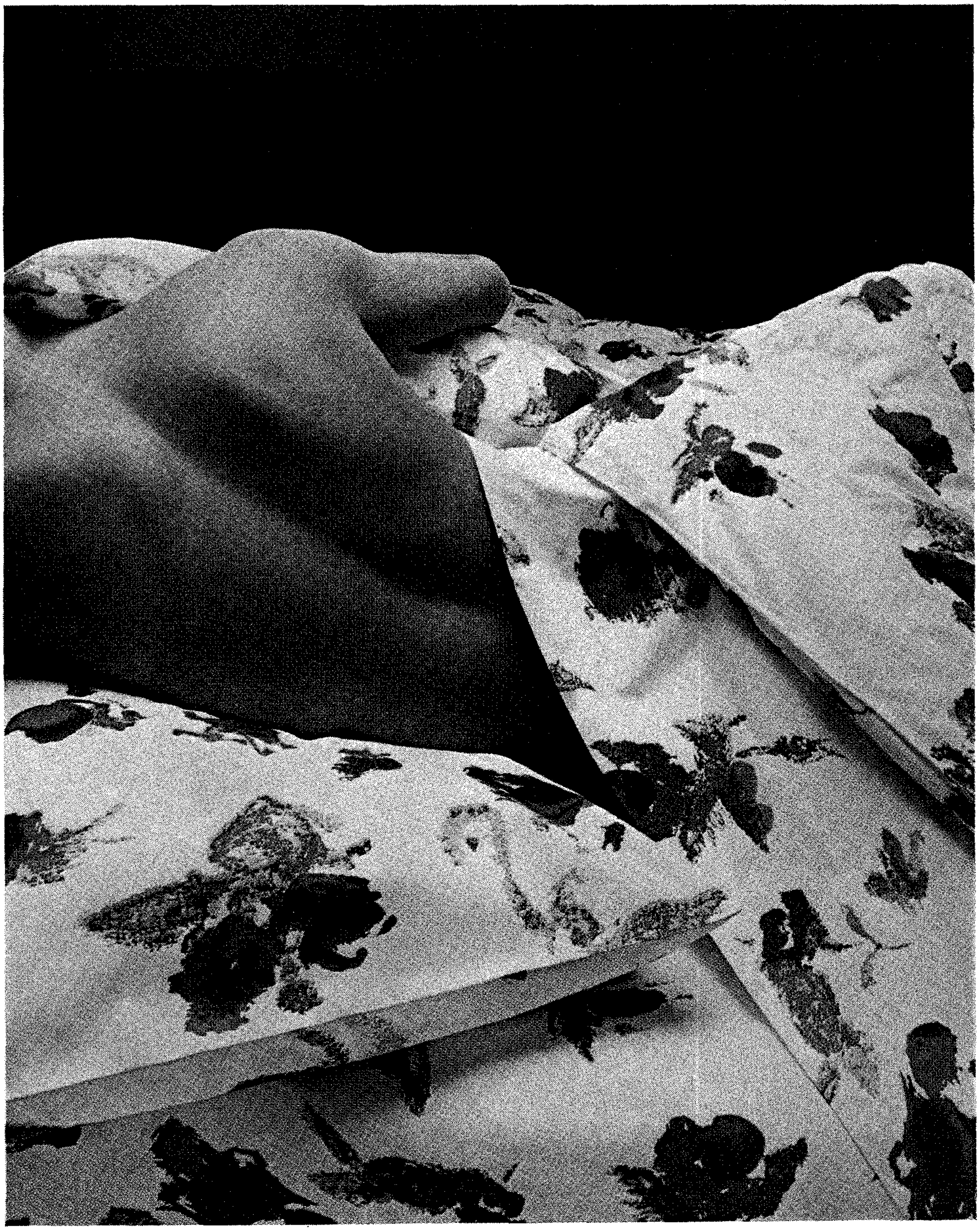

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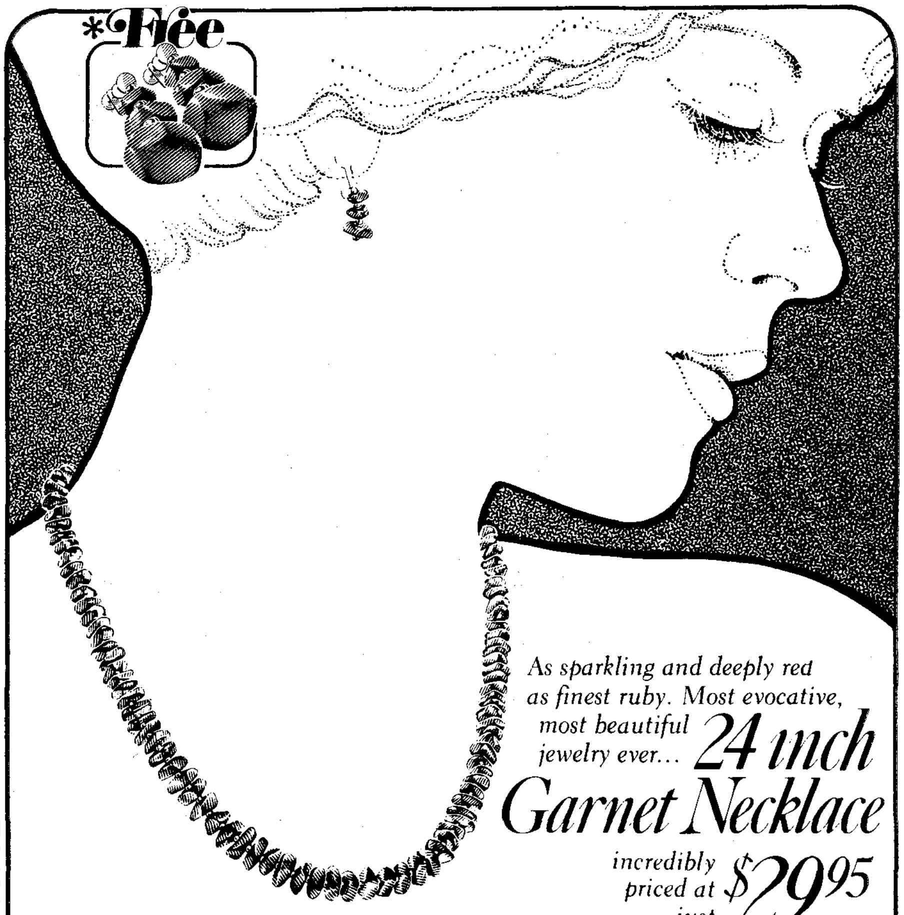
only wanted a lot of space cheap. The neighborhood looked seedy, but all we cared about was the house. I always wanted to live where I could find enough space for my grand piano and my studio, and this answered the purpose. But we didn't think when we came here that such a tremendous amount of work would be involved. And I don't mean only on the house. I mean the work in the neighborhood, and the time it took from our personal lives—the meetings we had to organize and attend, the fight we had to make to turn this neighborhood around."

The work and the fight began in November of 1964, when Robert Snyder took over from Helen Buckler as president of the Boerum Hill Association. As the latest additions to the handful of middle-class homeowners in the area, and as the youngest members of the association, the Snyders symbolized the sort of new community that Miss Buckler and her colleagues had envisioned for Boerum Hill. The older members of the association—almost all of whom were in their sixties and seventies—may well have felt that the fight to renovate the community and generate new life in it was more appropriately a fight for the young, who would probably be living there for years and years to come.

One of Snyder's first decisions as president of the association was to narrow its immediate objectives—to concentrate on getting new home buyers in the community. Only after many more brownstone renovators came in—with all the organizable concern for property and investment that such people always bring—would Boerum Hill be in a strong enough position to demand better police, sanitation, and other services. But Snyder quickly ran up against the same old problem that had been defeating Miss Buckler: Hardly any real-estate agencies wished to advertise houses in Boerum Hill—despite its new name. A few weeks after Snyder took office, Miss Buckler put a daring idea in his head—daring both in the reach of its inventiveness and in the bold intrusion upon the Snyders' lives that it entailed. The idea was this: Since Snyder was already a lawyer and would have no difficulty obtaining a real-estate license, why didn't he become a part-time broker and advertise houses for sale in Boerum Hill? Snyder's reply recognized both the merit and the drawback of the proposal. He said that the idea itself was wonderful but that as a lawyer he already had more than enough to do. Mrs. Snyder, who, according to the plan, would work



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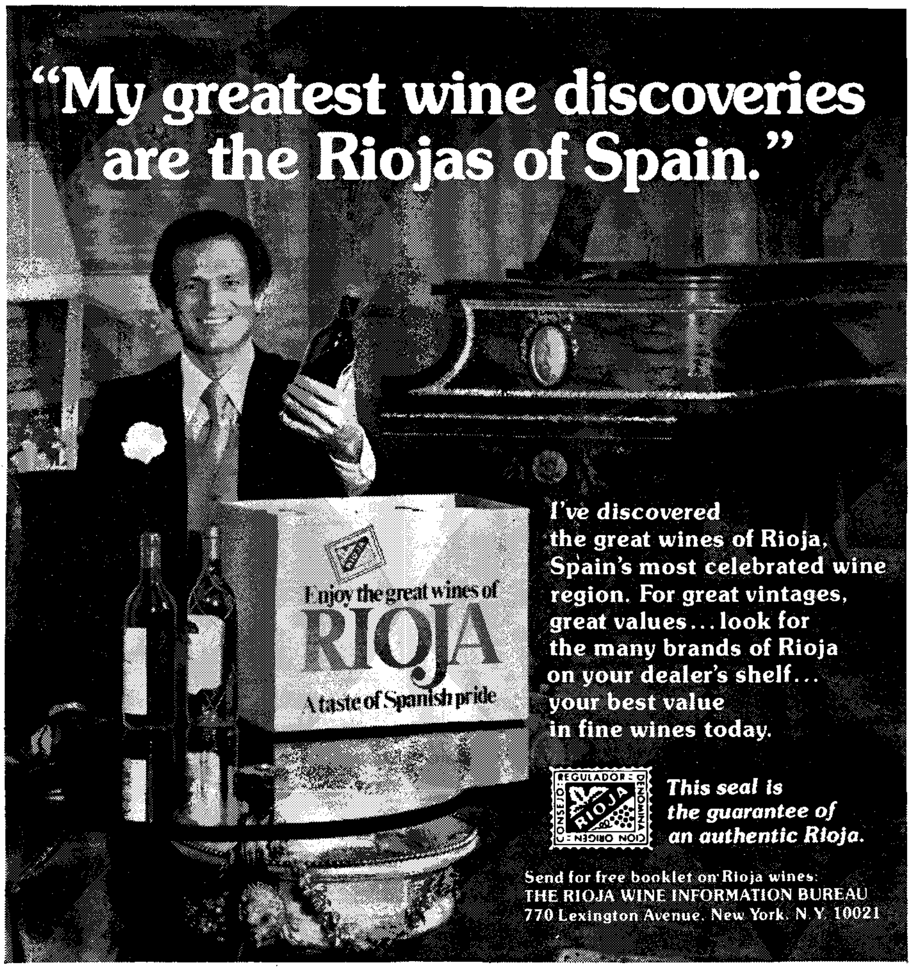
as her husband's assistant, made a similar response. "Fine," she said. "But I'm a painter, and I didn't buy a house in Boerum Hill to go into real estate."

Still, the Snyders were trapped. The idea was indeed good. But why should they be the ones to carry it out? It was here that they were forced to examine some of the opinions they harbored concerning the future of the city. In doing so they realized that it was not just the availability of cheap space that had made them decide to settle in Boerum Hill. They also believed that New York City would gradually become unavailable to middle-income residents like them unless such people were willing to move into rotting neighborhoods and help to restore them. Recalling what their thinking was at the time, Patricia Snyder said recently, "One keeps reading about the exodus of the middle class. But if the cities are to make it, then somebody from the middle class has to live in them. And it is much more realistic to expect a strong city if it is ethnically and economically mixed, as it traditionally has been. Just because you are in the middle class doesn't mean that New York is no longer a place where you can live." Thus, back in 1964, the Snyders knew that it was only a matter of time before they would capitulate to what Miss Buckler had suggested. Within a few months, Snyder obtained a license as a real-estate broker, and Patricia agreed to be his assistant.

After working hours, and in any other spare time they had, the Snyders became Boerum Hill Realty. They walked through the neighborhood looking at shabby rooming houses and brownstone tenements and soliciting them for sale. As the weeks passed, they got an occasional owner to agree to sell—partly, perhaps, because they initially asked no commission for their services. They were careful not to sell to speculators, who they feared would simply hold the houses off the market in order to run the prices up. They sold to no one who did not intend to occupy the building he bought. At the end of two years, the Snyders had sold about twelve brownstones. Several others had been sold by full-time real-estate agents, who, hearing of the success that the Snyders were having, had started advertising houses in Boerum Hill. Lawyers, teachers, artists, writers, actors, young stockbrokers, and other professionals were moving into the area and renovating brownstones. But it was the Snyders who had made the breakthrough, and apparently only people like them could have done it. One of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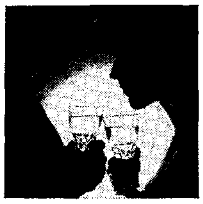

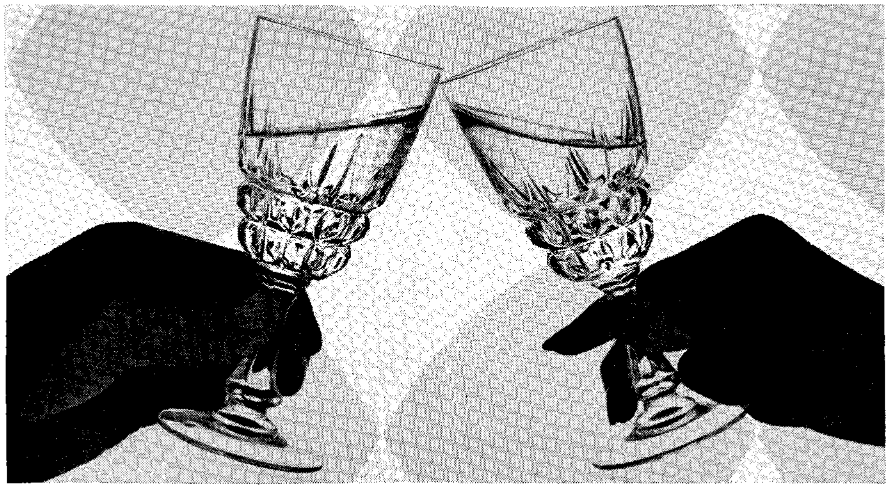

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the young professionals told Snyder later, "Nobody could have sold me a house in an area like this except somebody who was already living here. It was easier to come in when I saw that you were living in the neighborhood." After those two years, the Snyders had had enough of selling houses. Being voluntary realtors for the neighborhood was consuming more of their personal lives and careers than they could spare. "The job became much too difficult," Mrs. Snyder said later. "It was taking over our lives. I couldn't do my painting. So we finally told ourselves that the neighborhood was not going to fall down if we stopped selling houses. And we stopped. By then, though, other people had started selling houses, so it didn't make such a terrible lot of difference."

Selling houses was not all that Snyder had been doing to attract new people to Boerum Hill. He had also been functioning as a sort of ambassador-at-large. Whenever other brownstone-neighborhood associations held meetings, he showed up and sought permission to address their memberships on the change that he and a few others were trying to bring about in Boerum Hill. He prepared film shows on urban restoration—one of the films was based on Lewis Mumford's "The City in History"—and, through ads in papers like the *Village Voice*, invited residents of other areas to come over to Boerum Hill to view the screenings and look at the neighborhood. He wrote tirelessly to neighborhood newspapers, city agencies, and influential figures in New York calling attention to the rebuilding of Boerum Hill as a middle-class residential community. One of those letters, to Ada Louise Huxtable, the architecture writer of the *Times*, informed her of "an area like this, which is being saved from what no doubt would have been complete razing—by a determined band of pioneers who are devoted to urban living."

Mrs. Snyder, whose devotion to the revival of Boerum Hill was as deep as her husband's, was also an indefatigable letter writer for the cause. One of her letters went to Jane Jacobs, the author of "The Death and Life of Great American Cities," who is regarded by brownstone renovators as the inspirational genius of the neighborhood-restoration movement. In what sounded as much like an expression of faith as a plea for a blessing, Mrs. Snyder wrote:

> My husband and I live in the section of Brooklyn called Boerum Hill, having

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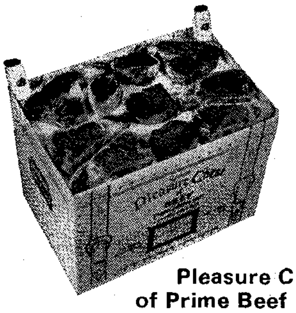

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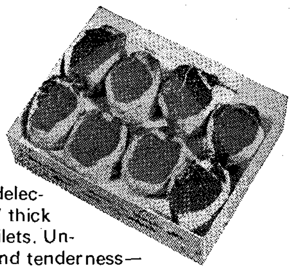

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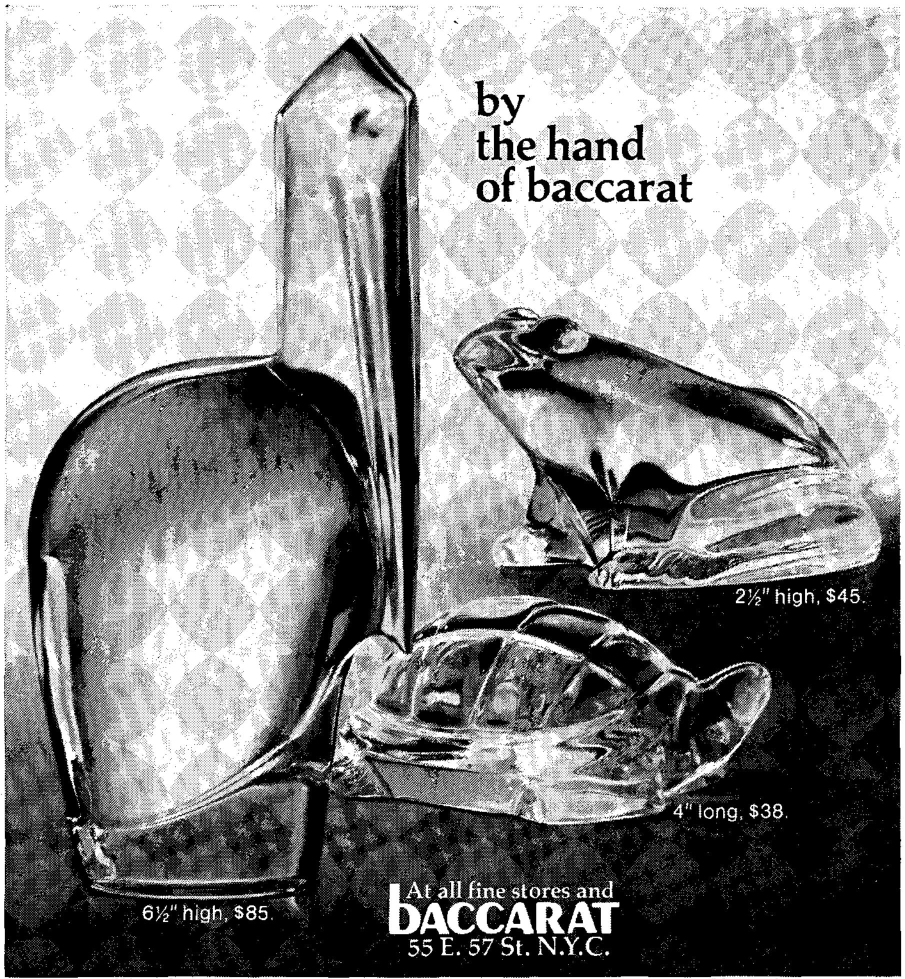

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moved there just a bit over two years ago after falling in love with an ancient and decayed house there, which we have since been restoring.... We are presuming to write to you because we have used your book as our "bible" in our efforts to help our area; we have quoted you and used your arguments to bolster ours in presenting our case to the banks; in convincing people to buy houses and join us in our fight to stay in the city rather than run away to the suburbs.

The letter concluded, "I knew that I loved New York City; until I read your book I really never knew why!"

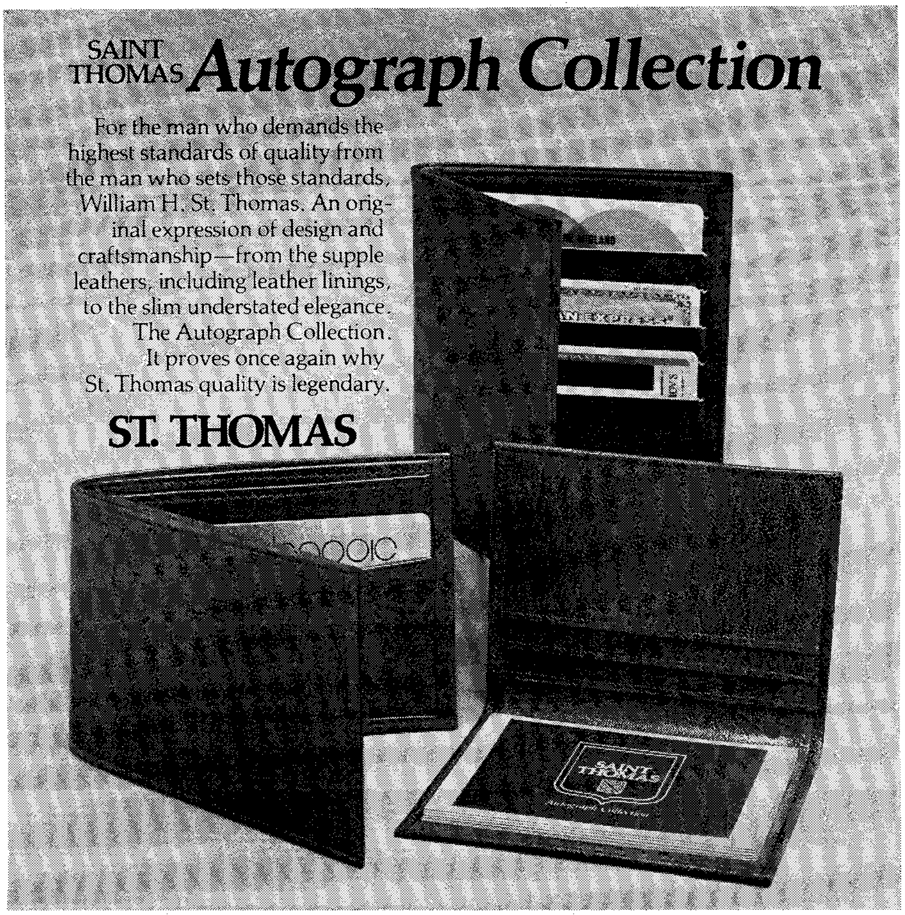
THE Snyders' experience with banks was probably the toughest part of their fight for their neighborhood. Despite the energy with which the two had pressed their campaign for a new Boerum Hill, and despite the slow but steady trickle of middle-income home buyers into the area, most banks still refused to grant mortgages and home-improvement loans, and their refusal reared up as an obstacle on which the entire renovation effort might founder. When the Snyders bought their brownstone, it had taken them four months to find a bank that was willing to grant them a mortgage. Virtually every renovator who moved into Boerum Hill went through a similar experience. And for every renovator who stuck out the long fight to obtain a mortgage, there were probably three who gave up the whole idea.

Whatever else can be said about it—whatever failure of vision or of nerve it signified—the banks' refusal to lend money in Boerum Hill was not hard to understand. "The banks had preordained the character of the neighborhood," Snyder said recently. "They weren't going to lend money in a slum community, on houses that were falling down. They would have been happier to finance demolition, because slum clearance had been the wave of the nineteen-fifties, and because they knew that Boerum Hill had in fact been designated by the city as a prime demolition area. They were also influenced by the fact that federal policies favored suburban growth and sprawl. Therefore, they preferred to lend money in the suburbs. There wasn't even an office of the Federal Housing Administration in downtown Brooklyn. Where could you find its offices? In places like Hempstead. That's where the action was. And that's where the banks were putting their money. Two of the biggest banks in downtown Brooklyn—Dime Savings and Williamsburgh—were making virtually no investments in Boerum Hill, even though it lies in the shadow of both. My wife and I applied to more than twenty lending institutions before we realized that the area was on what Jane Jacobs calls a 'credit blacklist.' The banks told us, in effect, 'Sorry, we're not interested in that house. Nothing wrong with your personal qualifications, you understand—it's just that your house is in a bad area.' When we told them that our house was only a few blocks from the border of Brooklyn Heights, they said, 'Yes, but you're not *in* Brooklyn Heights. Brooklyn Heights is an exception.' The problem was almost insoluble. But finally we found a bank, way outside this neighborhood, that was willing to give us a small mortgage—and by that time we were surprised to find that there *was* a bank willing to give us a mortgage. It must have been sheer luck. I don't know whether they ever gave another mortgage in this area, because when we went back to refinance our mortgage they turned us down."

On the morning of Sunday, March 20, 1966, residents of Boerum Hill who opened their *Times* to the real-estate section came across an article headlined "MORTGAGES ARE MAIN HURDLE IN HISTORIC BROOKLYN AREA," which revealed further reasons that banks were in no hurry to underwrite renovation in Boerum Hill. The article said, in part:

> A group of young homeowners and would-be owners who are trying to reclaim and restore a deteriorated but historic section of downtown Brooklyn have accused neighborhood banks of thwarting their efforts by refusing to grant mortgages. . . . The banks acknowledge that they seldom lend there, but contend that the section is only an oasis in a vast desert of hopeless blight that is downtown Brooklyn. Extensive slum clearance and renewal, the banks argue, is the cure. . . . "Sure one particular house may be good, but we have to consider if it will lose in value from the neighborhood," said Frederick L. Kriete, assistant vice-president of the Williamsburgh. "Is a financial institution justified in putting money into something that is going to be degraded by what's next door?" Calling the Boerum Hill situation an isolated "odd case," Mr. Kriete said he "just doesn't understand" why this "hardy band of people" would want to move into the area, with all its crime and poverty. "Generally, they're cultivated, artistic people, with an appreciation for antiques and art—they're a class all to themselves," he said. "I admire and appreciate their taste, but you wonder if the bank should get involved."

Gradually, however, some of the bigger banks overcame their reluctance and began making loans in Boerum Hill. It is not clear what led to this change, but it came after members of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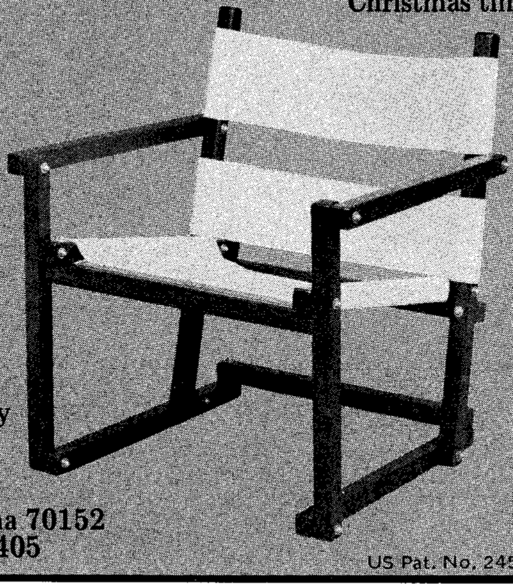
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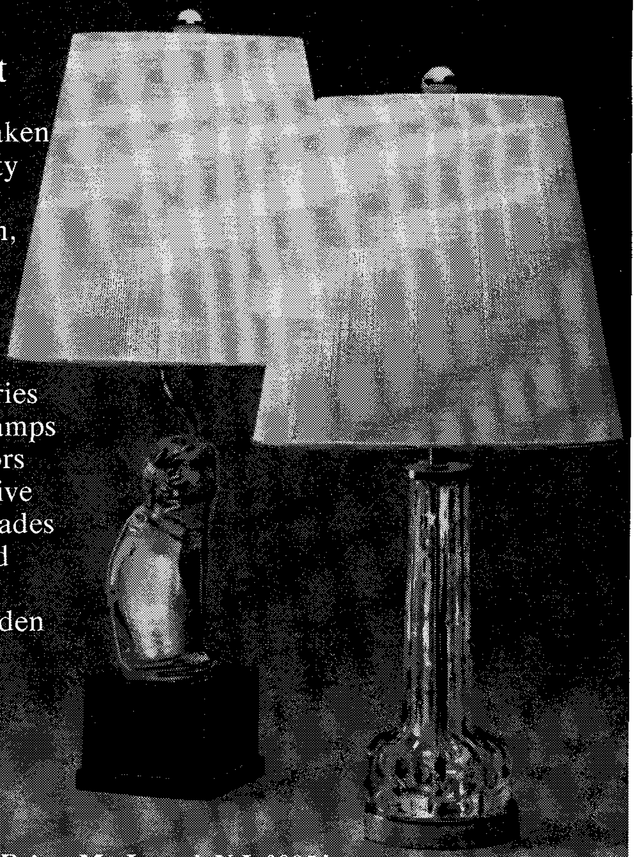

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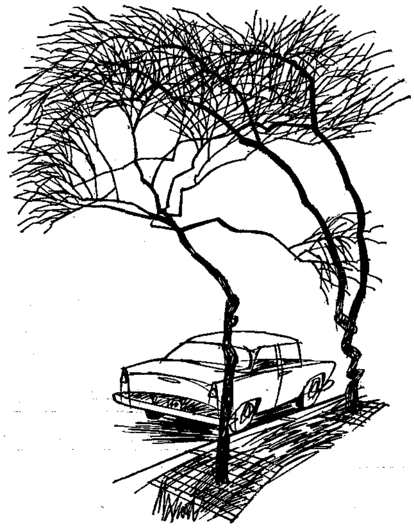
the Boerum Hill Association had started discussing the possibility of boycotting all the banks that refused them loans, and after certain mortgage officers had visited the area and had been impressed by the quality of renovation they saw being done.

Snyder's term as president of the Boerum Hill Association expired in the fall of 1966. Shortly after leaving office, he served as one of the leaders of a delegation that appeared before the New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission to request, unsuccessfully, that Boerum Hill be designated a historic-landmark district. Part of what he said to the commission can stand as an account of how far Boerum Hill had come since 1962, when Miss Buckler moved there—and as a record of his own stewardship as well.

"The first year was very difficult," Snyder told the commission. "However, slowly, very slowly, we got our first half-dozen pioneers. They purchased their homes, even though they had the same struggle obtaining mortgages that we had had. Very slowly, also, we were able to convince a few courageous banks to give us mortgage money. Since then, the pace has accelerated tremendously. The following figures will give you some idea of that acceleration. In 1962, one house was purchased for renovation. In 1963, two more houses. In 1964, three houses were purchased . . . Then, in 1965, seven houses. This year, 1966, thirty-five houses have been purchased. . . .

"The growth in members of the Boerum Hill Association has also reflected this change, because by no means is the strength of the area in its new residents alone. There is a resurgence of pride and hope among people who have lived here for many years. From a group of less than a dozen founding members, the Boerum



Hill Association now has one hundred and thirty-four dues-paying members. . . . We feel it absolutely essential to convey to you something of the enthusiasm—and it is really not too strong a word to call it a passion—and something of the dedication and devotion which we who live in Boerum Hill feel. We are dedicated, above all, to urban living—to life in the city—in this city, which, for all its difficulties, is, we feel, ultimately the most rewarding. It is in the success, or failure, of neighborhoods like our own that the success, or failure, of New York City itself will ultimately be determined. And not only New York City, but all American cities, because we all face the same problems."

NEW brownstoners fall roughly into three categories: those who do not think of themselves as renovators but prefer to buy and occupy houses that need no repairs; those who can afford to hire draftsmen and contractors to remodel the old houses they acquire; and those—the more heroic ones—who move right away into the run-down structures they buy, and spend years doing the restoration themselves. In Boerum Hill during the sixties, most brownstoners belonged to the third category. They restored their dream houses bit by bit: a room at a time or a floor at a time; bathroom this winter, kitchen next summer; roof now, basement later, back courtyard someday. Work on a room sometimes stopped where the money ran out—leaving a stark record of raw masonry, unpainted woodwork, loose wires hanging from the ceiling, or exposed pipes. It was impossible to spend any time in some of these houses without feeling that their restoration was proceeding upon the tightest of budgets, and that their completion—if that ever occurred—would demand of their owners an extreme frugality.

Most of the renovators were fanatics about nineteenth-century detail. They so hated modern interior design that they spent an unconscionable amount of time scrounging for Victorian bric-a-brac to install in their houses. They were to be seen combing antique shops and ransacking the debris of recently demolished brownstones, searching painstakingly for such items as marble mantels, wooden shutters, fireplace fronts and grates, newel posts and bannisters, doorknobs and door brass, stained glass, wrought-iron work, wide-plank floorboards, marble washbasins, etched glass, panelled doors, cornices, and interior brackets. *The Brownston-*

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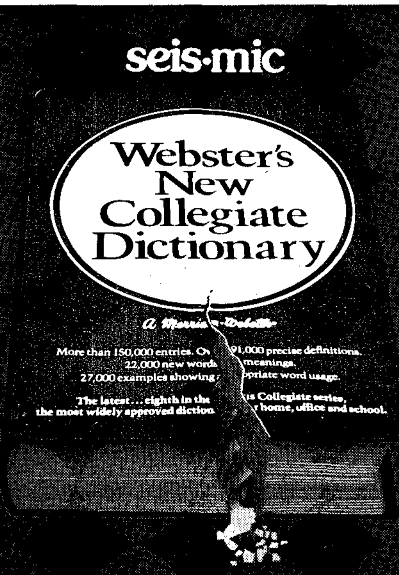

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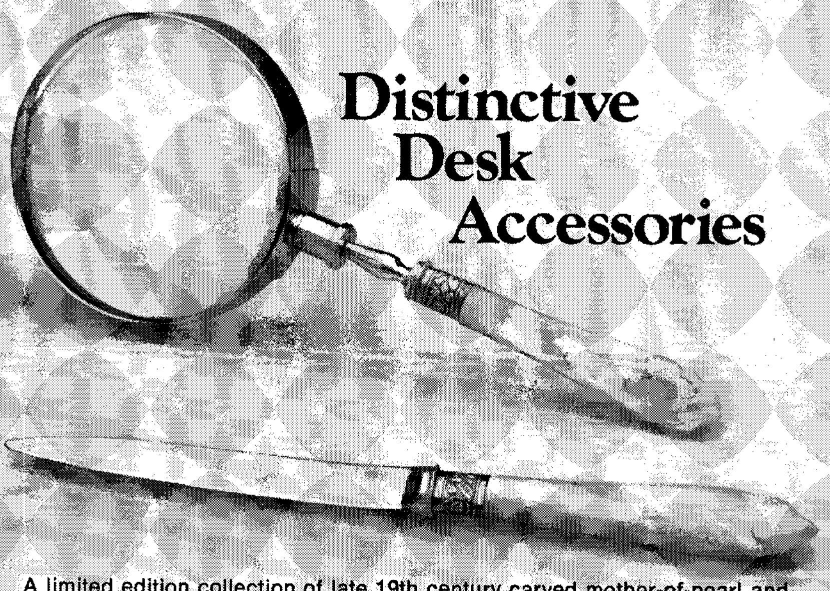

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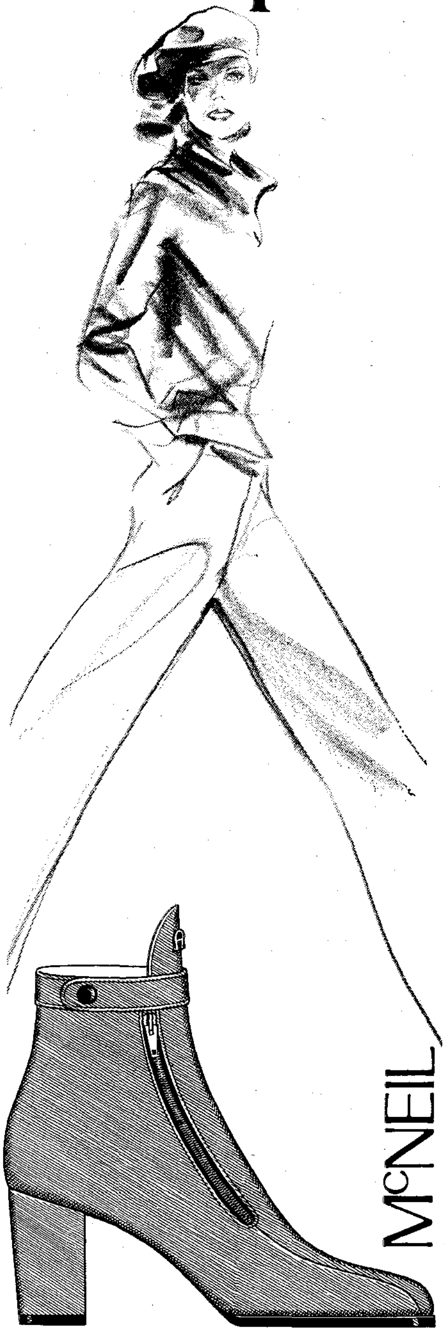
er, published bimonthly by the Brownstone Revival Committee—which was founded in 1968 to gather and disseminate information about brownstone neighborhoods—sometimes carried an ad for the United House Wrecking Company, in Stamford, Connecticut. In the ad, the company called itself "the junkyard with a personality" and claimed to stock "5 Acres of Relics & Nostalgia." Renovators from Boerum Hill and elsewhere often made their way up to Stamford and bore away not only doors and mantels, brass and copper fixtures, but statuary, old books, clocks, nautical antiques, trunks, chandeliers, and even discarded church pews.

Despite all this free or cheap booty, the problem of money never went away, for renovation is one of the most costly of urban middle-class undertakings. There are brownstones in Boerum Hill that were bought in the late sixties and in which renovation is still slowly going on. One renovator in the area said recently, "Restoration costs can run to about ten thousand dollars a floor, especially if you bought the house as a shell. In Chelsea, in Manhattan, they go as high as twenty thousand or thirty thousand dollars a floor. But those people have more money than we have over here. By comparison, Boerum Hill is a sort of poor man's paradise."

At the time Carol Donner, a young medical illustrator working in Manhattan, moved into her brownstone, on Pacific Street, in 1968, it was "in terrible shape," she recalls. "It was little better than a shell. When we turned on the plumbing upstairs, the water just poured down through the floors. Nothing worked. Everything had to go. So my husband and I learned the hard way how to renovate. I don't think many renovators knew how to pound a nail when they started. We learned to do things on the house by making mistakes, and by talking with our neighbors. It would have been nice if we could have called in a contractor to do the whole thing, but who has that kind of money? We probably would not have done as well as we did if we had not had neighbors who were also renovators. We all sort of had our wagons in a circle—all of us renovators. We felt that we were in the same boat, and that we had to help each other in order to survive. There was once a fire in our house, and after the firemen left, my neighbors came in with buckets and mops. One even came with an orange. Whenever a renovator moved onto a block, we passed on the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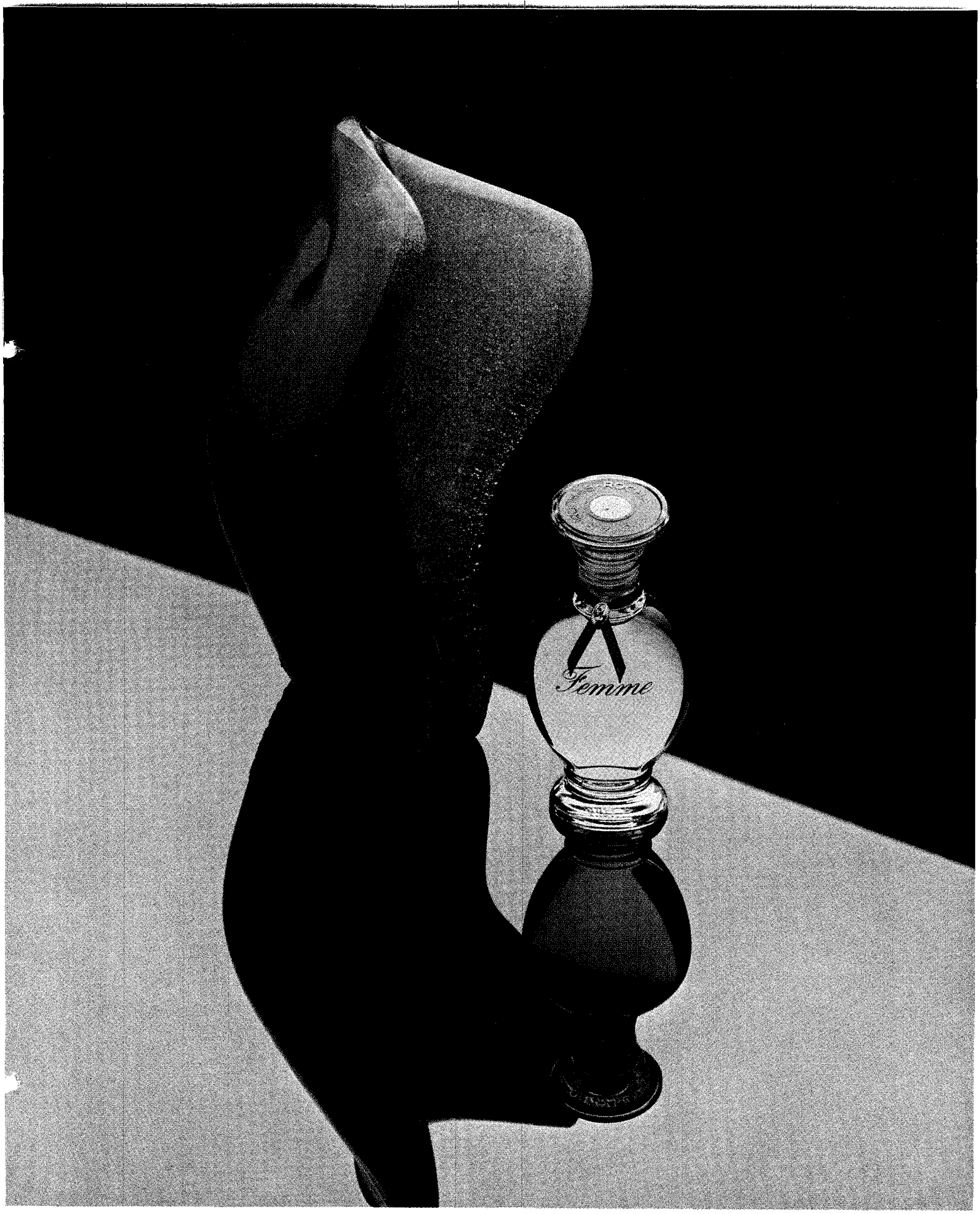

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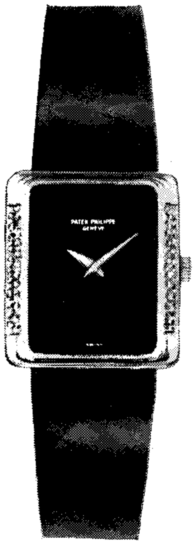
old hot plate. We had a hot plate that had been in virtually every renovated house on the block. You could always go over to a neighbor's for a shower, too, until you got your bathroom fixed. I also went into many a neighbor's house with bloody fingers, to have them bandaged up. And there were lots of evenings when fellow-renovators took us in for dinner."

Brownstone renovation can also be tough on marriages. Carol Donner's marriage ended before the house was fully restored, and she remained in the brownstone, becoming what she calls "a single-lady renovator"—one of the few who were on Pacific Street around that time. "I happen to know that there have been a lot of problems with married renovators," she says today. "Buying a house is like having a child when the marriage is on the rocks. Both parties think it might work out after the child arrives, but it rarely does. I'd be interested to know the statistics on marriages that have broken up over renovating. The problem usually occurs when one party is not so interested in the house and the other one wants to go on with it as a joint project. Most married people don't have any great joint projects except raising children—and a lot of them don't even have that. So renovating is often a real test of marriage."

Another renovator whose marriage did not survive the restoration of a brownstone is Nat Hendricks, a young Quaker from Vermont who, after earning a master's degree in American history at Columbia University, bought a house on State Street in 1966. He said, some time ago, "My house cost sixteen thousand five hundred dollars, which was reasonable. But my wife and I were scared stiff when we moved in. We didn't know whether next day the city was going to walk in and condemn every building on the block for demolition, and we didn't know whether there was any hope of the neighborhood's ever changing. We couldn't even sleep nights after we moved in. Parties going on in the streets, beer bottles being broken, fights. We'd run into a neighbor, and he'd say, 'You know, a guy got knifed on the block yesterday.' One morning, we woke up and there was a trail of blood down the street. It was a rough neighborhood. Eventually, we parted, and she's living in Cobble Hill now."

Another "single-lady renovator" in Boerum Hill in the late sixties was Susan Benson, who bought a brownstone on Bergen Street in 1968. Her status changed, however, in January



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of 1972, when she married Dennis Holt, a public-relations executive at Union Carbide, who is a recent president of the Boerum Hill Association. "I came here because my rent in Manhattan went up a hundred per cent," Mrs. Holt told a visitor not long ago. "But it was awful when I first came here. There wasn't even a tree on the block. And every house, as far up and down the street as you could see, had a rusty, broken-down fire escape in front. Then, I was always alone in the house, with no real security. During the first year, I was just camping out here, surrounded by dirt and renovation rubble. There was no washbasin in the bathroom and no stove in the kitchen. I was cooking on charcoal. And just try cooking eggs on charcoal sometime—it's quite a trick. But I had always dreamed of living in an old house of my own. I couldn't see myself living in the suburbs. I grew up in Brooklyn, in an old house in Flatbush, so I had developed a taste for it. My idea of a house is one with stairs in it. When I first went to Manhattan, I used to walk up and down the East Side looking at town houses. And, boy, that's the way I wanted to live. Before Dennis and I got married, he was living in the suburbs. I was afraid he was going to want us to move out there—out to all that green grass and trees and stuff. So you can imagine how glad I was when he turned out to be even more excited about the house than I was. We got married after all the junk and piles of old brick and concrete from the house had been hauled out into the street. So he was lucky. He didn't have much to do when he got here except paint."

DENNIS HOLT became president of the Boerum Hill Association in the spring of 1973 and served until the spring of 1975, when he was succeeded by Howard Lewis. Although Holt arrived in Boerum Hill much too late to be counted among the real pioneers, he did get there early enough to observe, and to be amazed by, some of the traits that mark the brownstone-revival subculture. Toward the end of his second term as president of the neighborhood association, he told a guest, "We've had parties in this house made up mostly of neighborhood renovators, along with a few friends from outside the area, and before the evening is half over the renovators are doing nothing but swapping tales of how they fixed this fireplace, this floor, that roof, that pipe. As you move through the room, you hear questions like 'What do you

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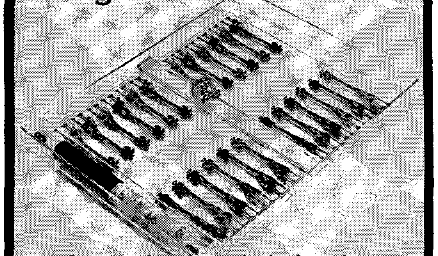

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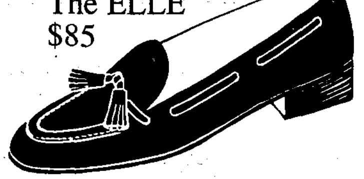

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do with a roof that leaks through the new plastering?' and 'Have you tried Uncle Fred's No. 2 paint remover?' Everybody is recommending a favorite floor scraper, a favorite plumber, a favorite this, a favorite that. The few non-renovators stand around listening to this insane talk, and they are obviously bored to death. Poor things, they thought they were coming to an ordinary party. No one had told them that parties among renovators are never parties but merely house forums. I have seen violent arguments erupt over methods of cleaning floors. At these parties, even love affairs and divorces pale in comparison to the problem of paint removers. And things that normally sustain people's lives—religion, politics, the arts—all take a back seat to the subject of renovating."

L. J. Davis, a real pioneer renovator—he began restoring his brownstone on Dean Street in 1965—had himself been frequently struck by what he calls the "insane" behavior of these renovators whenever they got together. After observing them for almost a decade, Davis said recently, "They are the most house-proud people you could ever hope to meet. To start with, most of them were doing their own renovation, so they became obsessed. There were many times when I wanted to yell at them, 'Can't you ever talk about anything but houses?' " The obsession was such that when renovators were not retailing experiences or dispensing advice at cocktail parties they were diligently passing it along through the pages of the Boerum Hill Association newsletter. An issue sent out in the spring of 1971 contained this information:

> If you're planning a brick terrace, here are a few words from sad experience: DON'T use ordinary brick—even what's fallen off your house during the winter. When it's exposed to water it tends to absorb it, and when the temperature drops below freezing, it either disintegrates or—more dramatically—explodes. Regular facing brick won't work, so tell your building supply yard what you want it for and make him guarantee it. If he won't, go somewhere else.

Davis, who is thirty-seven years old, is a writer, an actor, and a teacher. He comes from Boise, Idaho, and he and his wife lived on the lower East Side of Manhattan for three years before moving to Boerum Hill. Since they arrived there, four of his novels have been published: "Whence All But He Had Fled" (1968), "Cowboys Don't Cry" (1969), "A Meaningful Life" (1971), and "Walking Small" (1974). Davis is regarded in the com-

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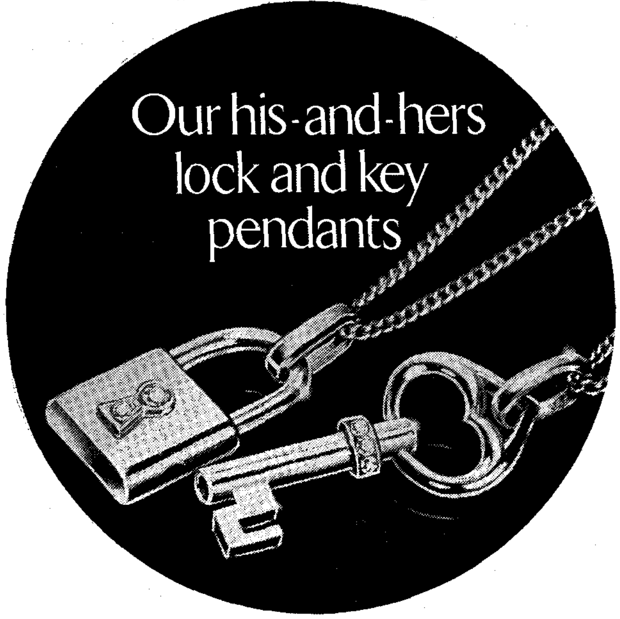

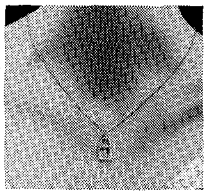

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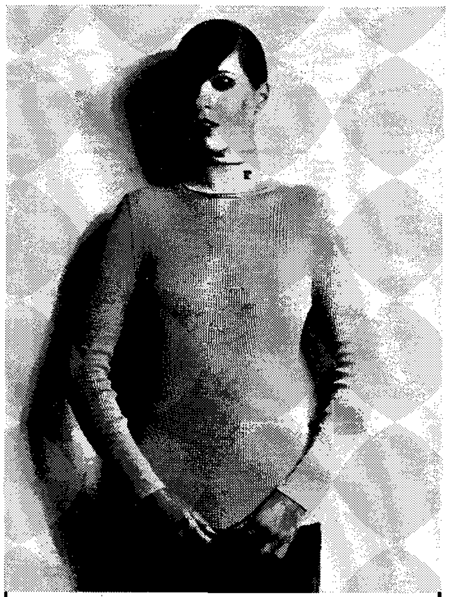
munity as one of its two resident historians—the other being Tom Butson, a writer and editor on the Sunday *Times*, who is now the president of the Boerum Hill Association. Davis has researched the history of his own brownstone and has found that it was built in 1869. "We even know the name of the man who first owned it," he said a while back. "His name was Malachi Murray, and he was a stonemason. Murray lost the house in the financial crash of 1873, and it was bought by a couple of greengrocers, Hugh and William Hutcheon. The Hutcheons lived here from 1873 to 1906. The house then changed hands again, and was turned into a rooming house for Irish working-class families. It changed hands twice more between 1906 and 1926, when it was taken over by a woman who held it for almost forty years—until we bought it, in 1965. Ours was among the early houses to be bought and renovated after Boerum Hill started. And it was pretty expensive for the time—a big deal at eighteen thousand five hundred. Still, I was extraordinarily lucky to get it. Nowhere today can you find the space I have at the price I paid. And, speaking of space, can you imagine a couple of greengrocers living in this style today? I don't believe that members of the American middle class have lived in such spacious quarters since the turn of the century."

Transforming an old slum neighborhood like Boerum Hill meant more than just changing its name and fixing up the old houses. The brownstones that the middle class were buying and refurbishing were concentrated on the blocks that make up the core of the community. The surrounding blocks, which still looked quite ragged, contained many of the run-down tenements and rooming houses that had been almost everywhere when the renovators started moving in. This meant that the problem of crime continued to plague Boerum Hill. The neighborhood would not be truly transformed until that problem had been attacked and controlled. Crime consisted mainly of prostitution, drug traffic, and burglary. While the first two types of crime had entered Boerum Hill during the nineteen-forties, when rooming houses started proliferating there, burglary had become more common in the neighborhood after the renovators began to arrive. According to Davis, "When Boerum Hill was all poor and run-down, people used to sit outside on the stoops all the time. They provided



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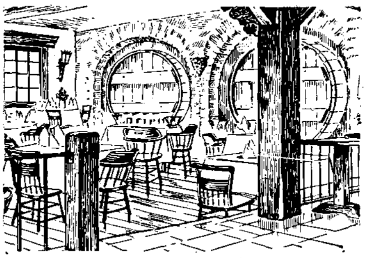

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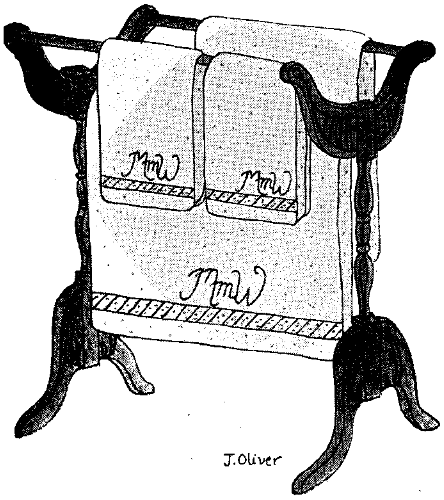
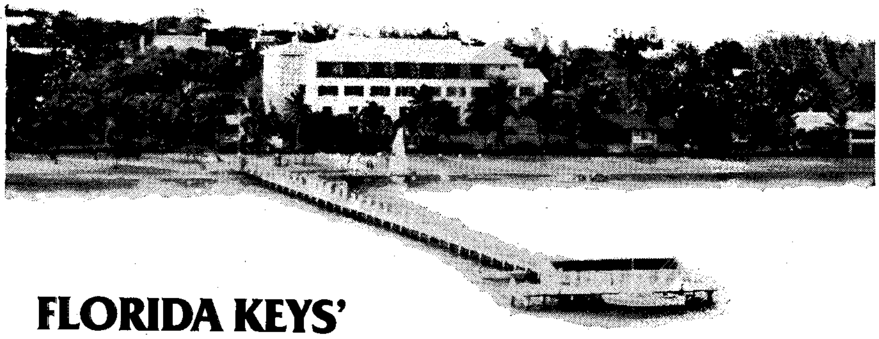
what Jane Jacobs calls 'eyes on the streets.' And everybody knows that there is no harder neighborhood to rob than one where everybody is sitting out front. The kinds of burglaries we've been having since the 'eyes on the streets' started disappearing in our area are the boldest kinds—with guys pulling up in trucks, getting out with axes, and attacking the front door. Still, I don't believe there is as much burglary in Boerum Hill as some people say. Migrants from Manhattan tend to exaggerate the problem—they have special fantasies about crime. A family on my block put up a huge wrought-iron gate over their front door. Well, I just couldn't live like that. I just couldn't live in a cage."

Carol Donner says, "*Everybody* used to get burglarized. The first burglary would usually occur right after you moved in, before you'd had a chance to establish a sense of security. Then, when I was president of the neighborhood association, in 1971, the area was still overrun with prostitutes. I came to be known around here as the madam of Boerum Hill, because I got to know all the prostitutes and all the police. The girls made the neighborhood impossible to live in during the summertime. They congregated on the corner of Third and Pacific and blocked traffic, and many times they attacked people. On our way home from the Boerum Hill meetings, we had to wade through this incredible Forty-second Street-type traffic.

"It was the problem with the prostitutes that led to the first really strong demand made in Boerum Hill for better police protection. But nothing happened until Mabelle Lundahl, the parish worker of the Bethlehem Lutheran Church, at Pacific and Third, where the Boerum Hill Association meets, was attacked by a prostitute. Miss Lundahl was trying to enter the





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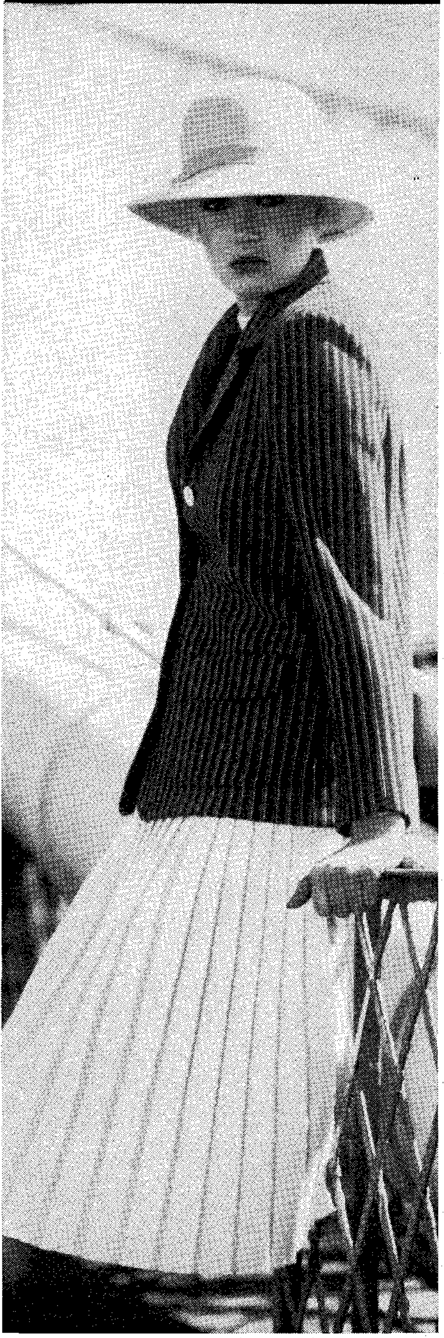

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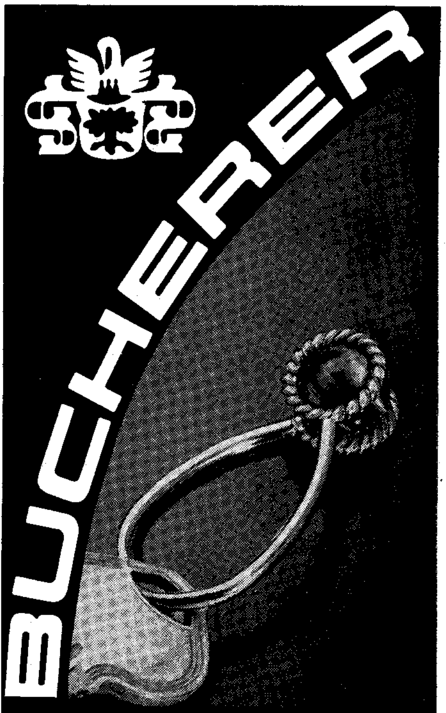
church, and the girls sitting on the stoop wouldn't let her through. When she asked them to move, one of them grabbed her and began choking her. Patricia Snyder saw from across the street what was happening and ran and tried to help Miss Lundahl. They attacked her, too, and she had to be taken to the hospital. This gave us a strong talking point with the police. They hadn't taken us seriously. They'd thought we would go away. But after the Lundahl attack they realized that we weren't going to go away. They swarmed through the neighborhood and started hauling the prostitutes off in paddy wagons. They told the girls, 'You better go somewhere else. This community is getting hot.' As it turned out, all we had managed to do was to squeeze the prostitutes off onto Park Slope, which, in turn, squeezed them off onto Prospect Park."

There was at least one other struggle to be waged before the neighborhood could be considered safe for renovation. That was the struggle against demolition. Soon after the renovators began arriving, in the late sixties, they discovered that much of the community had been designated as a demolition area by the New York City government. Most of the old brownstones were to be torn down to make way for high-rise apartment buildings and business offices. For instance, in March of 1967 the relatively few renovators then living in Boerum Hill read in the *Times:*

> Fortified by an infusion of Federal funds for building demolition, the Lindsay administration has mapped out 12 areas in the city for intensified removal of deteriorating structures in sections due for major housing and renewal improvements.... The administration considers the demolition program urgent because the rundown buildings involved, mostly vacant, are structurally unsafe and become firetraps and gathering places for neighborhood gangs, narcotics addicts and criminals.... A 100-block section [in Brooklyn] covers a portion of the borough's downtown area southwest of the Flatbush Avenue Terminal of the Long Island Rail Road.

As every renovator recognized instantly, Boerum Hill was part of this hundred-block section. And it was only after the most strenuous opposition at City Hall by the new residents that the plan was eventually abandoned.

But in 1970, while they were still resisting the city's plans for demolition, the Boerum Hill renovators got wind of the fact that the New York State Legislature was preparing an equally disastrous assault upon their neighborhood. A bill to create an Atlantic Ave-



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nue Development Authority had just been passed in the State Senate and was on its way to the Assembly for consideration. According to a report in the *Times*, the proposed Authority would exercise "exclusive control over demolition, construction, rehabilitation and transportation access in a five-mile swath across Brooklyn from New York Harbor to the Interboro Parkway." The report continued, "Among the Authority's prerogatives as originally proposed were powers to condemn any building, purchase any property, or relocate any public facility it desired in the designated area." In effect, the construction of the transportation access—a multiple-lane expressway—would require the condemnation and demolition of all structures that stood in its way, whether or not these structures were recently renovated brownstones. And although other brownstone neighborhoods in downtown Brooklyn would be somewhat affected, no other was as seriously threatened as Boerum Hill, which stood directly in the path of the planned expressway.

In what a Boerum Hill renovator has described as "the worst week of our lives," the community organized a series of protests that culminated in a march on Albany. After several busloads of residents had converged upon the state capital to lobby against the proposed authority, the bill was withdrawn in the Assembly. "From then on," one of the homeowners said later, "we realized that we couldn't just sit in our houses and renovate and worry about ceilings, fireplaces, and plasterwork. We had to worry about what was going on around us. We had to worry about the outsides of our houses. You see, one reason we were nearly wiped out by that plan in Albany is that the people who sponsored the bill had driven through our neighborhood, conducting what we call 'windshield surveys.' They had looked at our houses—and some of the houses really looked awful—and they had concluded that we were only a little better than a slum. Some of us hadn't done much along the block fronts except plant trees—and a little two-year-old tree doesn't really look like much. So we decided we'd have to get more people to beautify the exterior of their houses. And we organized all sorts of activities to weld our community together."

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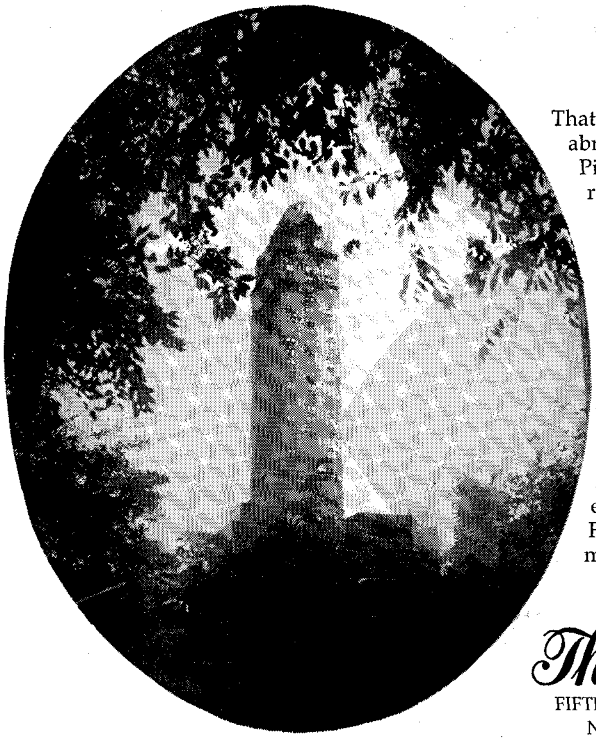

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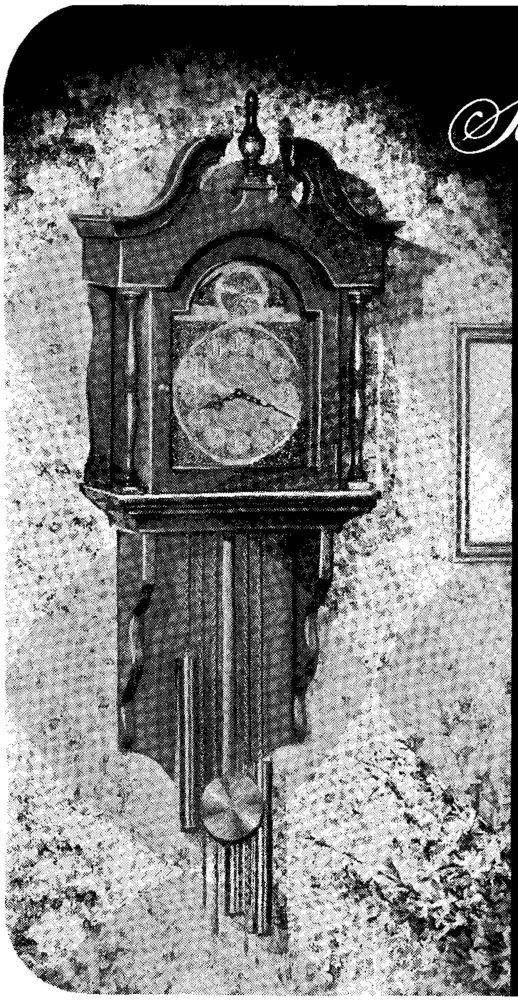

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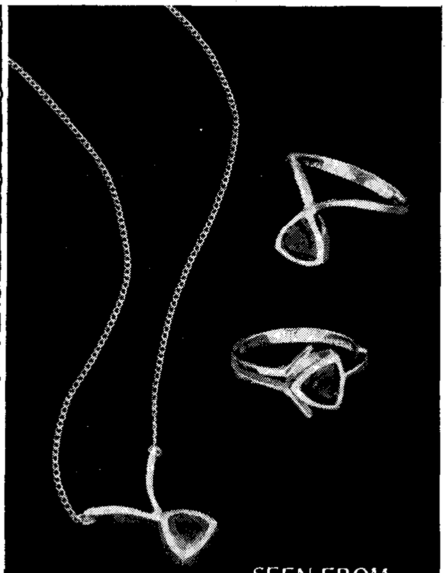
surgence was spotty. Most of it was still to be seen within a two-or-three-block walk from Miss Buckler's brownstone, on Dean Street—on those blocks which constitute the heart of the neighborhood. Nor had all the old problems been solved. Today the problems of prostitution and burglary have declined considerably; but, says a man who lives in the western section of Boerum Hill, the drug traffic is worse than ever. Still, a visitor returning to the area recently—one who had fled its blight and collapse in the nineteen-fifties, say, and had since received no news of it—would have been astonished at what the renovators had made of the old slum. More than three hundred brownstones had been bought and restored. Several hundred trees had been planted. The sidewalks were hosed and scrubbed. Garbage pickups were regular. Brick and brownstone fronts had been given bright colors. Looking up or down a block, a visitor's eyes would glide along a row of façades painted alternately red, green, white, blue, lime, pink, ochre, black-and-white, brown, cream, yellow, and purple. This carnival of bold colors did not comport with the quiet, self-assured gentility one normally associates with old brownstone neighborhoods, but, in its liveliness and display, it seemed a fitting celebration of the fresh energy and new blood that had been transfused into a once dying area.

The streets with the greatest concentration of renovated brownstones are Dean and Bergen between Nevins and Smith; Pacific and Wyckoff between Nevins and Hoyt; State between Flatbush and Smith; and the Bond and Hoyt blocks in between. Otherwise, Boerum Hill as the renovators envision it is still an unfinished community. On some blocks, no renovation at all has been done, and on others one or two freshly restored brownstones abut on dingy-looking tenements or rooming houses. A number of the houses are boarded up. Refuse and broken glass still mat some of the sidewalks. Here and there, open lots wait ominously, as though for some modern structure—like a gas station—that would be sure to incur the wrath of the Boerum Hill Association. And what a Brooklyn vest-pocket study by the City Planning Board found in 1969 is still true: "In terms of moving traffic, the community has a greater than average volume of traffic and trucks passing through the area. . . . The Bergen Street bus travels west on Bergen Street and east on Dean Street, creating heavy usage on these narrow streets. The residents of



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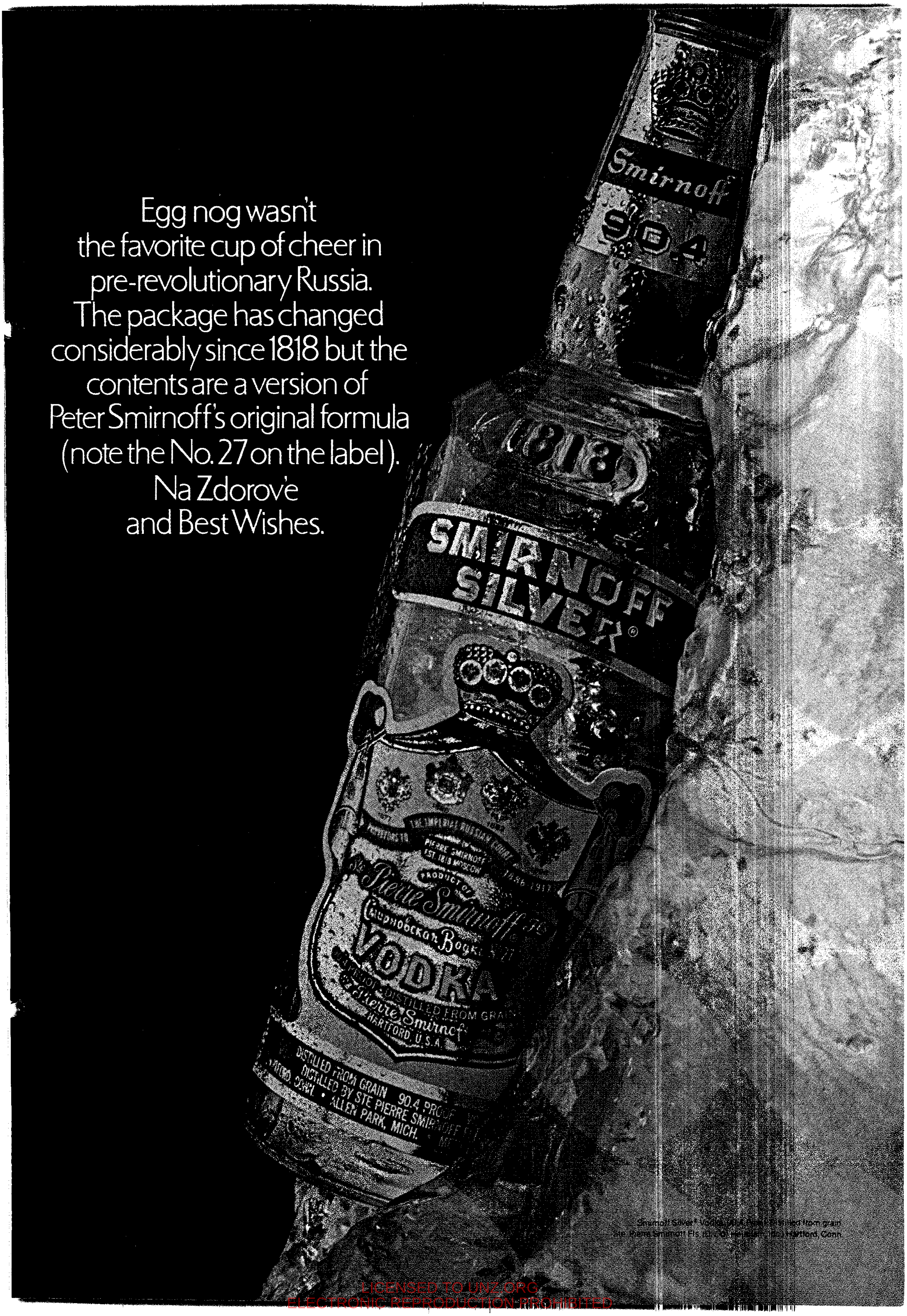

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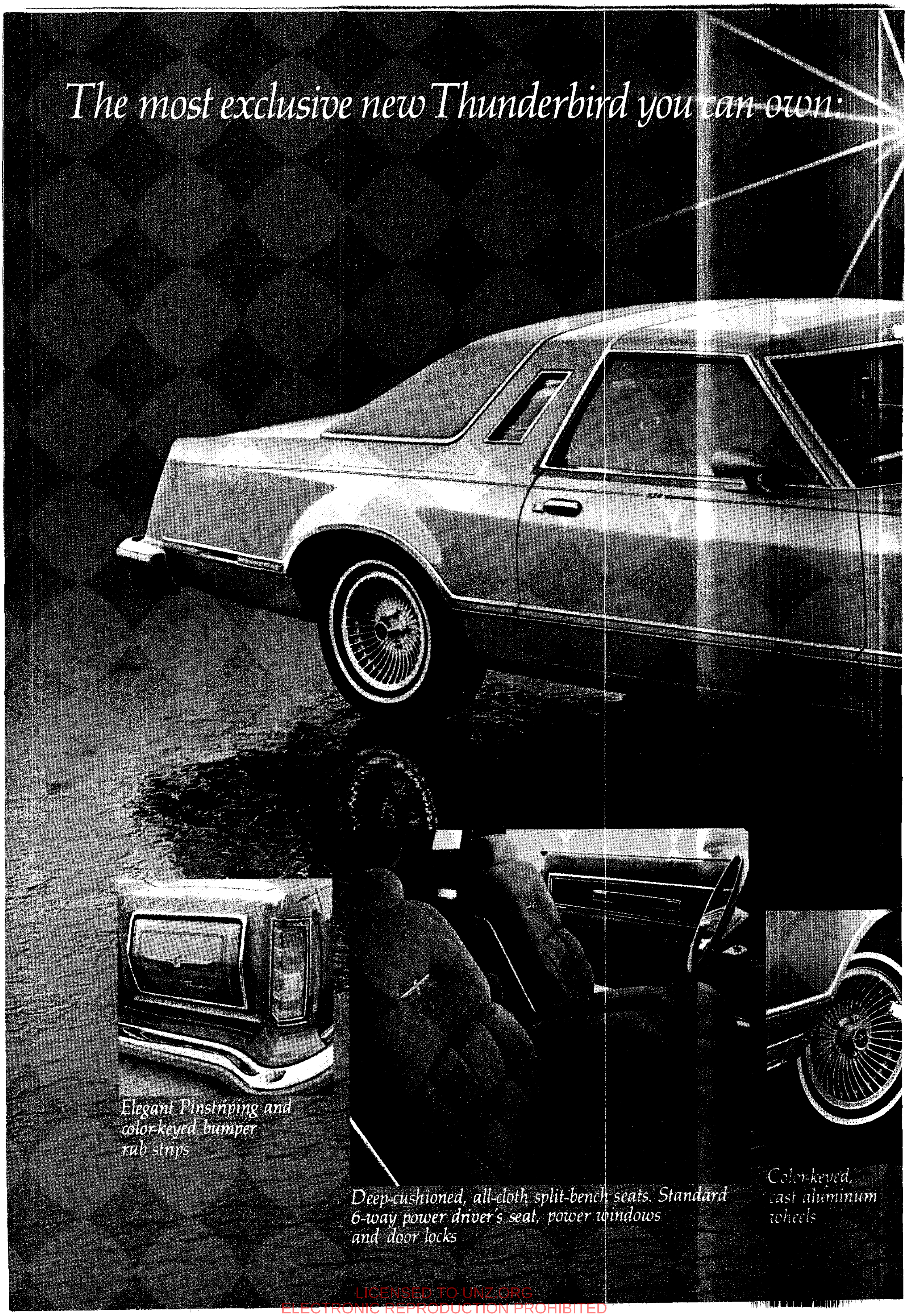
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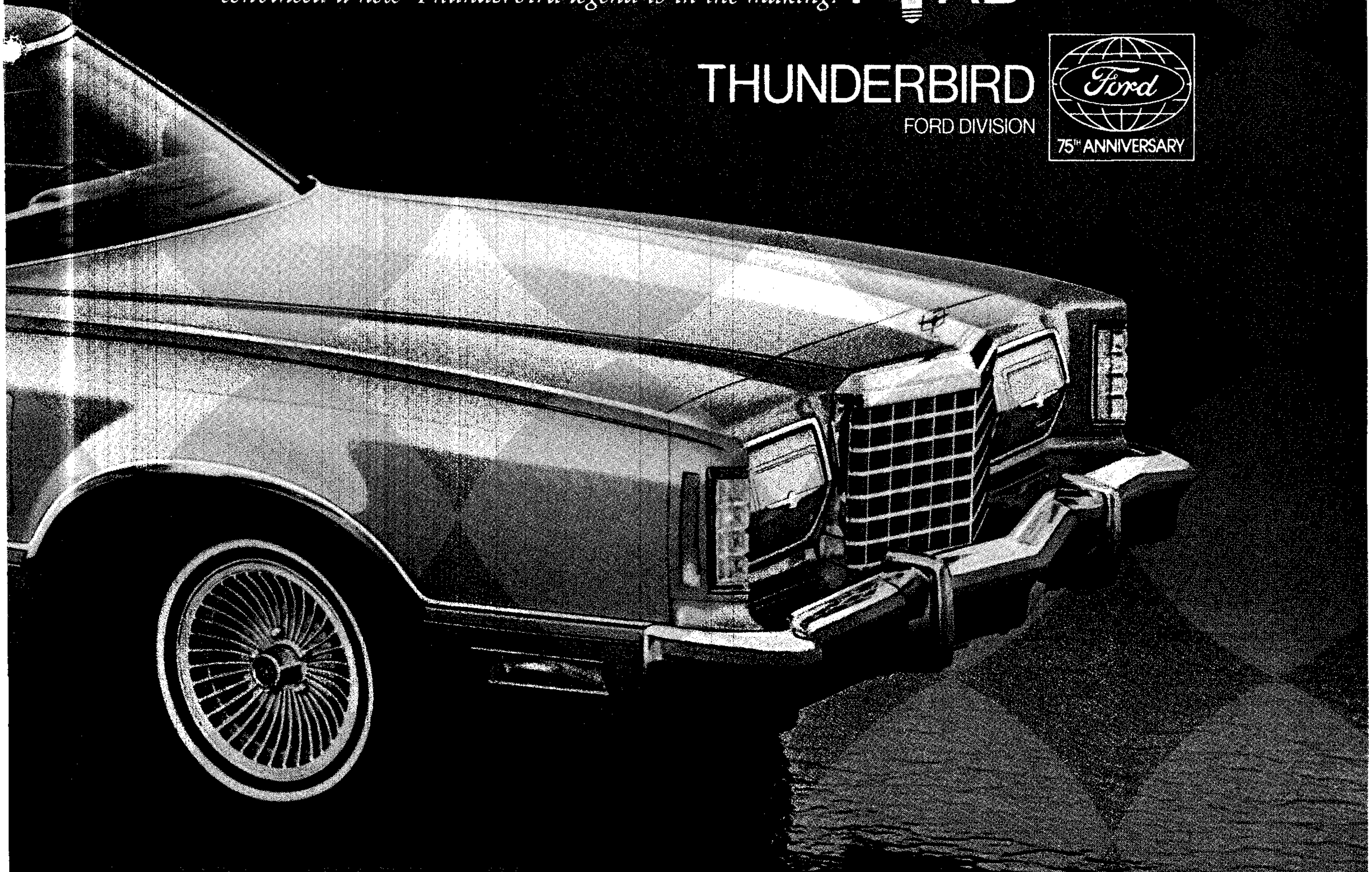

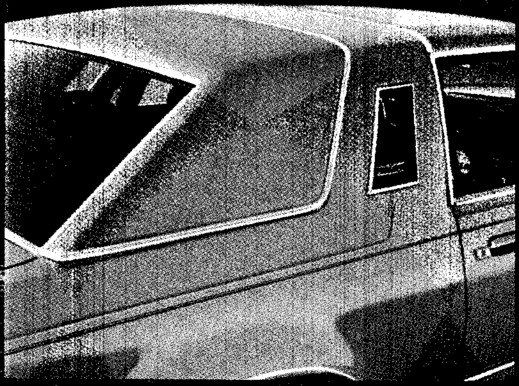
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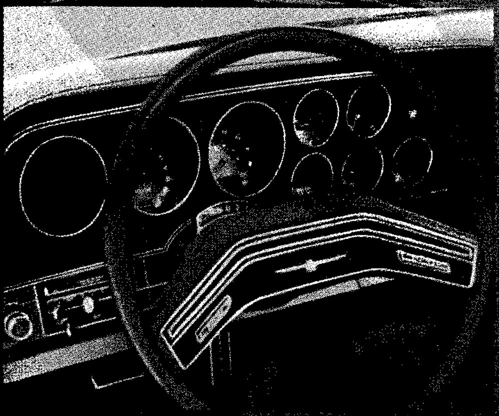
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both blocks have complained that the vibration created by the bus traffic loosens cornices and decorative moldings."

Four years ago, Boerum Hill, unlike other brownstone neighborhoods, had few of the cultural or consumer attractions usually found in middle-class communities. Despite the considerable number of artists, professionals, and sundry other intellectuals who lived in the neighborhood, there were hardly any restaurants or bookshops. A few antique shops were to be found on Atlantic Avenue, but Atlantic Avenue was not yet an attractive street for shopping. The Brooklyn Academy of Music borders on Boerum Hill and Fort Greene, but it was and still is claimed with greater pride and passion by the residents of Fort Greene. There were hardly any supermarkets, meat markets, fish markets, hand laundries, shoe-repair shops, jewellers, or dry cleaners. An artist living there said recently, "I don't know how I would have managed if I hadn't had a car. My shoemaker was over in Carroll Gardens. And I had to travel over to Cobble Hill and the Heights to do my meat and supermarket shopping." Today, many of these things are available on Atlantic Avenue. The section of the avenue that passes through Boerum Hill has been rezoned to prevent the destruction of old buildings and storefronts, and to provide for the rehabilitation of the area. And it now has art galleries, restaurants, cafés, specialty shops, food markets, bookshops, and other cultural and business conveniences. An article in a recent issue of *The Phoenix*, downtown Brooklyn's chief neighborhood newspaper, had this to say: "Whatever the individual vision, the eventual outcome, if recent trends . . . are any indication Atlantic Avenue will most certainly be ringed with the rosy hue of dreams made real." The revival of this portion of Atlantic Avenue has been one of the great achievements of the renovation movement in Boerum Hill.

The Bergen Street Trolley, at the corner of Bergen and Hoyt, is still the only saloon of any distinction in Boerum Hill—at least, in the estimation of the renovators. Originally the King's Pawn Inn, it is one of the landmarks of old North Gowanus, with a charming Victorian façade and with antique interior wood panelling and moldings. Before the new people started moving into Boerum Hill, the inn had become a hangout for junkies and prostitutes. When the renovation movement began, however, it was carefully and

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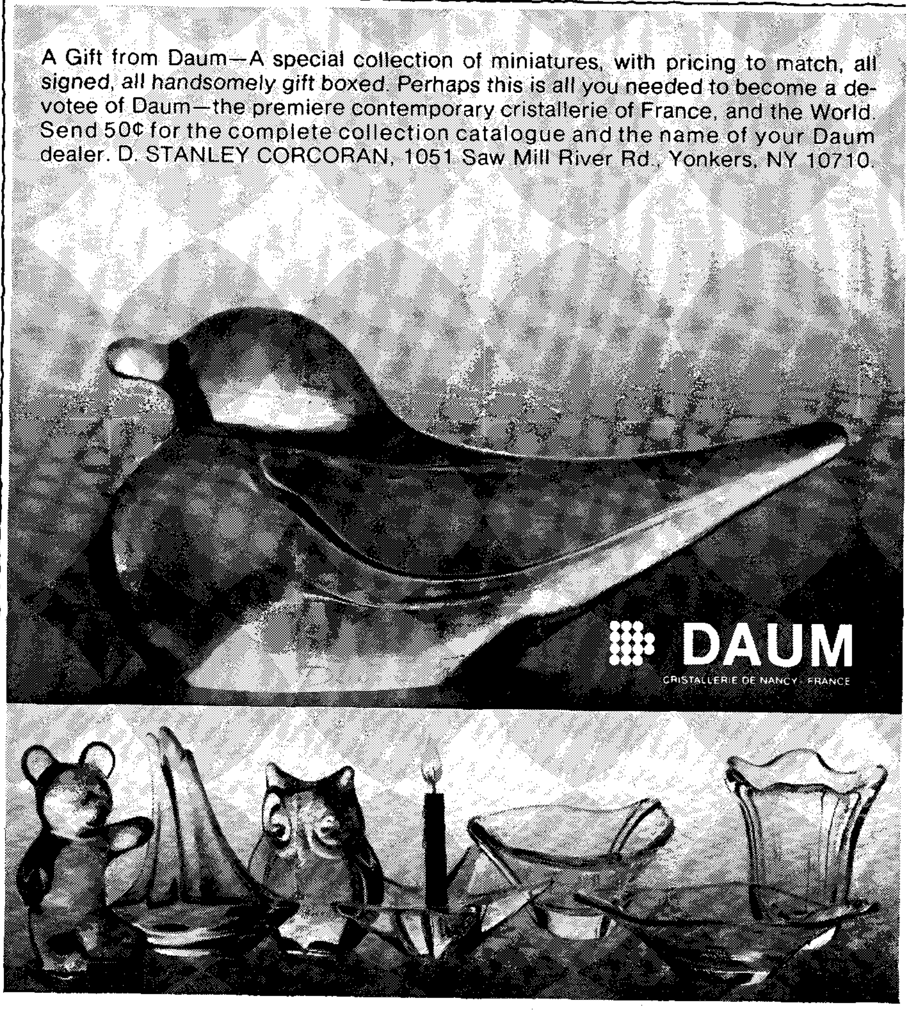

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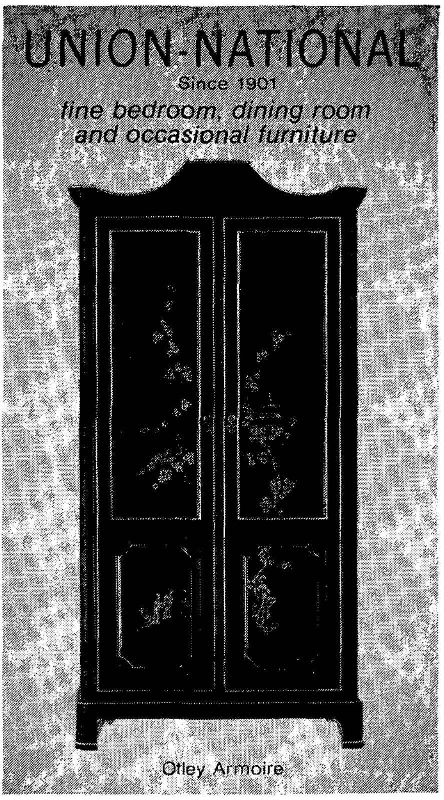
tastefully restored, under new ownership. Before the name was changed, Davis, the novelist, said, "On any given night, the talk at the King's Pawn is very good. And as the evening wears on, the talk gets progressively more clever. It is now a true neighborhood pub."

The transformation of Boerum Hill was clearly evident by 1973, but the pace of renovation had slowed. Fewer and fewer houses were being bought by outsiders. There were two reasons for this. One had to do with climbing interest rates on mortgages, and the other with the fact that it was no longer possible to buy cheap houses in Boerum Hill. Run-down structures, in need of considerable renovation, such as had sold in the early sixties for between twelve thousand and eighteen thousand dollars, could not be acquired in 1973 for less than thirty thousand. And it now took from seventy thousand to a hundred thousand dollars to obtain an already renovated brownstone, or even a well-preserved one.

Charles Michaelson, the associate editor of the New York State United Teachers' weekly newspaper, bought an unrenovated house on Bergen Street in 1970 at what he considered a bargain price. He received a delayed shock the day he moved in. "That afternoon," he recalls, "I went to a little grocery shop nearby to pick up the makings of a sandwich, and the guy who owns the store said to me, 'You bought the house down the street?' I said, 'Yes.' He said, 'What'd you pay?' Well, I like to give the appearance of being relatively open, and I told him what I'd paid, which was forty thousand dollars. He said, '*Forty thousand!* I could have bought that house last year for twenty-seven.' So here I am buying a dollar's worth of salami from this guy, and he is standing there telling me what a big jerk I am. *That* day, I didn't need it."

"There is no doubt that the brownstone-renovation movement—a term that has taken on a sort of semi-religious overtone for us—has slowed down," says Holt, who is one of Michaelson's neighbors. "The steal is over. Even a crummy shell will now go for twice as much as it did seven years ago. There used to be a risk involved when you bought a house in Boerum Hill. For instance, I've used the word 'steal,' but it wasn't even a pleasant steal when middle-income people started buying up old houses over here. Back then, it was really a high-risk venture. The people who came in here were nuts or visionaries or gamblers, or a



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combination of the three. There's no longer a risk involved. Today, it is simply a matter of counting up the dollars and cents and seeing whether you can afford to buy. The movement will continue, I'm sure, but at a much slower pace. It can't be reversed now."

BROWNSTONE renovation not only faces problems from outside but also creates its own difficulties. By far the most sensitive of these is the social friction that occurs between the incoming middle class (predominantly white) and the poorer people (predominantly black and Puerto Rican) already living there. It represents the painful social and economic contradiction that is inherent in the brownstone-revival movement. On the one hand, brownstone renovators are praised for rescuing old neighborhoods from decay; for preserving the nineteenth-century houses that symbolize New York's historical and architectural continuity; and for retaining for the city—by their decision to "unslum" and live in these neighborhoods—a middle-class tax base, without which the city would have difficulty sustaining itself. On the other hand, they are accused of displacing poor and lower-income families, and of creating what have been called "upper-middle-class enclaves" and "high-rent rarities."

The charge is a serious one, and many renovators are troubled by it. For one thing, it is estimated that renovation in Boerum Hill replaced low-income residents in a ratio of three to eight; that is, eight low-income tenants were displaced for every three renovators who moved in, the reason being that a renovator tends to occupy a large portion of the house he or she has restored, and to accept only a very few tenants in the space remaining. According to Davis, the thirty brownstones on his block housed about six hundred and thirty-five people in 1960. Today, he claims, there are about a hundred people living in them. "I would say that about six thousand people have been displaced in Boerum Hill since the renovation movement started over here, and another six thousand could go in the next ten years," he says. One result is that the remaining low-income residents now resent the renovators as a group of rich newcomers—or "foreigners"—who have come into the neighborhood to push them out and take over.

It should be said that most renovators in Boerum Hill—unlike brownstoners in some other neighborhoods—not only are troubled by the effect their

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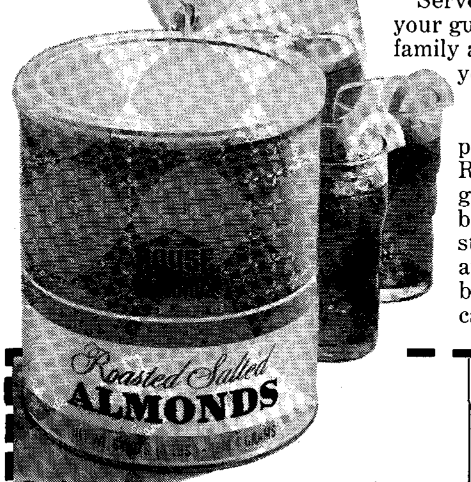

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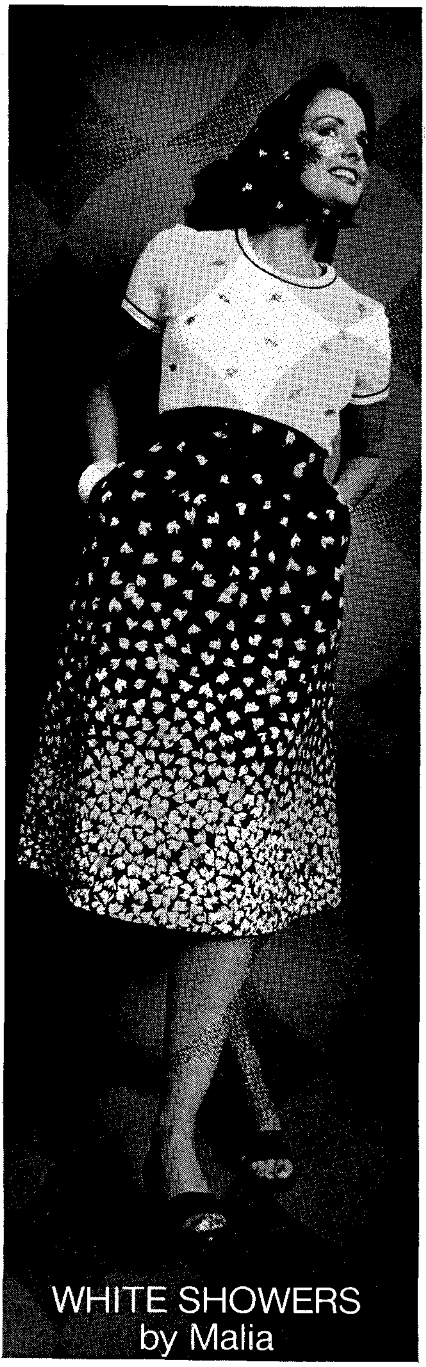

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arrival has had upon the low-income residents but also do not really wish to see Boerum Hill become an exclusively middle-class enclave. Listening to some of them, one forms the impression that in no residential neighborhood in downtown Brooklyn is there a stronger desire to retain ethnic and economic diversity. "This thing about renovating an old house sounds very esoteric," Patricia Snyder says. "But it often goes together with a commitment to living in an area that is mixed in every way. It takes a certain kind of person to enjoy that. And these, for the most part, are the people who are in Boerum Hill. We have much more diversity than Cobble Hill or Brooklyn Heights. Everybody shouldn't be the same, with two-point-four children and an income of *x* dollars."

L. J. Davis: "I myself don't need to live around people who all look like me. If I wanted to do that, I would not have come to New York City. I would have stayed in Boise, Idaho, where everybody looks just like me. There is no question, however, that renovation has hurt the poor over here. This neighborhood has tipped in the direction of the middle class—and that includes a few black and Puerto Rican renovators. It is not going to tip back toward the working class and the poor. I think now that we should have linked renovation to a serious effort to fight for housing for the poor. They didn't want to leave this neighborhood. They had lived here for years. All their friends were here. And all of a sudden they were told, in effect, that they were going to have to fish or cut bait. I don't think that most renovators were deliberately callous or were smug and evil. Some of them are my friends. They are white and black. They are decent, upstanding people. But they displayed a consistent indifference to the consequences of their actions. I believe that all of us will have to be more responsive to the consequences of having turned this area into a renovated district."

But the person in Boerum Hill who speaks the most eloquently about the social and aesthetic conflicts inherent in the brownstone-renovation movement is Mary Jane Melish, the wife of the Reverend William Howard Melish. She and her husband have been living in Boerum Hill since 1964, when they moved there because it was close to her work at a youth center on Atlantic Avenue. Mr. Melish, who is now rector of Grace Episcopal Church in Corona, was then working for the Southern Conference Educational

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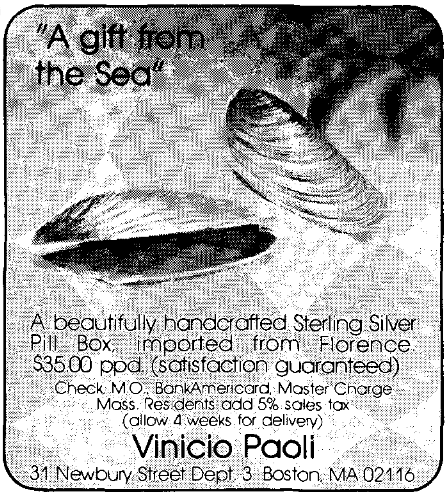

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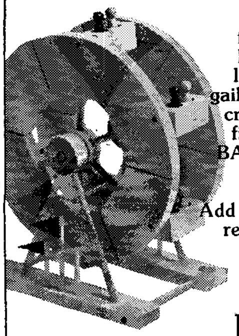

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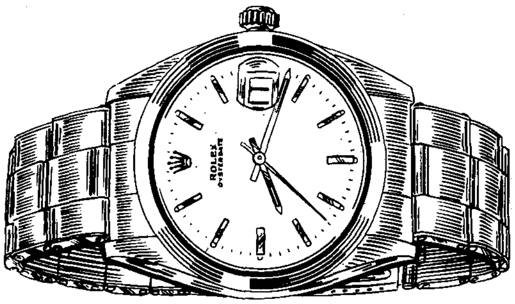
Fund and—when he was not travelling—did his work at home. Mrs. Melish grew up in Cincinnati, is a graduate of Wellesley, and was the director of the youth center for twenty-five years. She is a short, somewhat plump woman in her sixties, with a rosy complexion, a friendly smile, and a serene expression. She is also coolly and incisively articulate—a tough opponent, one would guess, on any issue she defends. In her brownstone, on Dean Street, one Sunday morning some time ago, she delivered an indictment of Boerum Hill renovators such as is seldom heard elsewhere in the community, except among the low-income population.

"I think everyone would agree that the preservation of the houses in Boerum Hill and the refurbishing of the neighborhood have been good things," Mrs. Melish said. "The neighborhood has become very attractive, and everybody is a part of that. But the attitude of some of the renovators toward the poorer people—those who still live in the run-down apartments or over storefronts—is very negative. The renovators are resented by these people, who feel that the community belongs to them as much as it belongs to the newcomers. They don't like being looked down upon, they don't like being excluded, and they don't like being pushed out. Many of the young people who have come into the community have found much satisfaction in being neighbors with the people who were living here before. They are the ones who are more fascinated by people than by houses. I myself—I like houses and good architecture, but I believe that houses are things to be used. They are not museums. And it seems to me that to a lot of the renovators houses come first and people come later. I identify with all the different ethnic and economic groups in Boerum Hill as well as with those renovators who are interested in living together with them and sharing their lives. But I have no sympathy with people who want to come here and keep it a strictly middle-class neighborhood. I think there's so much richness in our variety, so much we can learn from one another. I'm not saying there's anything undesirable about a renovation movement. But I think a renovation movement can beautify a neighborhood and still not succeed in beautifying the spirit of a neighborhood. That has happened in a lot of other places, especially some near here. And I would not like to see that happen in Boerum Hill. It is one thing to increase the value of real es-



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tate, but I don't believe that that is anything great in itself."

In November of 1973, some seven years after Robert Snyder first appeared before the New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission, a six-block area at the center of Boerum Hill—together with several houses on State Street—was designated a historic district. The Commission cited the area as "a pleasant residential neighborhood of low building heights, uniform rooflines, and continuous iron railings at street level." It was a recognition that put the final seal on the community's struggle for a respectability similar to that enjoyed by Park Slope, Cobble Hill, and Brooklyn Heights—which had been designated historic districts much earlier.

In February of 1974, when the designation was approved by the New York City Board of Estimate—a mere formality—the Boerum Hill Association rejoiced. Holt, who was then the president, and Heloise Gruneberg, the recording secretary, passed the news around, using phrases like "at long last." Snyder, who had carried the neighborhood's fight in the early days, welcomed the news as "a good thing." But, remaining true to his practical and low-key style, he expressed regret that the designation had been so slow in coming. "It did not come when we needed it most," he said. "We needed it to stop the city and the speculators from tearing down the old brownstones. If we had sat around waiting for landmarks designation, the neighborhood would have been torn down a long time ago." His wife was merely relieved. "When we first came here, it was like starting a rumor that Boerum Hill existed," Patricia Snyder said. "But we kept working at it. And now Boerum Hill is not a rumor anymore. It exists."

—Jervis Anderson

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—*Rockford (Ill.) Register-Republic.*

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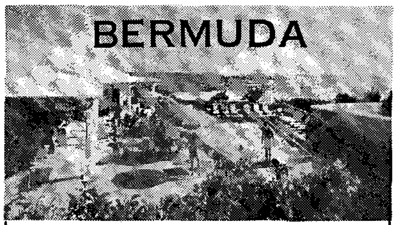

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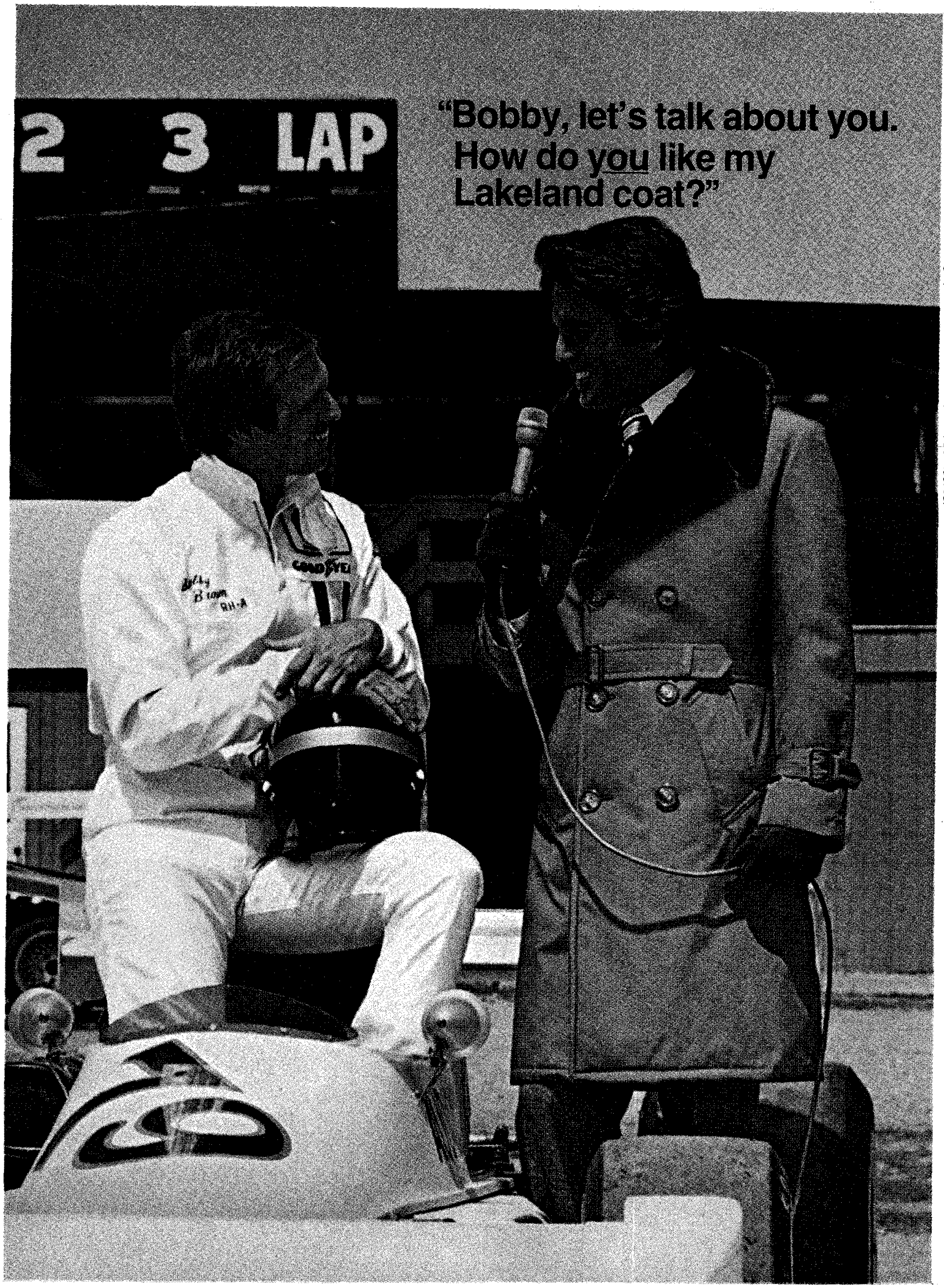
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FOOTBALL

The View from the End Zone

IT is the time of year when, if there is nothing better to do as the final few weeks of the season show up on the annual calendar, there is cast abroad a large supply of deep-think about what is known as "the role of the spoiler." The putative spoiler is always a David who, having lost whatever standing he may have acquired in whatever league he has been sequestered, comes to life and to the fore by upending the Goliath at the top of the ratings. This past week, perusers of the Ivy League pondered the possibility that Princeton, meeting Yale for the hundredth time in the past hundred and four years, would pull its old friend down from the top perch in the League—a perch occupied jointly with Dartmouth. The speculation was predicated, naturally, on Princeton's upsetting, a while back, of Harvard, then on an upbeat of its dizzying manic-depressive career this fall. No one, it appeared, was bothering to wonder whether Brown, now on an upward zoom in its own manic-depressive career, might remove, by *force majeure*, Dartmouth from *its* half of the top seat in the League. In the event, of course, what Princeton had to offer in both offense and defense was so easily absorbed by Yale that it seemed like nearly nothing—Yale 44, Princeton 8. In the event, too, Brown, coming doggedly from behind, nipped Dartmouth six seconds before the afternoon ended. A field goal by Chapa broke a tie and made Brown a 13–10 winner. A tie, as it happens, would have put Dartmouth behind the triumphant Yale anyway; the defeat merely compounded the disappointment. On more than one count, it was a cloudy weekend up at Dartmouth: Nadherny, its efficacious catcher of passes, had hurt a leg a while before so badly that he had had to call it a season, and Crouthamel, who had done a very good job of succeeding Blackman as head coach at Dartmouth a few years back, had rather unexpectedly announced his retirement. Dartmouth finishes its fall out of town, and for Crouthamel, who began his career long ago as one of Blackman's finest running backs when Blackman himself was

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in charge of the team, it was a distinctly low-key finish to his career on his—so to speak—home grounds. The next round of autumnal speculation may center on whether Bowes, who has turned in such a workmanlike job since, some years past, he became head coach for New Hampshire, will be persuaded to move up from his lesser—but wholly capable—league, the Yankee Conference, into Crouthamel's vacated domicile. This commentator, like several other concerned bystanders, would regret Bowes' departure from the bouncy set of players he now holds under his benign thumb.

Yale, down at Palmer Stadium on Saturday last, took rapid and complete advantage of Princeton difficulties: for one, its fondness for fumbling the ball at inopportune junctures; for another, the world-weariness of its once-cohesive defensive line; for another, its occasional slowness afoot. The nonchalance with which Pagliaro, who had a great day for himself before he retired in favor of lesser performers in need of a good workout, outran all Princeton defenders in his fifty-four-yard lope for a touchdown was proof enough of the third deficiency. Rizzo, the Yalie quarterback, had himself an equally great day before a foursome of lesser quarterbacks got their chances at a workout. Schwartz, whose place kicks were assisted by a favoring gale, launched a Yale field goal whenever the offense faltered even momentarily. And so it went. A Yale spokesman—yes, Yale is properly equipped in all departments—said that every Yalie in uniform that day had at least a brief go at Princeton.

It had been expected that Harvard, which in the end also fielded every man on the squad, would have a troublesome afternoon with Pennsylvania on Saturday, for Pennsylvania has been a most successful gainer of ground this year; but none of the predicters could have known that, for just about the first time this season, the Old Guard of the Harvard defensive line—such as Kaye and Kaseta and Baggott and Savage—would be at full flow, and that thereby Pennsylvania's running game would be considerably diminished. They could not have known, either, that Harvard's set of private prognosticators had discovered what they deemed Pennsylvania's softnesses: that the option maneuver out of its wishbone, so well commanded by Roland, the Pennsylvania quarterback, lacks the services of a first-rate tailback to add dangerous variety to the option; and that, again in Harvard opinion, Pennsylvania's sec-

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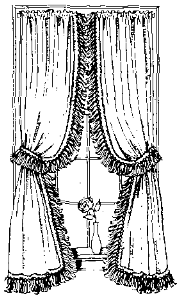

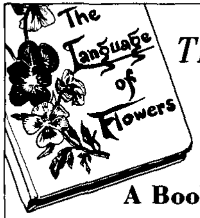

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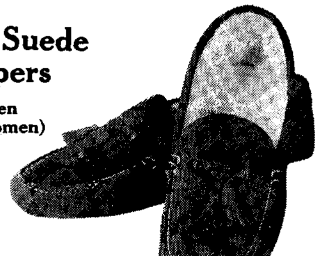

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ondary is not the finest in the Ivy League. Pennsylvania, though it did indeed take the lead early on, thenceforward fell slowly astern, and Brown, the Harvard quarterback, up from last year's oblivion, effected three hundred and forty-nine yards' worth of passing and twenty-six more of scrambling. No Harvard had ever before done quite that well. Two of Brown's longest throws went to Curry, who each time returned the compliment paid him by racking up a touchdown. In the end, it was Harvard 34, Pennsylvania 15. Roland, gallant in defeat, showed how well he manages the option by deciding, in the midst of one tangled situation, to keep the ball himself; he moved it sixty-three yards, to the Harvard two, before he could be cornered.

At the other end of Ivy League territory, and at the other end of the Ivy League spectrum (Cornell having failed seven times in seven attempts at collaring a football match), Cornell put away, at 20–7, a Columbia not much farther up the League totem pole. This was the first triumph for Blackman (Crouthamel's Blackman—that's right) since his return to the Ivy League this year. Blackman has been learning what earlier students of the situation at Cornell had learned in their coaching days there: Cornell's collection of skilled performers takes a long time to jell.

The sole disappointment in Colgate's current career, which again took its normal course last Saturday (Colgate 49, Bucknell 17), is that its offense is so coördinated that Andrewlavage, its supernal punter and producer of field goals, has lately had almost no opportunities at all to produce one more field goal before he graduates from Colgate after season's end. Saturday, he had to be satisfied with booting seven conversions—one after each Colgate touchdown. One of his confreres tells this chronicler to look for Andrewlavage in the professional ranks next fall, and that can hardly be astonishing news. —J. W. L.

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A three-month investigation by the county District Attorney, William Attorney, William county detectives and the county detectives and the Attorney, William county detectives and the Attorney, William lamb, county detectives and the Attorney, William Attorney, William county detectives and the county detectives and the Attorney, William county detectives and the each of the which considered a second degree misdemeanor.

—*Ardmore (Pa.) Main Line Times.*

Anyway, there was a consensus.

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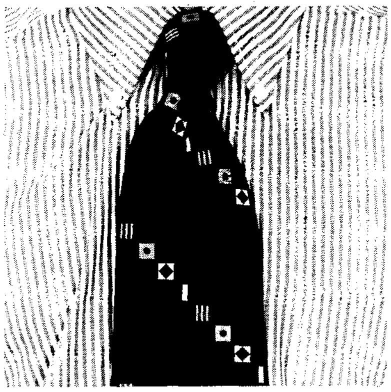

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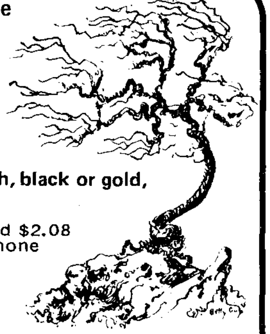

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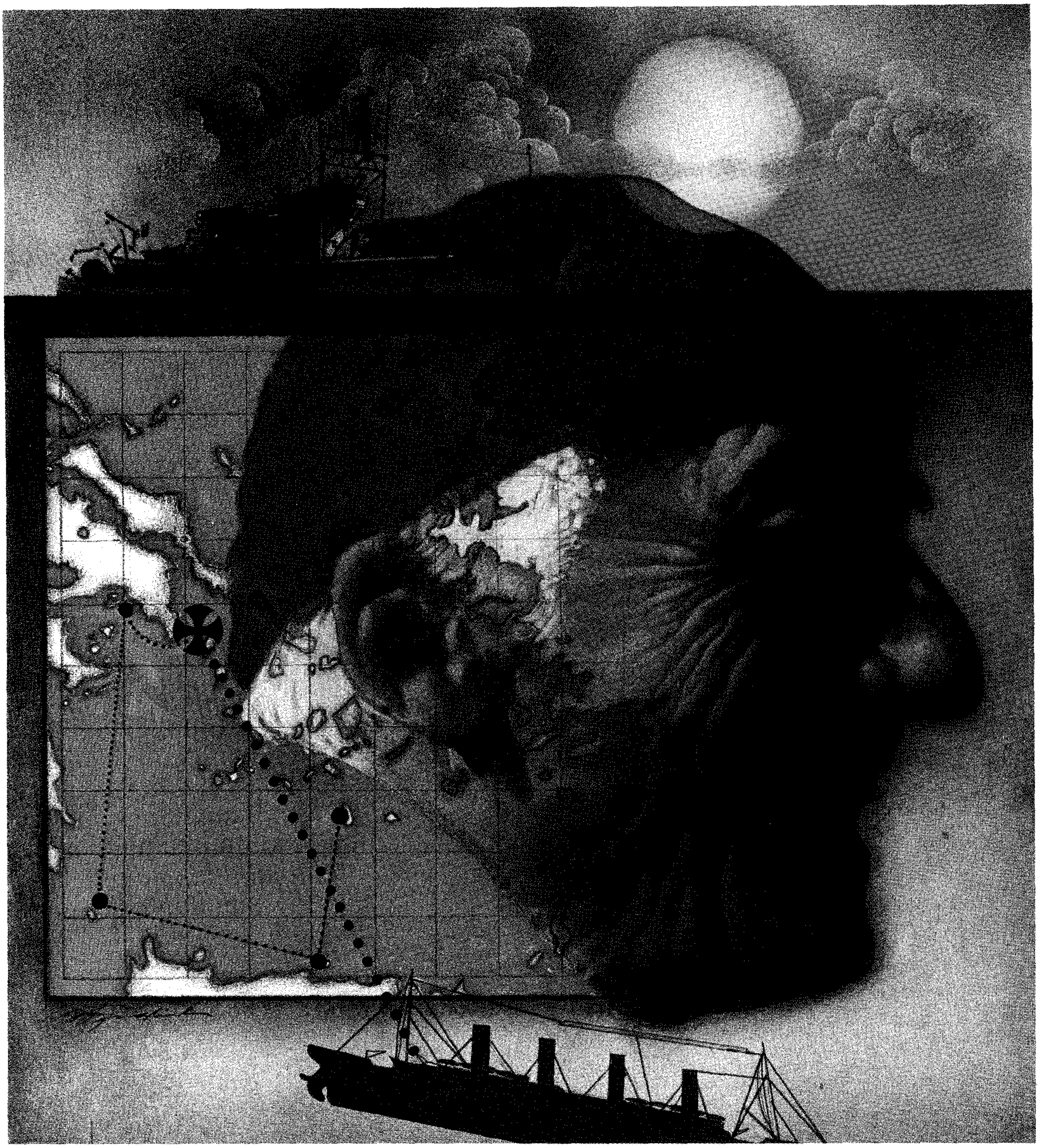

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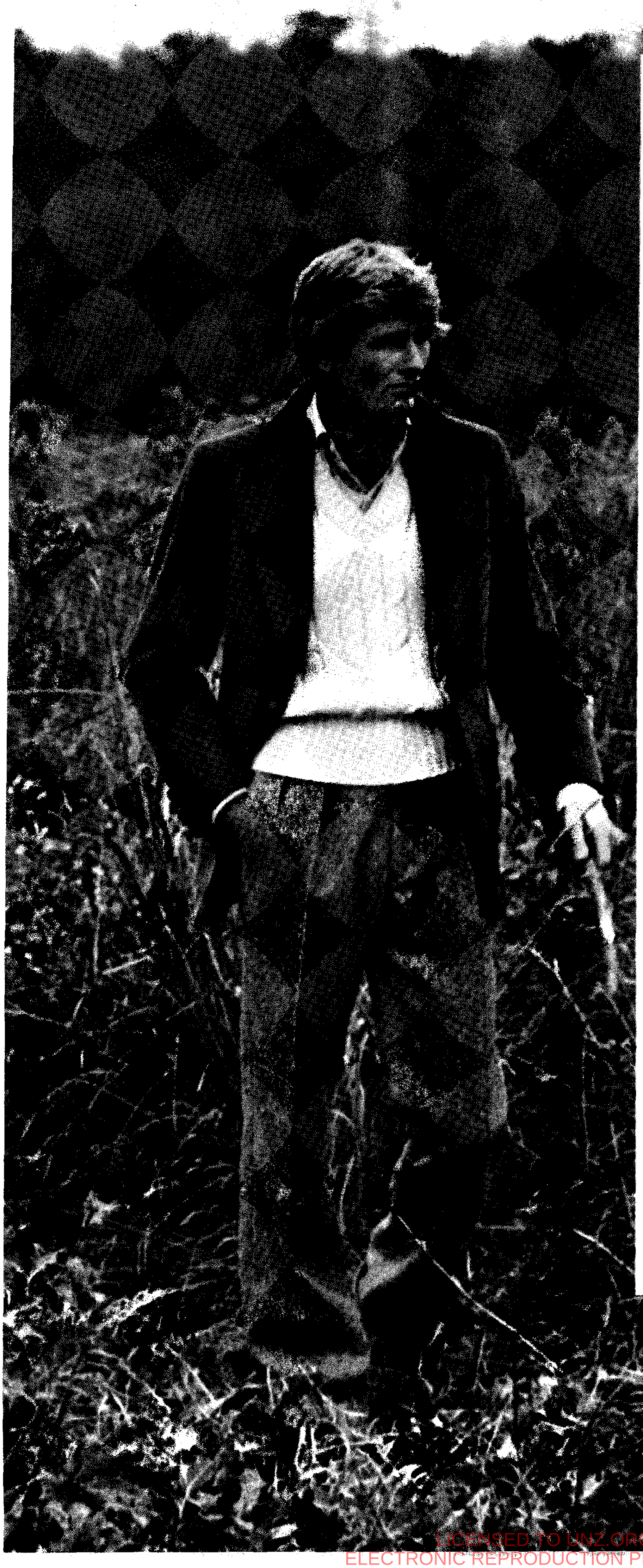

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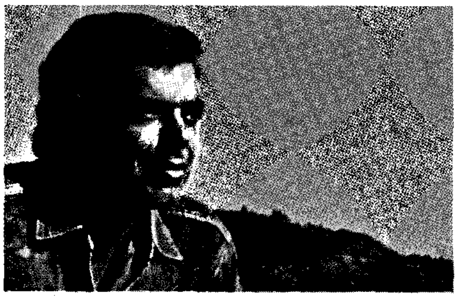

CHAPS
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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

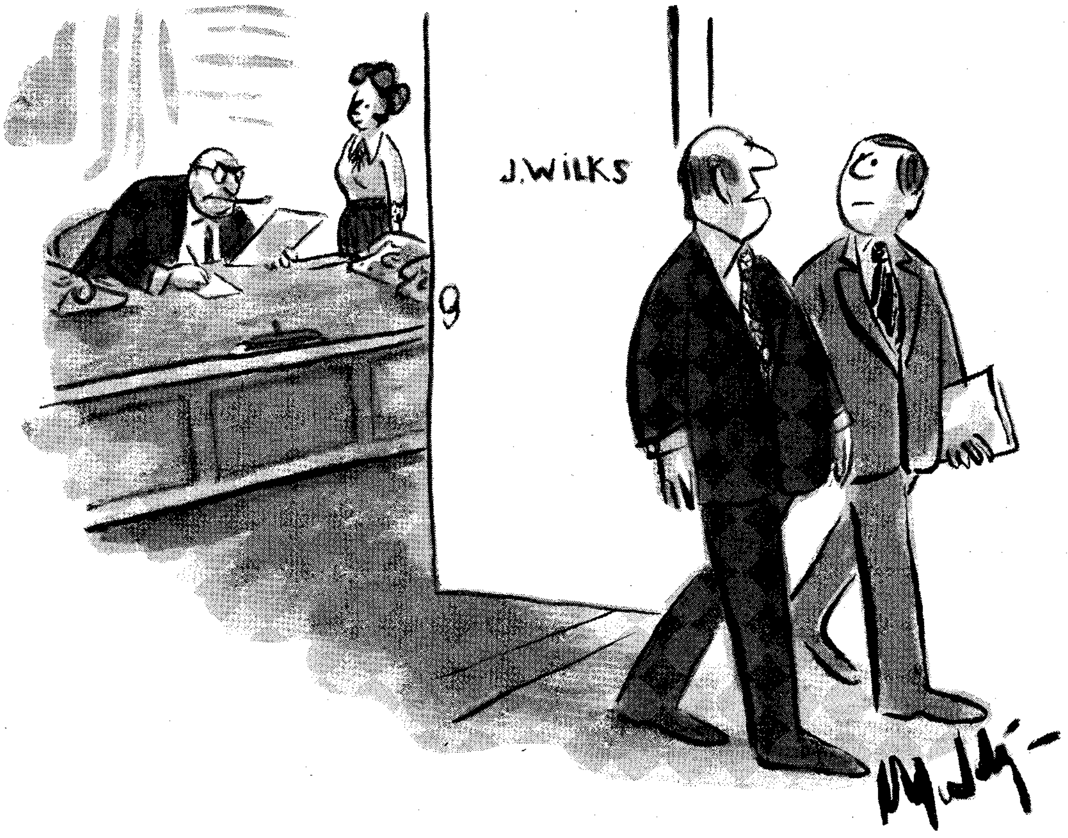
FEMININE FASHIONS

BRITAIN—II

“DISTANCE lends enchantment to the view,” a cliché beloved of Victorians contemplating nature from a cozy vantage point near the picnic basket, is a precept as fundamental to the history of modern fashion as to that of art and design. Ideas from other countries strike fashion-minded people with greater force than ideas that are indigenous. (Temporal distance—the nostalgic rediscovery of long-despised styles—has played a key part in modern fashion, too.) Among both amateur and professional exponents, fashion communicates itself rapidly and on a thoroughly international plane. For people who care enough about dress to generate, or to be the first of their friends to adopt, a new idea—a small group indeed, perhaps numbering in the hundreds in each of a few cosmopolitan cities in the world—magpie gleanings from abroad must rank especially high. Members of this community travel freely to different points of their own distinct universe, breathing a common air, sensing and exchanging enthusiasms for novelty or rejections of whatever seems passé. They might at any time be struck by the way French girls fix their hair, English schoolboys carry their homework, New York housepainters dress, or California ballplayers wear their caps. They carry back their scraps of alien quaintness to be admired and absorbed at home and often sent winging out again, as full-blown international fashion, to the country they came from in the first place.

At a broader fashion level, a rung below the trend-setters, people are drawn to the styles of alien countries not for their exhilarating novelty but out of an unconscious feeling of familiarity and because the styles have a vaguely sympathetic “mood.” At street level, the most potent expression of this form of fashion internationalism goes on and on being denim. Throughout the world, the young and their allies are drawn hypnotically to denim’s code of hope and solidarity—to an undefined vision of the energetic and fraternal Americanness inherent in them all. London is full of locals and Continental tourists who sport the pants, shoes, and shirts of blue-collar America or sweatshirts that spell out “Cornell,” “Dodgers,” or “Alcatraz.” And at a slightly more self-conscious fashion level the bluejean idea of Americanness is often combined these days with a top half involving tweedy, landed-gentry haberdashery and summing up the idea of Englishness. The great appeal of these common international ideas is that they have a fuzzily romantic socio-historical aura and that, although they sometimes overlap with fashion, they are primarily practical, neutral clothing. Englishness or Americanness is as accessible to the French, the Italians, or the Japanese as it is to the fashion designers or the inhabitants of its country of origin. Fashionable British young people approach the idea of generalized and international Englishness with almost as much detachment as if it had grown out of some country other than their own, which in a way it has. This Englishness is once removed from the modern, postwar Britain they grew up in. It is a confident, insular, countrified style filtered down through nostalgic films, television programs, and advertisements. It is only one of the styles that British fashion designers work in, and it is not necessarily their most colloquial or their most authentic. They examine Englishness partly in response to foreign enthusiasm for it. Just as the French or the Italians give anglophilia their particular signature, the British regard it in their own way, with an attitude that is inevitably tinged with irony. Sometimes fashionable young British people see Englishness as a purely foreign idea and prefer to buy it in a French or Italian version.

In London, there is no clearer demonstration of the way fashionable design ideas and fashion-minded people bat about the world than the development of the Covent Garden area. Like the old Paris market Les Halles, the flower, fruit, and vegetable market of London has now moved to a more logical site on the city’s outskirts, leaving behind an ancient neighborhood with interesting spaces, and these are being filled by newcomers concerned



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with the arts, crafts, and design. The streets are steeped in a uniquely British past, with memories of greasepaint, applause, and bouquets from centuries of opera, ballet, and theatre. Thomas De Quincey once lived there, and so did Henry Fielding. But this past is appreciated by new residents with a self-consciousness that is more like the response of experienced international tourists than the careless affection (or even indifference) with which the British habitually regard their surroundings and the evidence of the nation's past. Like the conversations in any fashionable restaurant in London, the new Covent Garden is full of international echoes, and references to Paris, California, and New York. Lynne Franks and her designer husband, Paul Howie, run a shop in the area's Long Acre stocked with the designs of a select group of young compatriots. The tone of the shop seems to be shifting from a slightly campy razzle-dazzle, inspired by nineteen-fifties America, to a scrutiny—high-principled, and as minute as any lepidopterist's—of the idea of Englishness. But the Aran sweaters, the gaiters and hand-lasted walking shoes, the purses shaped like fishing creels or game bags are displayed within a décor whose industrial-functional style is redolent of the new Paris boutiques around Les Halles and also of the new Beaubourg art center that was built near that market's old site. Pat Gibb runs a boutique in nearby Floral Street with a stock of one-of-a-kind British designs that have more consistent delicacy and drama than anything else in town. She is also the proprietor of a ballet school and of The Sanctuary—a women's health club, housed in what was formerly a banana warehouse. As well as the predictable gymnasium, swimming pool, and health-food bar, this establishment has an astonishing indoor lake, dotted with water lilies and crossed by a winding wooden causeway, where the visitor half expects a file of native bearers to pad by in the wake of some exploratory expedition. A canopy of jungle plants is brightened by the splash of orchids, and echoes to the squawk of parrots. Outside London and what Pat Gibb cheerfully characterizes as her "dreamworld," the impulse to carry through such a fanciful project dedicated to the perfection of the body could exist only in California. And a newly opened restaurant called Friends, in the neighborhood's Wellington Street, has the international rock star Elton John for a backer; a stylized, California-springtime décor of latticework, greenery, and kitschy knickknacks; and a

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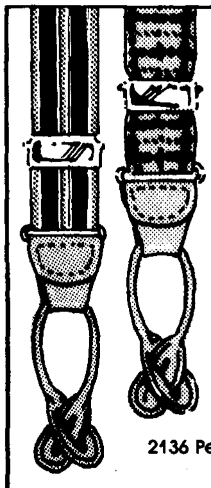

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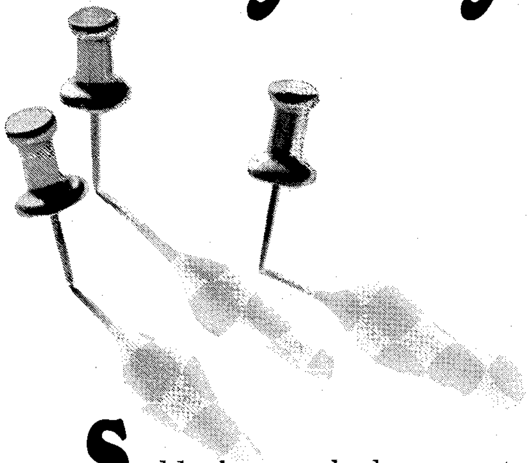

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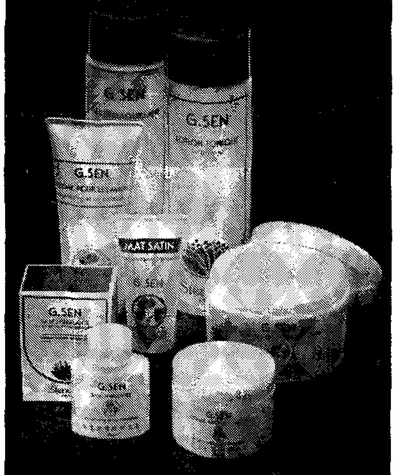

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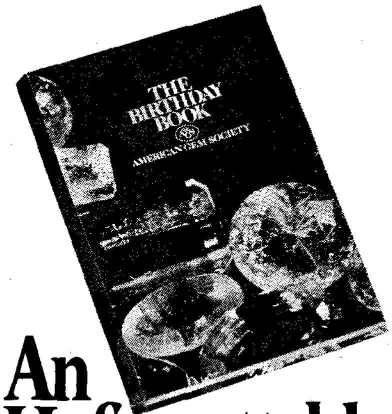
IN the form of fashion that communicates itself on a private or an only incidentally professional level—the germ of fashion, at its most volatile and its most compelling—the British are masterly. It is because many fashionable Londoners have antennae finely attuned to the vibrations and crosscurrents of trend in all its guises that individual British designers often succeed in capturing it so joyously and with such authority. But today's international fashion is not limited merely to the free flow of private ideas and personal impulses. It is also a public marketplace, involving large-scale importing and exporting and the professionalized communication known as promotion. In selling and in promoting its products abroad, the British fashion industry as a whole believes that it has made errors and omissions, and it is endeavoring to correct them.

Although, in their attempts to stay ahead, exclusive fashion shops throughout the world are likely to have scouts reporting back from Europe all year round, the greatest share of buying and selling goes on at semiannual showings. These send store buyers and fashion journalists zipping from America, Japan, and all corners of Europe to Rome, Florence, Milan, Paris, and London. A shifting emphasis—which city is up or down at the moment—leads participants to skip some stops and stay longer at others, but for the present the order of the round seems to be firmly fixed. (Americans have to visit showings in New York, as well.) The form that the different countries adopt to ply their wares varies. France, with an instinct for centralization which dates back at least to Louis XIV and Napoleon, has an efficient modern exhibition center at the Porte de Versailles, with the capacity for showing all its native talents, should they wish it, beneath a single roof. Increasingly, though, Paris ready-to-wear designers show their collections, on models, at "interesting" spots scattered all over town, and with a frequently raucous theatricality. The French have picked up the trick of dramatic fashion shows from the New York designers, who have never had a centralized showcase.

London has bumbled into a system all its own. Only a few British designers are rich enough to stage fashion shows. (Among these are John Bates,



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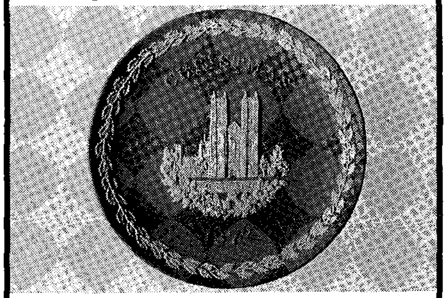

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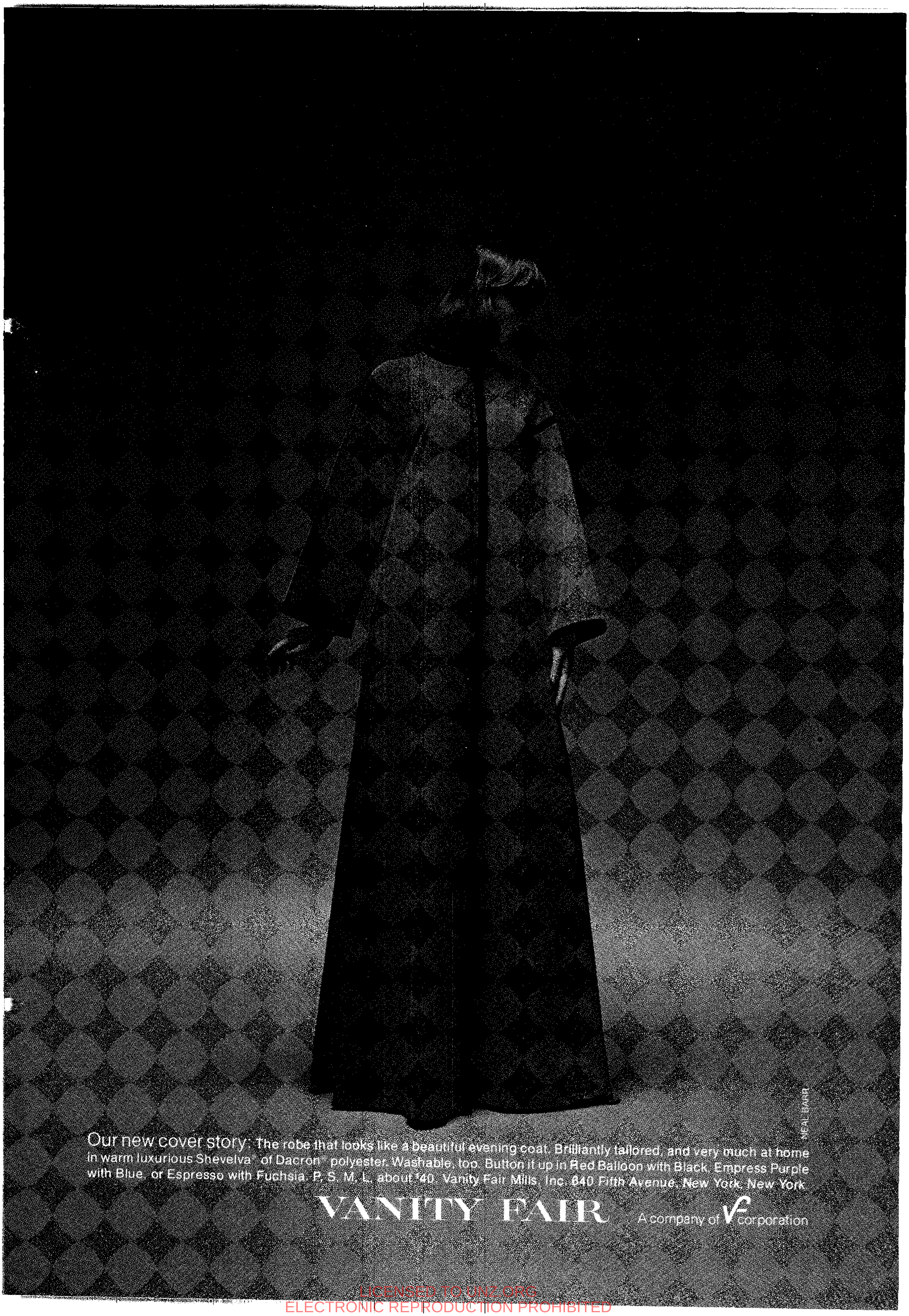

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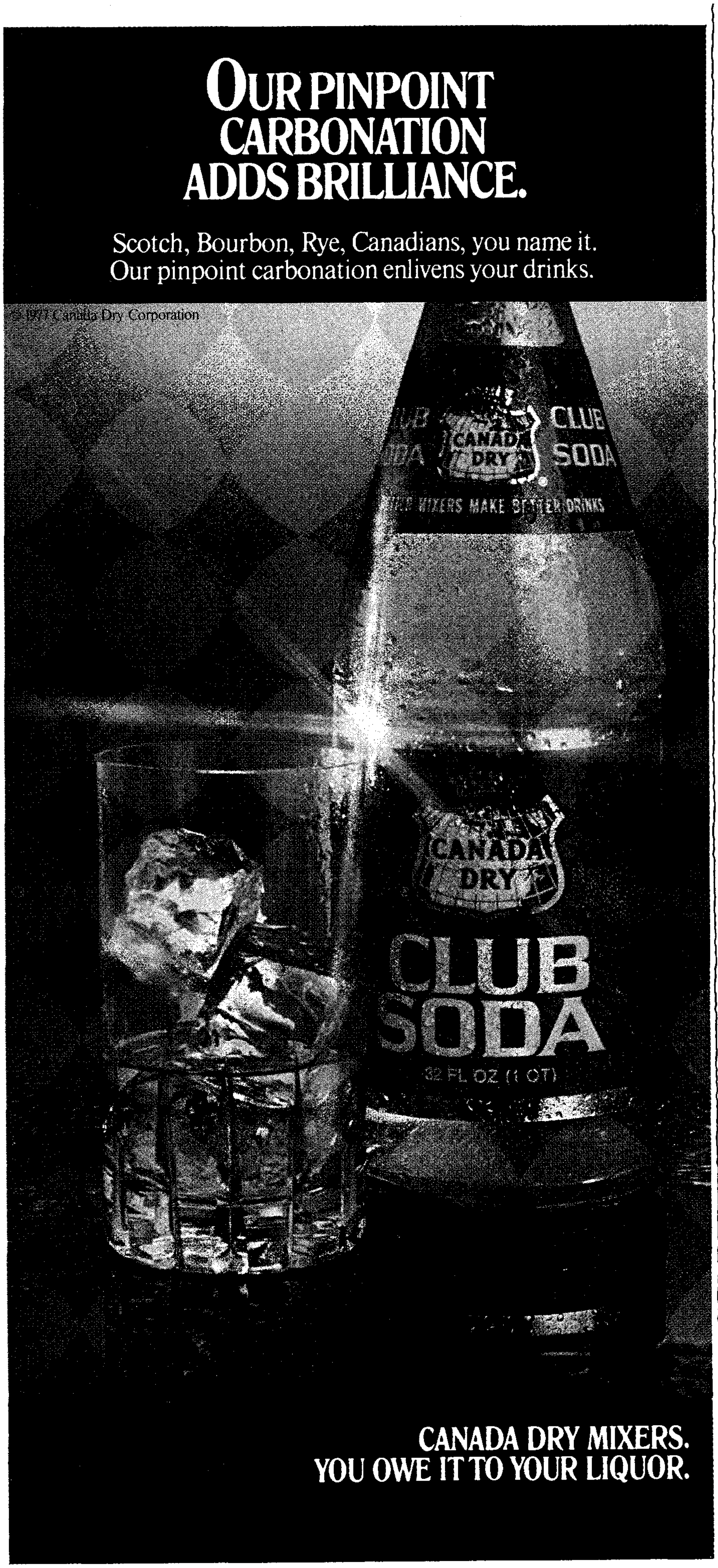

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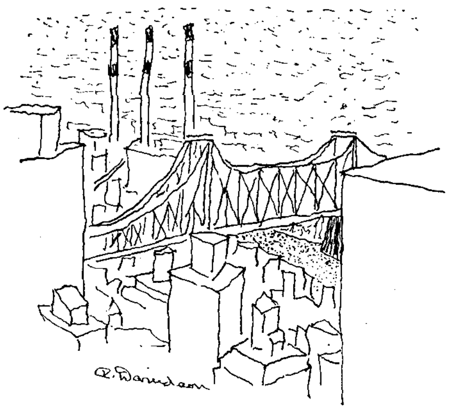
Zandra Rhodes, Bruce Oldfield, Janice Wainwright, and Bill Gibb—who is about to fill the Albert Hall's eight thousand seats with a spectacular retrospective of his work.) There still exists the possibility of fairy-tale discoveries by visiting buyers working off their own bat to find new names in little shops and studios. It was legendary unearthings of obscure talent by initiative buyer power—on the lines of "In the beginning, Geraldine Stutz found a little Left Bank shop called Sonia Rykiel"—which launched the current scramble to import and export exclusive international fashion, and they continue to fuel the process. But some talented British designers (Kay Cosserat, for instance) do not even have showrooms in London for buyers to visit. And by the time the fashion circus gets that far, buyers are weary and jaded, and need to be cossetted by seeing a lot of clothes in one place. When we read reports of the international collections in our newspapers, contemplate the European fashions that are sold and promoted by the stores, or form general impressions of each nation's fashion status, we can never underestimate the part played by the fatigue of those whose task it is to go over to Europe and bring back the news. If some of the prettiest clothes in New York stores at the moment are Italian, and the Italian fashion reputation is riding high, it can be no coincidence that the Italians are first in line to show their clothes, so buyers see them when they are calm enough to make decisions with a fresh, enthusiastic eye. The British fashion industry tends to have a mental block about the number of venues where designers may display their clothes for international buyers, but there appeared at recent count to be five. Styles of the shows range from Mayfair-grand, through exclusive-artistic and shoestring-artistic, to Earl's Court-shabby. And then there is Birmingham. This last, the only show to have anything like a government seal of approval, takes place at the new National Exhibition Centre, which is Britain's answer to the Porte de Versailles. There isn't a chance in the world that the international fashion brigade, accustomed to junketing in the night clubs and restaurants of Italy and Paris, and feeling at home and at ease in the West End of London, will trail up to a dreary provincial city a few hours to the north.

"God help the Minister who meddles with art," Lord Melbourne once remarked. The relationship between government and fashion designers is quite as prickly as that between government and artists. Some fashion designers in Britain, when they compare the way they are sold and promoted with the style of their rivals in France and Italy, mutter darkly that those countries have the edge because "their governments back their fashion industries like mad." Certainly successive French governments have long been fiercely chauvinistic about their fashion industry, and fiercely protective of it. (The suspicion that Britain—"perfidious Albion"—would prove her most aggressive commercial rival may have been the hidden reason that France blocked Britain's entry to the Common Market for so long.) British designers point out that when the Italians show their most important fashions in New York it is as part of a whole Italian Week, with national flags along Fifth Avenue and a gala ball attended by Italian diplomats and local celebrities. The British are determined to change the pattern of their own recent sorties to New York, in ragtag, unpublicized groups, with government participation limited to getting some junior attaché to make a few last-minute calls. (The last time British designers made a significant mark here was in the wake of the Beatles' first, triumphant tour, when the promotional work was all done naturally.) But laments about the government role in fashion are usually followed instantly by the observation that if British officialdom ever did set out to back the fashion industry it would be sure, as with the Birmingham debacle, to get things wrong. British designers may grumble about being left to stand on their own feet, but they are secretly addicted to their independence.

At all levels, fashion spreads through talk and feelings. What visiting professionals say to each other and hear said, together with the amount of extramural fun they have in the various fashion countries, is as great a part of



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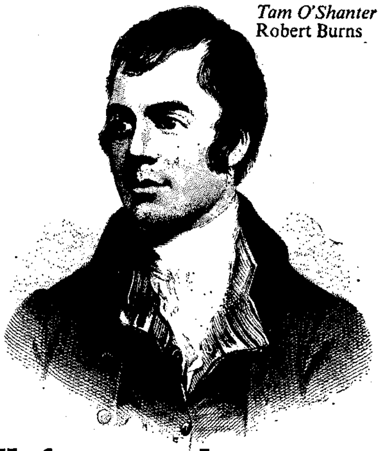
the international fashion story as the clothes they see or buy. It is this talk that promotion is intended to affect. To some extent, American fashion visitors have lately had the impression that among the fashion-originating nations of Europe—Britain, France, and Italy—the British are the stepchildren. (The only other serious contenders for membership in the world's club of fashion-inventing nations are America and Japan. Both countries have increasing numbers of confident and original designers, but they are still principally imitative of Europe's lead. Individual Japanese designers, when transplanted to Paris or London, have had tremendous influence on recent European fashion. The way American fashion might compare in originality when it is seen side by side with a wide range of European fashion—in inverse ratio to the way the shops look here—has barely been tested as yet. The American designer Geoffrey Beene is making the apparently fruitful experiment of producing some of his designs in Turin and selling them in Europe. But American high fashion made in America is usually too costly to compete with European high fashion made in Europe.) International fashion rumor has it that British designers are disunited, hopelessly cranky about the company in which they deign to show their clothes, and too individualistic to pull together for the common good. But the real explanation for their image abroad is more flattering to British designers. Perhaps, in a society keenly aware of the finest distinctions of class and style (if it is no longer true that every time an Englishman speaks another Englishman condemns him for his accent, relics of past attitudes remain), British designers are especially sensitive about what type of designer is assigned to the neighboring stand at a trade fair. But the need to protect the "image" that, as much as his ideas, represents a designer's livelihood is common to all good designers in the world. It is true that the French fashion industry has a strong tradition of uniting proudly against any threat from the outside world, but beneath this patriotic umbrella and on a personal level there is probably more rivalry and backbiting among French designers than among their British competitors. Without the uniquely powerful organ *Women's Wear Daily* to give the impression of a common cause, American fashion designers might turn out to have scant unity, too. The problem of the image of British fashion designers—if it really is a problem—begins with what they

"Wi Usquaebae we'll face the devil!"
Tam O'Shanter
Robert Burns



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themselves say. "The British love to moan," said one of the number recently, in a perfect example of the self-deprecating honesty that has been described as commercial masochism. This baffles visitors from France and America, where fashion is inextricably entwined with loyal, mechanized enthusiasm and professional propaganda. Part of Britain's image in America certainly depends on the British designers' habit of talking unguardedly and in a tongue that Americans can understand.

The British are not particularly modest at heart, but they are not naturally boosterish, either. Painfully aware of their inability to blow their own horn, they gaze with envy at the sight of the united French fashion industry capturing the dollar and with awe at the great, gleaming machinery of American promotion. They worry away about sounding too much like a chorus of disparate voices, and they bone up on promotion. The cycle of design empires based on the promotion of a name is lamentably under way in Britain already. Zandra Rhodes and Bill Gibb, two of the most brilliant designers that the postwar generation has produced, are already one step removed from their prime artistry, and on the way to being submerged in the image of themselves. She lends her name to sheets and machine-made polyester lingerie, he to machine-made knitwear—all respectable enough when considered in isolation, but a travesty when compared with the opulent, highly wrought, imaginative evening gowns that were the original statement of the artists' vision. The world has enough fashion businesses in which the promotion of a name and the idea of "status" design takes precedence over good design itself. British fashion designers have something more valuable to offer the world than this sort of promotional sleight of hand: fashion that is receptive, spontaneous, and unblinkered by the habit of self-aggrandizement. The British can still come up with fashion on a human scale.

When British designers talk vaguely about improving their promotional skills, they ignore the way many of them have instinctively evolved into small, *sui generis* units producing clothes of high quality and originality—characteristics that survive well without aggressive promotion, and are often irreparably damaged by it. The designers are so mesmerized by the example of the American fashion industry—which developed its superb, unparalleled promotional expertise initially as a way of compensating for a lack of original de-

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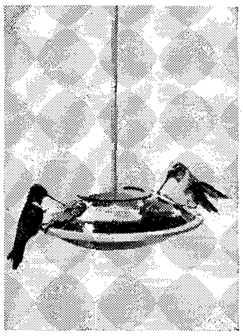

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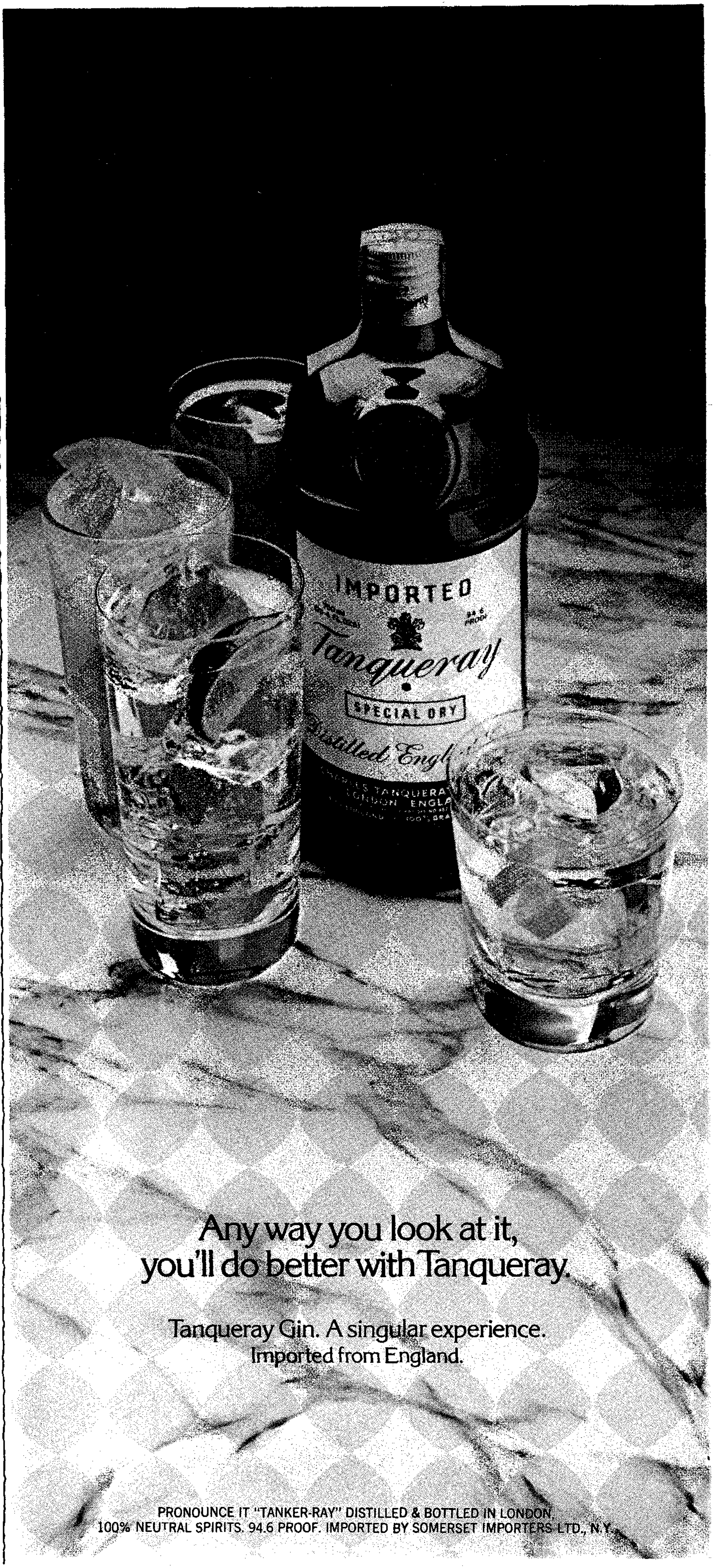
sign talent—that they ignore the lessons of the Italians' current success. The orchestrated enthusiasm of promotion grew up as a method of getting masses of products out into huge domestic markets, but it is not necessarily relevant or helpful to the business of importing and exporting exclusive fashions. The exchange of international fashion is a mammoth process, involving hundreds of thousands of professionals and billions of dollars. But it has grown up in reaction against the greater vastness of each country's more predictable, more stereotyped, and more readily manipulated domestic market. International fashion is far more personal than ordinary domestic fashion. It is illogical, perverse, fanatic, passionately loyal and disloyal—and thus approaches the intuitive international fashion pursued by travelled amateurs. The more personal form of buying and selling that goes on at the European shows involves many aspects of private trend-setting, including confidence in offbeat instincts; boredom with what is established as successful; and resistance to the hard sell.

In spite of their Italian Week, the Italians have not known any striking promotional genius since the heyday of Emilio Pucci—who, incidentally, fell on the fertile ground of an America just beginning to travel widely to Europe and fall in love with Italy. The Italian designers are certainly quite as disorganized and disunited as the British. But the Italians are riding the crest of a wave at the moment, while the united and well-promoted French seem to be temporarily played out. The French have settled into a more fixed and more "salable" style, presented with such violent ballyhoo that visitors are beginning to wonder whether such fashion merits the discomfort entailed in viewing it. In place of the Paris drum-banging, the Italians offer a sympathetic atmosphere, a creative and enthusiastic temperament that generates its own publicity, and the right fashion product—intimate, craftsmanlike, effortlessly luxurious—for the mood of the time. Fashion now goes in cycles not only of theme and silhouette but also of national influence. At a given moment, one or another of the fashion-producing nations will have fashion whose tone will appeal throughout the fashion-minded world. This depends on the national character and the way each country's fashion industry has evolved. The Italian tone is particularly appealing now because Italy's fashion business is the least mass-minded of any among the fashion-producing countries. It de-



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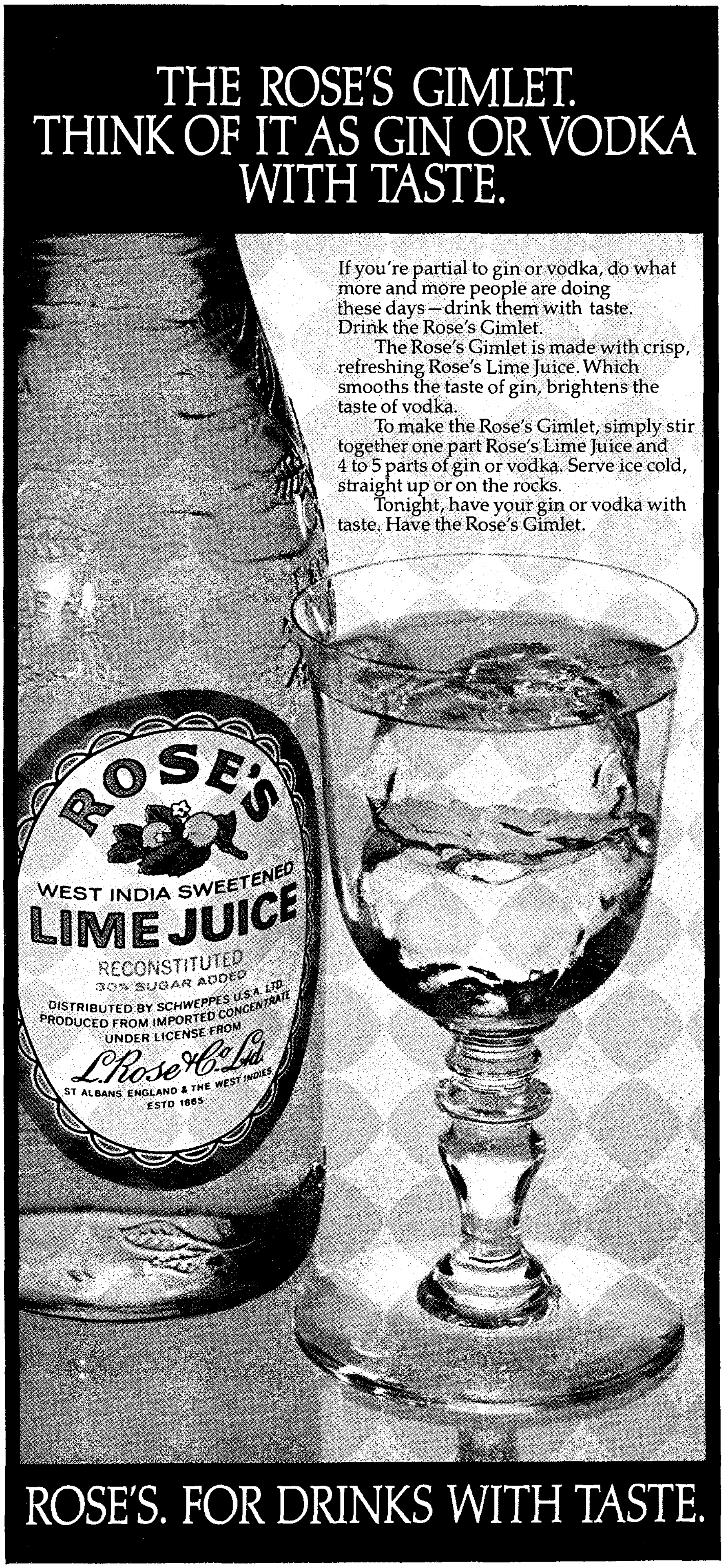

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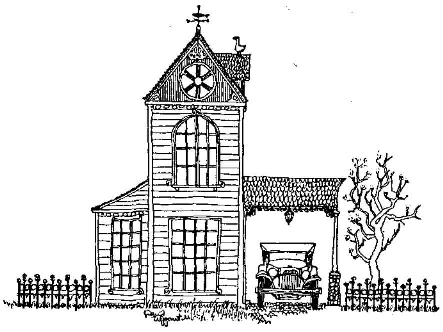
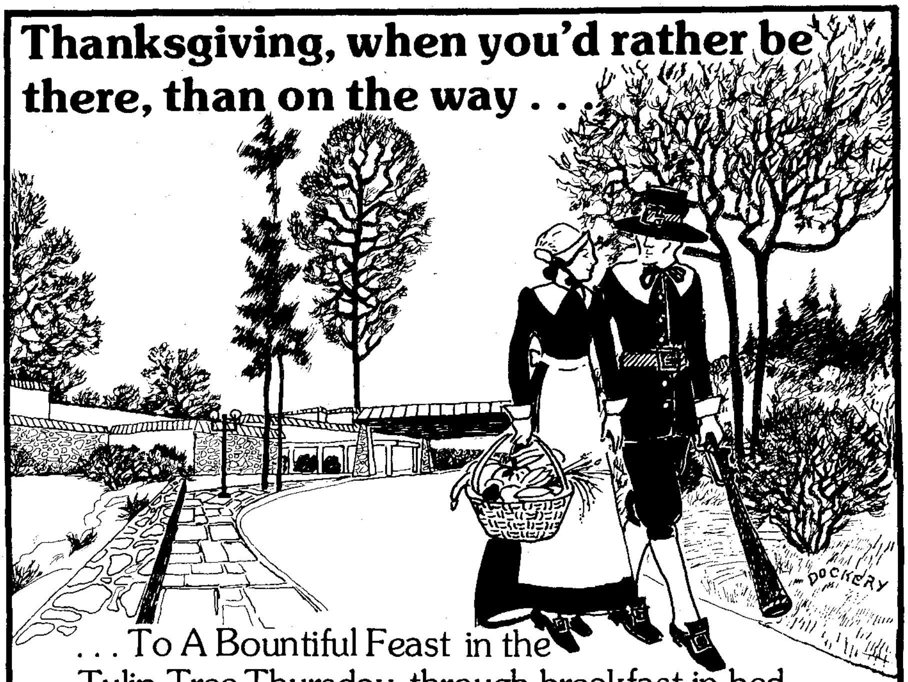
pends not on chain stores but on a host of small shops; not on giant textile firms but on flexible little companies that can run up beautiful and unique prints or knits in tiny amounts. But already, in response to international demand, the Italians are beginning to make their highly personal product in greater quantities and are thereby turning it into something else. It may well be that in the cycle of international fashion Britain's turn is next. As Italy moves toward mass manufacturing, it may be superseded by those British designers who are so excitedly throwing off the shackles of growth. They already have, in London, an ambience that foreign visitors enjoy. And they have a product with an increasingly influential national tone.

BRITISH designers were the first to latch on to what has become one of the first principles of style today: that, however much the wearer cares or spends, the clothes should never look entirely *serious*. Funny, droopy shapes, irrational lengths, and ironic combinations of ideas and messages all sprang from a youthful British appetite for comedy and eccentricity in dress. The "Annie Hall" look is supremely British. British fashion today isn't the costume it came close to being in the late nineteen-sixties. On the contrary, it is often extraordinarily and meticulously refined. But it always retains a touch of affectionate humor. Fashion played a particularly important part in Britain's version of the revolution in tastes and attitudes that took place in the nineteen-sixties, when the bulge of war babies set out to teach the world what it meant to be young. Young people in Britain continued to be preoccupied with dressing up when parallel movements in France and America turned their energies either to political philosophies or to explorations of consciousness and alternate life styles. Late-sixties British dandyism was a weird form of fashion, intentionally incomprehensible to earlier generations, but it was fashion just the same. When young people in America and Britain discovered eclecticism in dress, Haight-Ashbury went for beads and headbands as symbols of its state of mind and as a form of anti-fashion, while London went for nostalgia—an exuberant exploration of the history of fashion itself. Costume continues to play a uniquely important part in any feelings of youthful rebellion in Britain—feelings that are now most intense among the working class. All the successive waves of youthful working-class dissatisfaction and solidarity in the past fifteen years—mods and rockers; skinheads; and now punks and teds—have had their distinct and elaborately stylized fashion uniform. (Just as the punk-rock movement has sinister aspects of perversity and violence as well as endearing aspects of innocent, amateurish, three-chord-rock self-sufficiency, its official attire is both frightening and touching. The young salesgirls in the King's Road punk boutiques called Boy and Seditionaries—the latter has only recently intellectualized itself by changing from its former name, Sex—may be wearing Army fatigue pants with the legs strapped together, and a safety pin through the nose, but their spiky crewcuts, dyed lettuce green on one side and fuchsia on the other, are irrepressibly jovial.) When a generation of potential designers dropped out of fashion in other countries, their counterparts in Britain went on honing their shades of meaning, refining their jokes into layer upon layer of gentle irony, and steadily learning their skills and their trade. Perhaps surprisingly to an outside observer with a preconceived notion of "typical" British style, these designers made a name for themselves commercially with what their international buyers dubbed "fantasy evening wear." In the early seventies, at a time when most high fashion seemed to be turning away from evening clothes altogether, there were enough young people in England dressing for occasions, and enough of their contemporaries designing for them, to keep the form vital and developing. Young people in Britain were the first to detach themselves from the preconception that the prime function of evening wear was to look expensive, and they took out its stuffiness and replaced it with wit. With their evening dresses, designers found a way of combining modesty with outrageousness to make a lightly comic femininity. At the same time, they were exploring a daytime style that united elements of that fragile and comic femininity with the tongue-in-cheek masculinity of landed-gentry Englishness. And all the while they were perfecting





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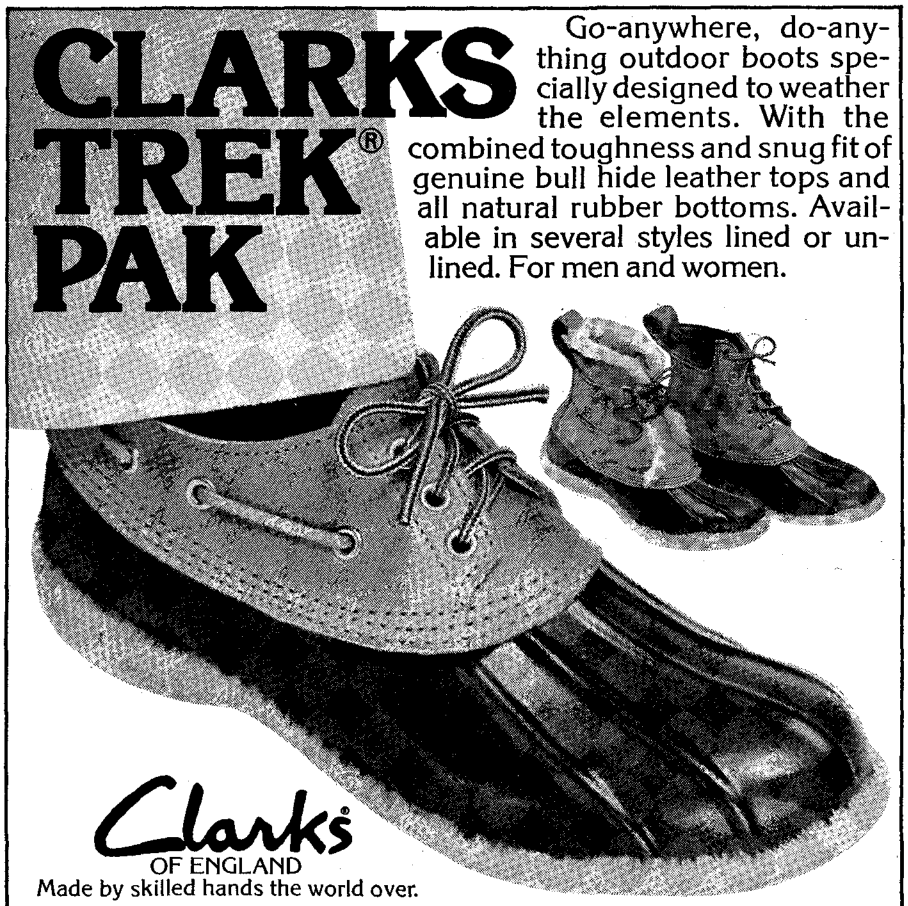

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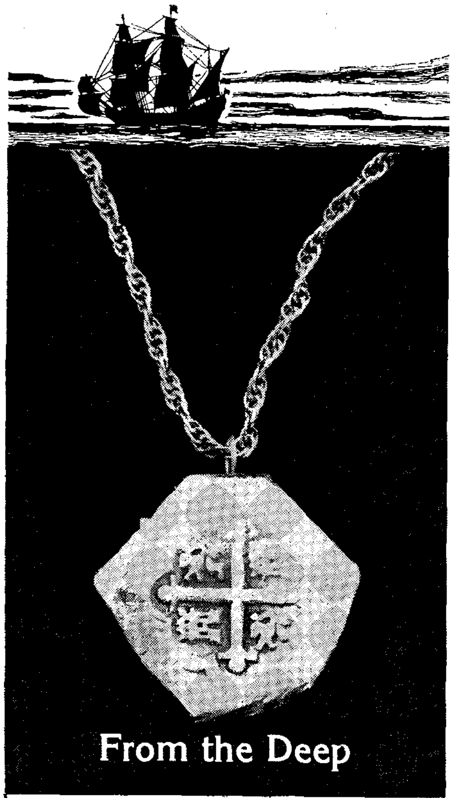

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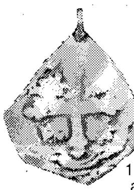

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A fashion-minded community, closely attentive to the significance of dress, persists in Britain in the midst of a society that seems, on average, to pay less heed to fashion than most. Although increased British experience of holidays abroad has meant that family beaches at home are now as likely to be dotted with trim shapes in tiny bathing suits as with traditional cloth caps and shapeless cardigans, the British citizen is still far from possessing the vanity of the Latin temperament. But it is precisely because of the indifference of the majority that the fashion-minded minority in Britain has developed its marked sense of self, and is so influential in a fashion era when even those in the world who care passionately about clothes want terribly *to look* as though they didn't. British fashion rebelled against national indifference and incorporated that indifference into a special, tossed-off style. Jeff Banks, a talented young British designer, recently talked about the particularly human quality present in even the most sophisticated examples of the British style. "British fashion isn't heavy and intense, like fashion in France and Italy," he said. "It's got a bit of cuddliness, a bit of lumpiness and bumpiness that laughs at you. It's the slight tractoriness of an Aston Martin instead of the slickness of a Lamborghini. It's all the funny street parties of the Jubilee. There's something warm and friendly about it—like a button missing off your favorite cardigan."

Strange as it may seem, the restless, high-powered world of international fashion just may be ready for that missing button. —KENNEDY FRASER

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

•

India's President Neelam Snajiva Reddy had an anniversary present Sunday for his 604 million countrymen. He announced that he wil move out of the 340-room presidential palace in New Delhi into a similar house and will turn back 70 percent of his monthly salary of $1,150.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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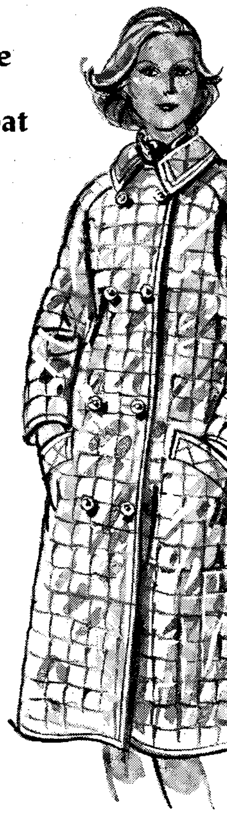

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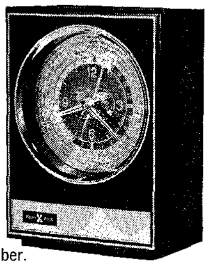

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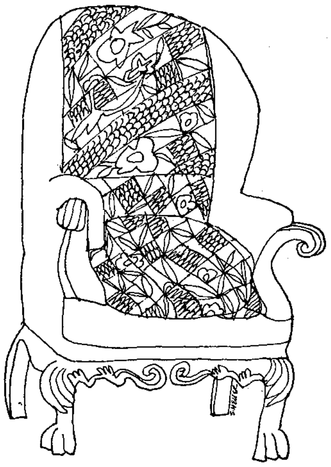
JIM

A BIRD sitting in the domed elm, peering down on the roof of our house in Milwaukee, would have seen a spread of ivy on the south wall, smothering my parents' window in green foam and submerging the red brick wall. On another wall at the front of the yard we sat to watch the horse-drawn garbage wagons, the baby buggies, the upright milk trucks, the robins, the men who came to drop coal bag by bag with a dusty rush through a cellar window. Our house stood on a cascade of cement and grass thrown up like the wake of a ship. I occupied the bridge, perched above a columned porch at the front of the house, and I steered the ship through the neighborhood among tugs and native boys.

One afternoon during my daily confinement to quarters, a dozen firemen swarmed below and pumped water to extinguish a small blaze, but fortunately she did not list and we made it easily to port.

One night as the crew slept, my brother Jim scaled the porch and entered by a window like a pirate, while I lay terrified under the covers.

I sold that house a few years ago. My parents had died; I had outgrown it, and it had become an empty capsule. The echo of my brother's voice had outflown that shell; his footfalls had been absorbed by the ground; the bits of paint he scattered here and there had been covered; the neighbors remember him and his escapades only faintly.



Jim was born in 1921, within a year of my parents' marriage; I was born eight years later, less than a year before the Black Thursday of the stock market, and I remember having the uneasy feeling that I had slipped in under the wire.

I saw very little of my brother. His friends tolerated me, but with effort. I had the virtue of being quiet and I was not fat, but these were hardly enough to compensate for the eight-year gap and the fact that I sweated copiously.

Jim's room was arranged so that he stood sideways to the door while he combed his hair before a wall mirror. One afternoon I taught myself to shoot paper clips with a rubber band held between my fingertips, and I looked for an interesting target. I found Jim standing at his mirror, so I fired across a distance of fifteen feet, and much to my amazement the clip struck him on the temple. It must have stung like a hornet, for he yelped and turned. I was flat-footed, waiting for the attack, but he merely turned back to the mirror and continued combing his hair. I was startled to feel regret that he had not chased me. Perhaps I felt he was thrusting me away—I could not hurt him; I could not reach him.

Jim's sense of black humor sparked our house. One dull afternoon he poured a tablespoon of vanilla extract down my throat to see whether it tasted good in large, direct doses. It did not. One Christmas holiday I had the measles, and a small lighted tree was set in the window of my room. It stood on a table, and the cord hung down from a fixture overhead. Jim told me with delight that he had found a special device for making my tree lights blink. Inserting it into the socket, which I could not reach, he then told me that the device was a bomb and the whole tree would explode at midnight; with that he left the room.

He was a hero in our neighborhood for having saved my life when I was seven. According to his version, and to the neighbor who witnessed the incredible feat, Jim caught me by the wrists as I fell from a second-story window toward the concrete pavement of our driveway. I swung for a moment twenty feet in the air, with the bricks in my face and the whole world in my wrists, until he pulled me back in. I have never been able to convince anyone of the truth: He pushed me out.

MOTHER and I spent three weeks each summer at Rismon's Resort on a sandy shore in birch and pine of northern Wisconsin. Dad and Jim usually joined us after the first week. Life was pinched down to the seed at Rismon's: plumbing was accomplished with heavy pitchers and porcelain bowls and slop jars; fish were scaled on a board in the woods and then stored under dark sawdust in the icehouse; weekends were marked only by

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the arrival of new guests or by a softball game.

Before Jim arrived on the scene at Rismon's my days were spent fishing in a small rowboat or reading on a vacant island across the bay, but when he arrived I traded these for snakeskinning, mapping the lake bottom, riding horses, and exploring abandoned railroad beds.

Dad introduced us to trout fishing. He had acquired the knowledge as a child in Pennsylvania, and although he remembered the procedure he had lost the art. We learned the procedure but could not teach each other the art, because we were at the three corners of a triangle: Dad went to be at the stream; I went to entice the fish; Jim went as an apprentice hunter, delighted to be with us and eager for the kill. We pursued trout water in our Lincoln Zephyr, which I remember as a tan mouse running with its nose to the ground. We pushed that old Lincoln along rudimentary roads, racking its belly on rocks, plunging the wheels into the sand and over log bridges that promised disaster but always held, peering through the bushes for a glimpse of water. Mother's role in these expeditions was to be nervous. She never failed, and her tension seemed to be the drive that sent us forward. Jim responded with unalloyed pleasure, and she spent years seeking ways to make him nervous in retaliation. She found one—her driving, which had a certain dynamism that she exploited when Jim was in the car.

WITH a struggle and two running starts, Jim finished civil engineering at Cornell. He became chief engineer on a destroyer in the Pacific during the Second World War, and wrote me chatty letters of motorcycle rides in Australia, of swimming in the tropics, of working on the ship's engines among the grease and hot tubing.

In a long brass-buttoned coat he returned for Christmas. He wore an officer's cap, gold and black, very sharp and shiny. He displayed a new sense of direction—as though he were a ship captain who had rediscovered himself on the other side of a fog bank. He had devoted himself to a ship and a crew; he had gambled his life with them and he had returned to tell us.

Shortly after the war, Jim joined our father's engineering partnership, and the symbiosis of father and son was wonderful to watch. The two men talked endlessly about current and future jobs, schedules, techniques, pourings, abutments, freezing weather,

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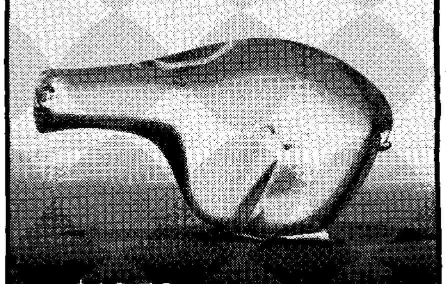

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contractors, and overtime. Their conversations had one virtue in Mother's eyes: Jim was a good sounding board, and his arguments allayed her fear that her husband was going off the deep end of a dream.

I listened.

Jim and I seldom talked of my studies in astronomy. He was interested in my career, but he did not enjoy abstractions—neither principles of engineering design nor the structures of stars. His world was the here-now and the here-tomorrow. He never looked at the past, or sensed a world beyond his own, because he could not live it and could not change it—nor could it change him.

Jim knew how to speak eloquently with small gestures, to express love in subtle ways, to laugh, to drink quarts of beer, to work until exhausted and then sleep on and on until revived. His favorite aphorisms were: anything worth doing is worth doing to excess; no train is worth catching unless you have to run for it. I never saw him walk to a train.

One morning in Greenwich Village near his apartment, we sat at breakfast in a diner. Jim nodded toward the pretty girls walking by the window and said that if he couldn't persuade me to move to New York perhaps the girls could. I was grateful for that remark; it was a statement of friendship and a promise. He was reaching toward me.

Jim's death took us all by surprise, and we felt it must have taken him by surprise as well. I hope it did, because to know that the next minute is your last and that the world will be taken away from you—this thought brings to me a sadness I can almost smell.

While Jim was dying in the ocean, Mother was preparing to celebrate her birthday.

I was driving with my wife across New York State to visit her parents. They told me at breakfast; and as I sat in their enamelled white kitchen chair my skin went numb, and the numbness crept slowly inward, and the room froze.

Jim had gone scuba diving outside the coral reefs surrounding Nassau, leaving sunglasses and a pile of clothes on the sand next to his wife and son. He never reëmerged from the water.

I joined Mother in Milwaukee, and when my father returned from Nassau with my sister-in-law and her older child it was a gray, Sunday-seeming Tuesday afternoon. He entered the living room where we sat with a few

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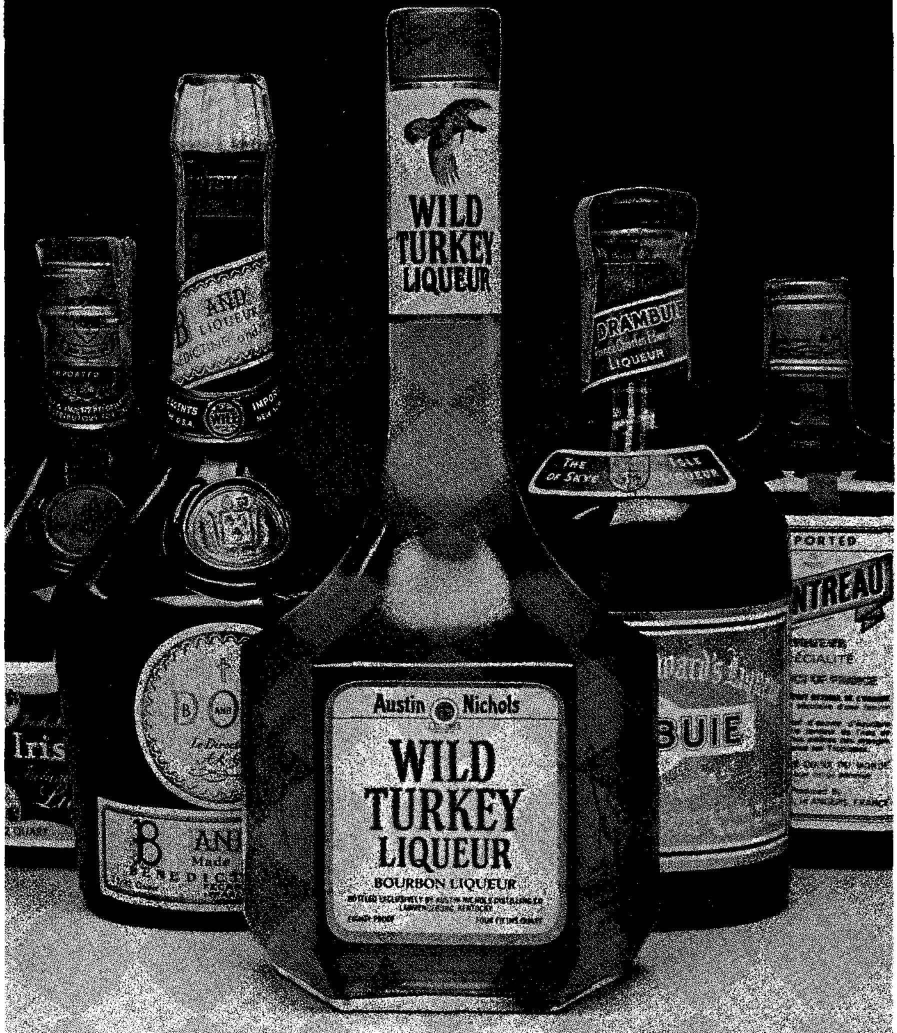

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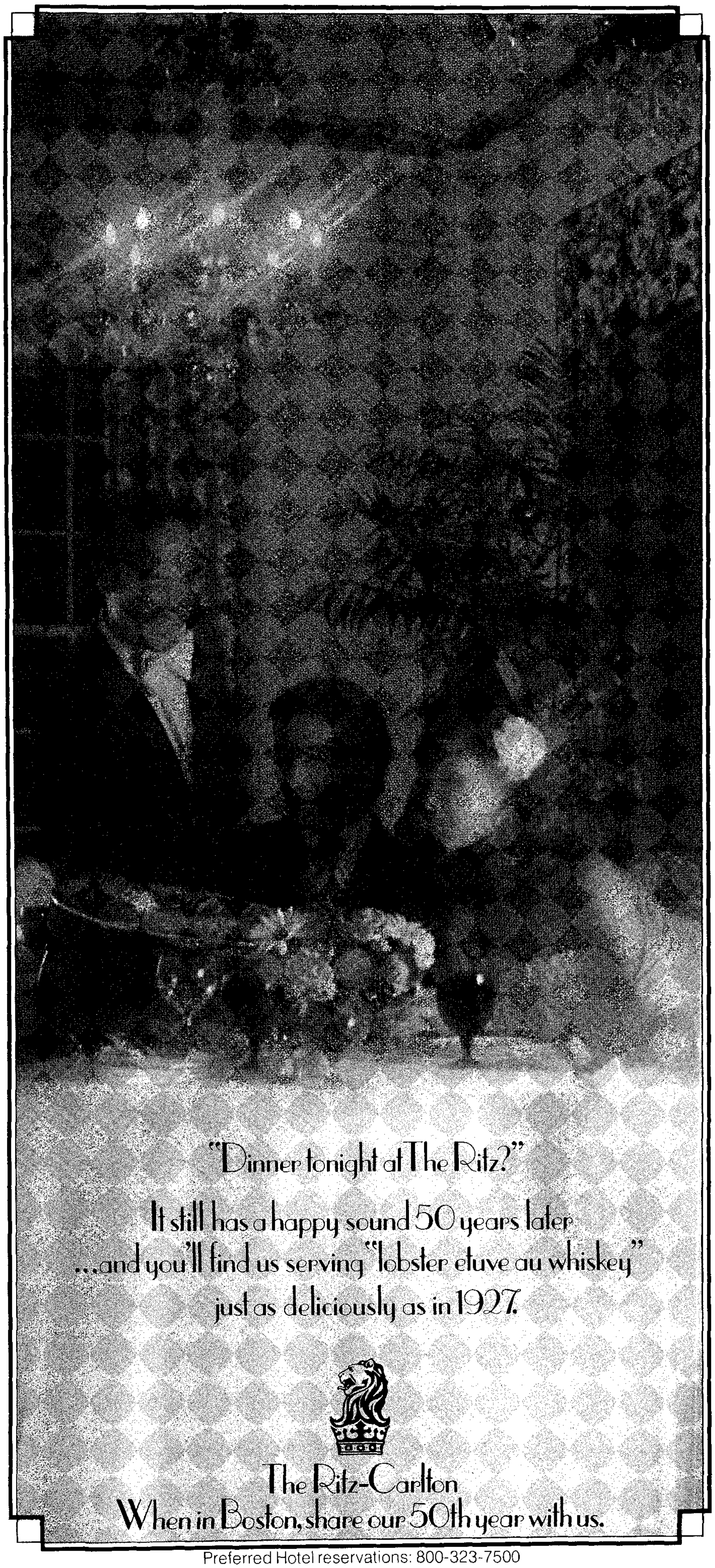
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friends and came to anchor like an immense ship. He was exhausted and had little to tell, so we rode quietly at anchor all afternoon, making plans for ways to kill time during the next few days. Jim was unburied, uncremated, simply washed away—back into the sea.

The police had told Dad that Jim had probably been attacked by a shark—"attacked" was the word they used, to avoid the more explicit truth: eaten.

We each had our own vision of Jim's death. . . .

. . . I see my father, sitting in a small sunlit airplane, peering through a scratched plastic window down onto the bright sand and brilliant water—looking for his son, half hoping to find nothing, fearing to find only remnants of loved flesh rolled gently by the windblown waves.

That was sixteen years ago, and I am already eight years older than Jim was the day he died.

—C. A. Whitney

•

VIGIL

The household grows obscene
Next to the red petals on the floor.
Who will bother
To pick them up, silky and pungent
In the hand, the hand
At the red mouth closing? Together
The woman and the flower
Suffer a secret disturbance.

In the hallway, a lamp
Glows thinly through the front window
To deceive everyone—
Outsiders coming back from the fields
And barns. The gears

In the standing clock have
Brass teeth that squeak *our heart*
Is stopping. In the cellar,
Onions are in bed with straw
And potatoes. Upstairs, a carpet
Of painted husks covers
The wall, tapestry that lilts
Then settles like clouds
Losing substance in the trees. This signal

Recalls the waxy, red hand of her grandfather
Who was once a boy being pulled
From a burning stable by a servant
Just his age. The war in her mind
Gives up to a life
Like a bird dividing itself
In reflection. The small wings that reach

For both water and the sky.

—Pamela Stewart

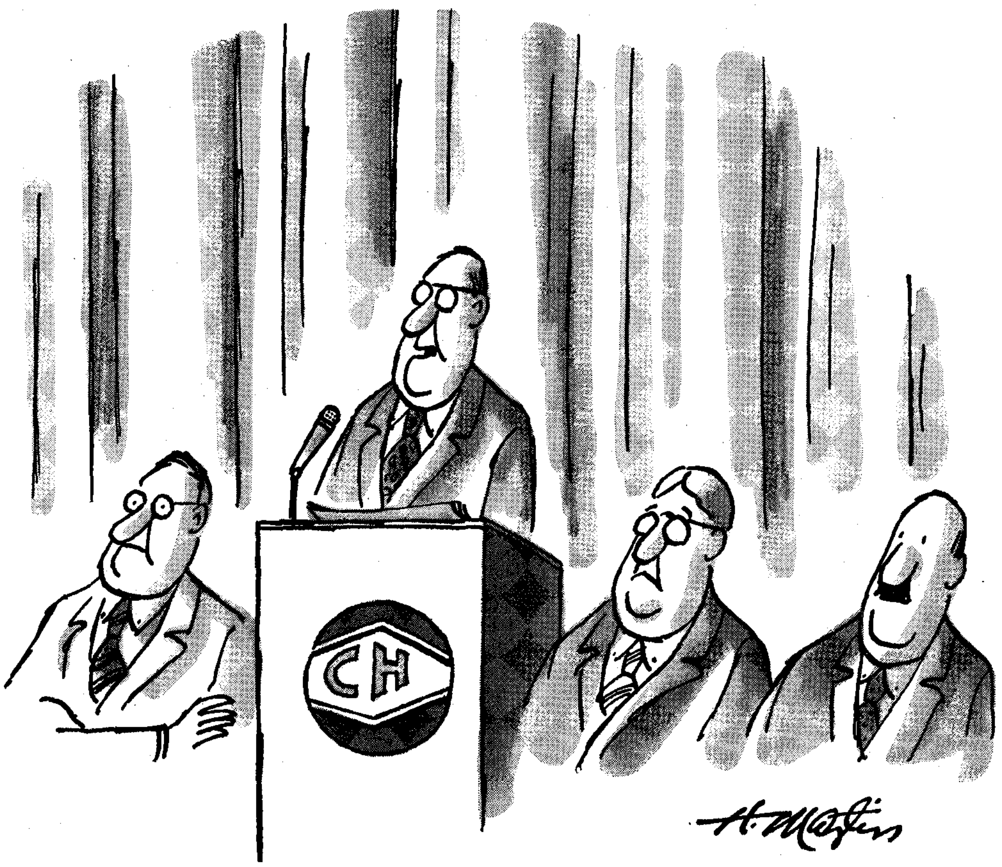
THE AIR

Baretta's T-Shirt; or, Youth Must Be Served

LIKE much of the country, television is obsessed with youth, and especially with adolescence. Of course, there are still plenty of "old people" 's programs around, such as game shows and the news, though game shows are said to cut across age lines and even the news is gradually being made to seem more youthful. On the whole, mass-oriented commercial television is a "young people" 's network, while the less popular public television is an "old people" 's network. That is, public television responds to youth primarily in an institutional way, which means that by and large it keeps youth out—or carefully under control. Granted, there are exceptions; for instance, probably nowhere in broadcasting has youth been better served than by the Children's Television Workshop's "Sesame Street" and "The Electric Company." Here the institution took thought of its duty to the young—albeit, originally, of its duty to the underprivileged or disadvantaged young—and spared no expense in bringing alms of literacy to its needy clients. In keeping with the latest instructional style, the children were not preached at, scolded, lectured; instead, they were entertained. Efforts, generally successful, were made not to condescend, not to talk down, not to be boring. Modern psychology was employed. Celebrity alumni were invited to participate—not to boast and so make their young audience feel unworthy but, rather, to tactfully radiate success and so invite a desire for emulation and achievement. What ragamuffin, after all, might not learn to spell "ragamuffin" correctly with Bill Cosby himself portraying each letter by means of somersaults? All in all, public television has served its young clients honorably—though nearly always from a fundamentally parental point of view, somewhat in the manner of a great lady who, remembering when she herself was a child, organizes amusing educational events for the town children. Thus, even when there is entertainment, usually a higher purpose exists, to dignify or elevate it. In short, on public television, as with most adult institutions, a tone of adult responsibility generally prevails—even where "fun" is involved. As, for instance, in the new historical-drama series "The Best of Families," where "entertainment values" have been doggedly introduced, as befits a handsome and expensive production, but have been kept decidedly in the background to serve the higher cause of painstaking (and overabundant) historical authenticity. Public television, then, more often than not, responds to youth in the fashion of the school, and not so much of the actual classroom (which now contains all kinds of modern training aids, including somersaults) as of the *institution* of the school, with its built-in habit of expressing mainly the paramount virtues of the parent generation as well as of ceaselessly trying (parentlike) to protect the young from sin or temptation for their own good.

Meanwhile, the larger and dominant arm of broadcasting—commercial television—has been approaching youth in the altogether simpler, tackier, more expansive fashion of the marketplace. Here there are few claims of higher purpose, except when they are absolutely necessary. Here, too, the young are frankly welcome, not merely as somebody's children but on their own. Commercial television doesn't love kids, either, but it's more fun. It wants to sell them something. It wants a transaction.

Granted, commercial television isn't above donning an ill-fitting institutional manner for certain occasions—for awards ceremonies, for instance, or when it is trying to con some branch of the government, or when it is forced to deal with parent institutions about kids. Some years ago, when early parent groups, such as Action for Children's Television, began to complain about the quantities of cheery, mindless twaddle which were being beamed at children, especially on Saturday mornings, the first response of the networks was to huffily refuse to listen or else to claim that the kids loved the programs (which was partly true; some kids would gladly watch test signals on Saturday morning). Their second response was to put on their institutional clothes and try to deal with the parents on an institutional basis. Thus, many strange-sounding pronouncements were made by network executives about their overpowering concern for the future of the race, and eventually some reforms or changes were introduced into Saturday-morning program practices, such as the addition of "educational consultants" to the staffs of several of the cartoon shows. In effect, what had happened was that parents had institutionalized themselves in order to "protect" their kids, and the television programmers



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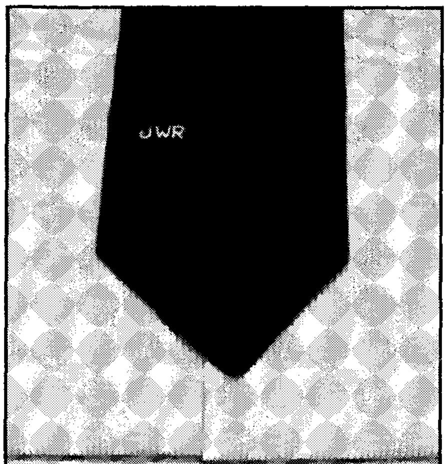

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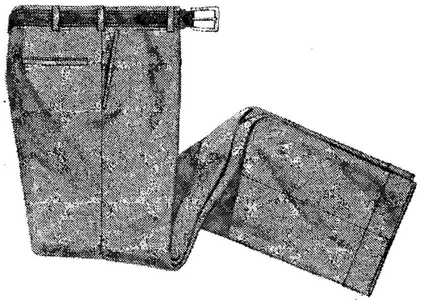

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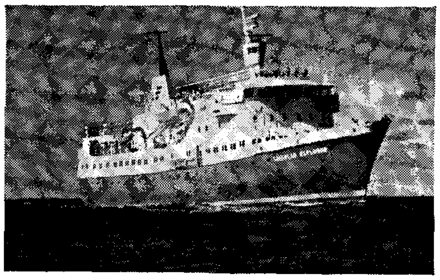
had made a show of institutionalizing themselves in order to deal with the parents. Then, a few years later, it was noticed that most of the kids in the country seemed to have grown up to the point where they were no longer watching just kiddie shows—they were watching regular prime-time entertainment. Therefore, the parent groups re-institutionalized themselves and called for a diminution of sex and violence in network evening programming—especially of violence, since there was virtually no sex. And the networks responded by putting on their most sober-sided and sanctimonious institutional manner and decreeing a new, institutionalized "philosophy of programming" known as family hour, whereby adult programs (i.e., those with sex or violence) would be shown only after 10 P.M., by which time, it was institutionally reasoned, most young viewers would be in bed, or at least saying their prayers.

Fortunately, at least for a commercial society, commercial television has a life and logic of its own; and so the attempts of well-meaning American parents to perform their time-honored ritual of protecting the young from impure thoughts by creating an adult-conceived structure for them to *play* in hasn't really brought anything but cosmetic changes to the hurly-burly of the television marketplace. The parents now have their educational consultants and a modest decline in the amount of gunfire per evening; the kids, however, still have their transactions. In fact, if anything, youth-oriented programs have gradually come to dominate the marketplace, as though the strongest—or, at least, most popular—value systems in America right now were those of young people, and especially of adolescents.

Consider, for example, how many of the more successful network entertainment programs play and replay a continuous drama whose primary virtues appear to be those that are associated with the sensibilities of the modern adolescent: a certain surface coolness that conceals a passionate and usually misunderstood nature, and an alienation from the adult world ("the system") which often takes the form of outright rebellion. Adolescent rebelliousness actually seems to be the most common single virtue currently possessed by heroes in commercial-TV series, although, unlike the rebelliousness of real adolescence, which rises and wanes throughout the day—often with no great conviction—it has been elevated on television to something of an



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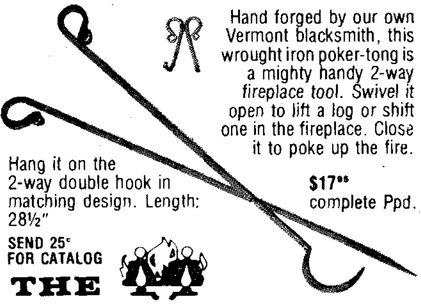

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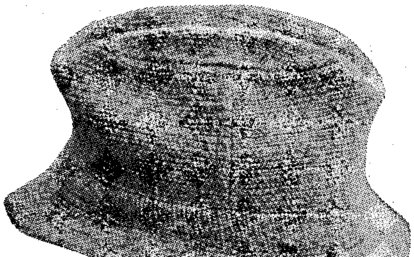

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art form. There it exists, for instance, regardless of age or race, in such recent heroic characters as the Mexican-American Chico in "Chico and the Man," and in the elderly black Mr. Sanford in "Sanford & Son," and in the Italian-American Fonzie in "Happy Days." In "Welcome Back, Kotter," an entire classroom of adolescents appears to be in rebellion against the teacher, Mr. Kotter, but this is only a token rebellion—the real rebellion is Kotter's against the school system. In "MASH," the funny doctors are in perpetual schoolboyish rebellion against the military system. On detective shows, such as "Starsky & Hutch," the good-guy cops are now nearly always mavericks—misunderstood and hamstrung by the "grownups."

Think of "Baretta," the popular tough-guy-detective show that stars Robert Blake. Blake is a good actor, who puts a lot of grit and energy into his work, and the success of the program derives from a support base far wider than that of the adolescent audience. Even so, its values are mainly adolescent. That is, though Baretta's social politics seem to be abstractly descended from earlier tough-guy-detective models (such as Sam Spade, whose fight-for-the-underdog sympathies were rooted in the leftist movement of the *nineteen-thirties*), *his emotions and life* style appear to be those of the contemporary teen-ager. For instance, he doesn't wear grownup clothes—not even grownup street clothes—for his undercover work; instead, he shuffles or sprints along in a tight pair of trousers and an old T-shirt. His hair is long, though not too long. His apartment is genially scruffy—a happy-go-lucky mess. A mother would always be tidying it up. He has the appearance of a toughie, too; when he is going about his dangerous business, he can be real cool or hard as nails—if he has to. But just beneath the surface he is all heart and soul. He passionately *cares*. Of course, he can't stand phonies. Grownup, downtown sophistication doesn't fool him or impress him. But what he really hates is badness—truly evil people, like those in a recent episode who maltreated kids. Here the baddest guy was a creepy old downtown lawyer—in reality, he appeared to be no more than middle-aged—who looked weak and wicked and obviously corrupt. Indeed, he *was* obviously corrupt, for he had bought the services of a boy prostitute and then had beaten him to death. Baretta briskly took on the problem and did his usual thing; that is, he talked and acted tough on the

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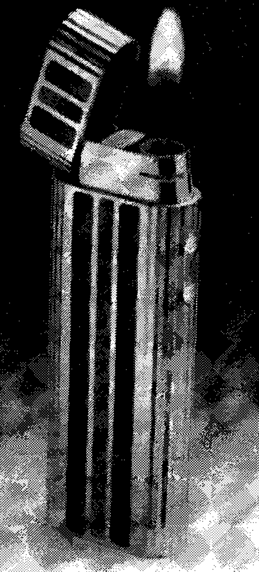

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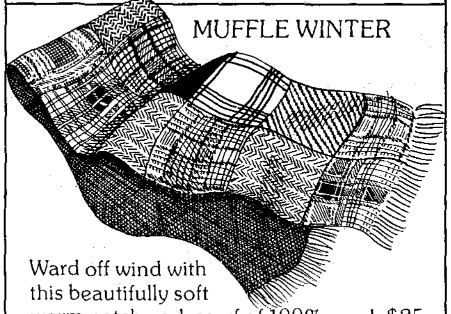

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surface but let you know that, deep down (or even not all that deep down), he was a really feeling guy. Never mind the bad grammar. Never mind the clothes all over the floor of the apartment. Baretta *cares*. In other words, he is like everybody's fifteen-year-old kid, which is more than you could say for Sam Spade or Hercule Poirot, or even old Lieutenant Kojak.

Consider another extremely popular program, "Charlie's Angels." This also appeals to "all ages," but what is it, really, except a mild adventure format—a very mild adventure format—that's plugged into classic adolescent sexual fantasies? Thus, the three pretty, teasy "angels" speak to the adolescent boy's *Playboy*-type musings, and also to the adolescent girl's perhaps less physical sense of romance—they provide her with an electronic "crush" on three beautiful and accomplished older girls. Accordingly, there is nothing too definite about the Angels, which might disrupt the dream. They are vaguely, chastely sexual, because they are pretty and because men make passes at them, but they don't seem to "do it," or to want to very much. Nor are they too maidenly, for they are well trained in karate and can chop a fat old person to the greensward faster than you can say "Amelia Earhart." Nor are they too emphatically feminist, except on what might gruffly be called a rather immature level; that is, they consider it their right to wear seductive (or, as some might say, manipulative) clothes, and are not averse to a little wink or a giggle, but they also expect to be taken seriously as "persons." Generally, however, their approach to life and its problems is one of friendliness and good grooming. They are as neatly, trimly dressed for each adventure as a high-school girl is for each day of classes. Why does a Charlie's Angel turn herself out immaculately before setting off to pursue an armed and homicidal drug pusher? Why do so many teen-age girls, at least among those who attend public high schools, spend two hours washing their hair and choosing the right ensemble before heading off to take a quiz in algebra or study canal and waterway construction in the eighteen-thirties? In short, the serious matters of life—at least, for some of the audience—are given their proper place in "Charlie's Angels," and nobody comes onscreen to hammer on the bathroom door and say, "What are you doing in there? Trying to look cheap again?" Charlie's Angels don't drag around in curlers and don't look cheap. Also, they're conveniently chap-

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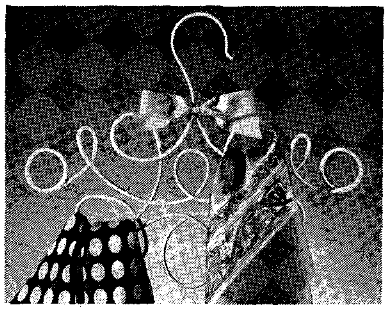

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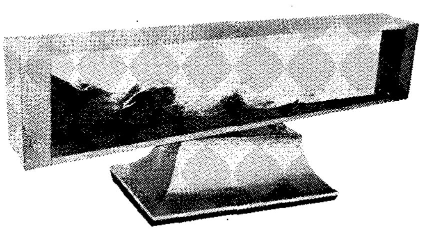

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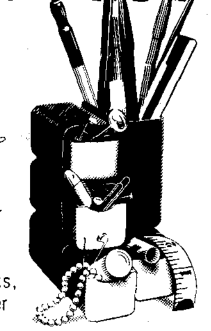

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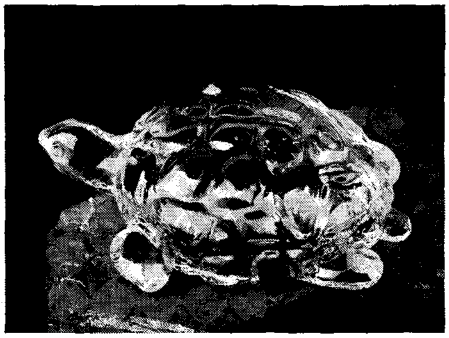

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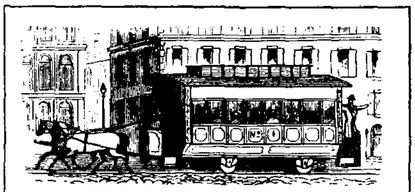
eroned by an uncle figure—or perhaps a capon figure—John Bosley, who doesn't follow them so closely that they couldn't have fun or mess around a bit if they wanted to, but who sees to it that they don't get into any really serious trouble. In short, it's a teen-ager's dream of how terrific teen-age life would be if you could only extend it up through time and out into the real and dreary grownup world. "Baretta" is the real world reduced to adolescent terms. The Angels are a dream of teen-age life aggrandized—expanded beyond the classroom and the drive-in. Thus, kids can have their crushes on the nifty girls (and on themselves), and the parents can plug into the program with their fantasies, too: maybe *our* kids will grow up and be like *them*—clean, friendly, and employed.

Further examples of the adolescent subculture on television are all around this year. For instance, there is "Saturday Night," which plays to a slightly older crowd as well, but which definitely plugs into a basic adolescent perspective, with its parodies of TV commercials (youth against the TV "system"), pop-jazz-rock music, and insistent counterculture humor. Also, there is a rising genre of family-oriented drama series, which doubtless derives from old-fashioned sentimental domestic comedies such as "My Three Sons" or "Cheaper by the Dozen," or even "The Waltons," but which attempts to take family situations and character one or two steps further toward reality—at least, toward what conventional wisdom now tells us is going on near the psychological surface of modern American families. Not all these programs are primarily concerned with adolescents. For instance, "Eight Is Enough" and "Mulligan's Stew" both have to do with multitudinous families that contain most youthful age levels, but in a way the focussing point of view remains close to the adolescent "line"—in these cases, the adolescent's fantasy of other people's families' being so warm and solid and practically perfect. In these programs, problems always (or often) beset the families, but the problems can always be solved and the families thereby become stronger, more tightly knit. Family problems on television, in fact, are somewhat like a knight's quest in a chivalric romance: they exist in order to affirm the family's dreamlike strength. The most interesting examples of this new type of program, however, are less sentimentally concerned with family unity and more involved with youthful *Sturm und Drang*. I am thinking especially of



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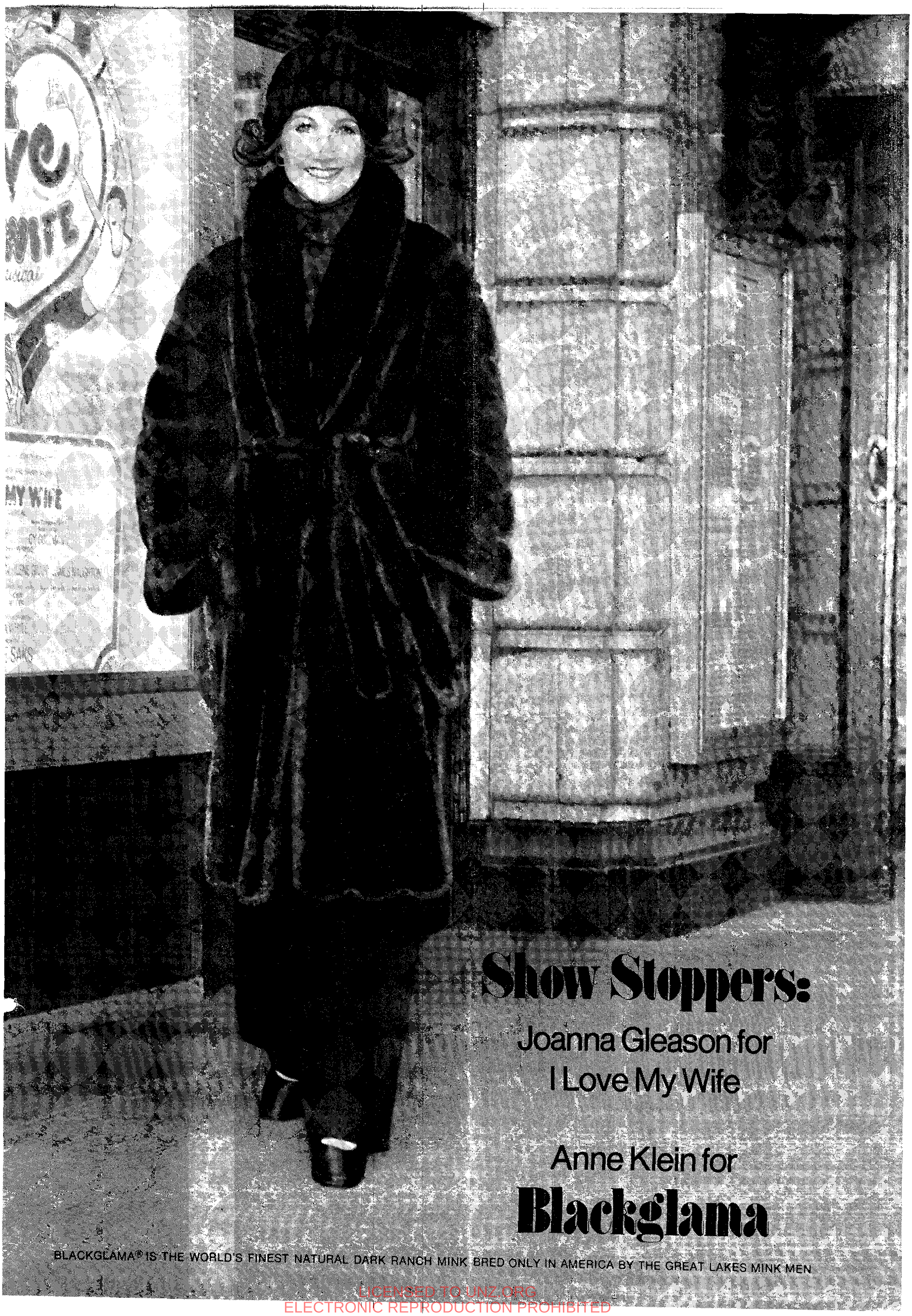

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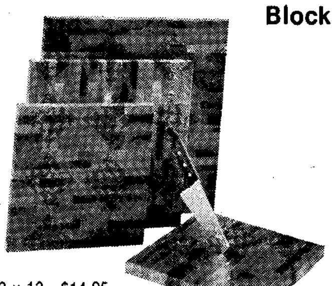

"Family," which is now in its second year and is probably one of the two or three best regular series on television. Here the stories go deeper and the characterizations have more texture. Nor are the problems always solved. In a two-part episode at the beginning of this season, the barely post-adolescent son fell in love with and married a girl who was terminally sick and who died—which sounds mawkish but wasn't. The principal actors in "Family" (James Broderick, Sada Thompson, Gary Frank, Kristy McNichol, and Meredith Baxter-Birney) are good, but what makes the series work so well is that the program's perspective is neither single-mindedly youthful nor single-mindedly parental. Parents and young people coexist in the episodes, but they do so more as in real life (which is to say not sentimentally but with both sides jostling for space, pushing, shoving, giving, taking—both sides *visible*) than according to prevailing storytelling conventions, whether these are pro-youth or pro-age. In "Family," the kids are interesting, but the parents pull their own weight, and now and then it is even suggested that they might have dimensions to their lives other than that of parents. This lack of visibility for ages other than adolescence is the main weakness of an otherwise promising new family-drama series called "James at 15." This first appeared early in the fall as a made-for-TV movie, written by the novelist Dan Wakefield, and lately it has reappeared as a series on NBC, though it is unfortunately no longer solely written by Wakefield. It is still a nice show, with good story interest and capable acting, but there is too much gloss and too much playing of the same old tune—too much romanticizing of the adolescent sensibility at the expense of all other forms of life. In "James at 15," James is up against the world, but the world is pretty shadowy. The school is conveniently faceless and impersonal. His parents are stock television characters—older people who wear grownup clothes and say very little except of a "concerned" nature, and who are always heading out the door. In other words, though the series has plenty of plot (for instance, one episode was about a young black friend of James's, who appeared to be peddling grass but wasn't), James's real story is skipped over or trivialized by too many paper tigers—or paper parents.

All in all, it's easy to pick quarrels with commercial television's marketplace approach to youth and the family—with its current obsession with ado-

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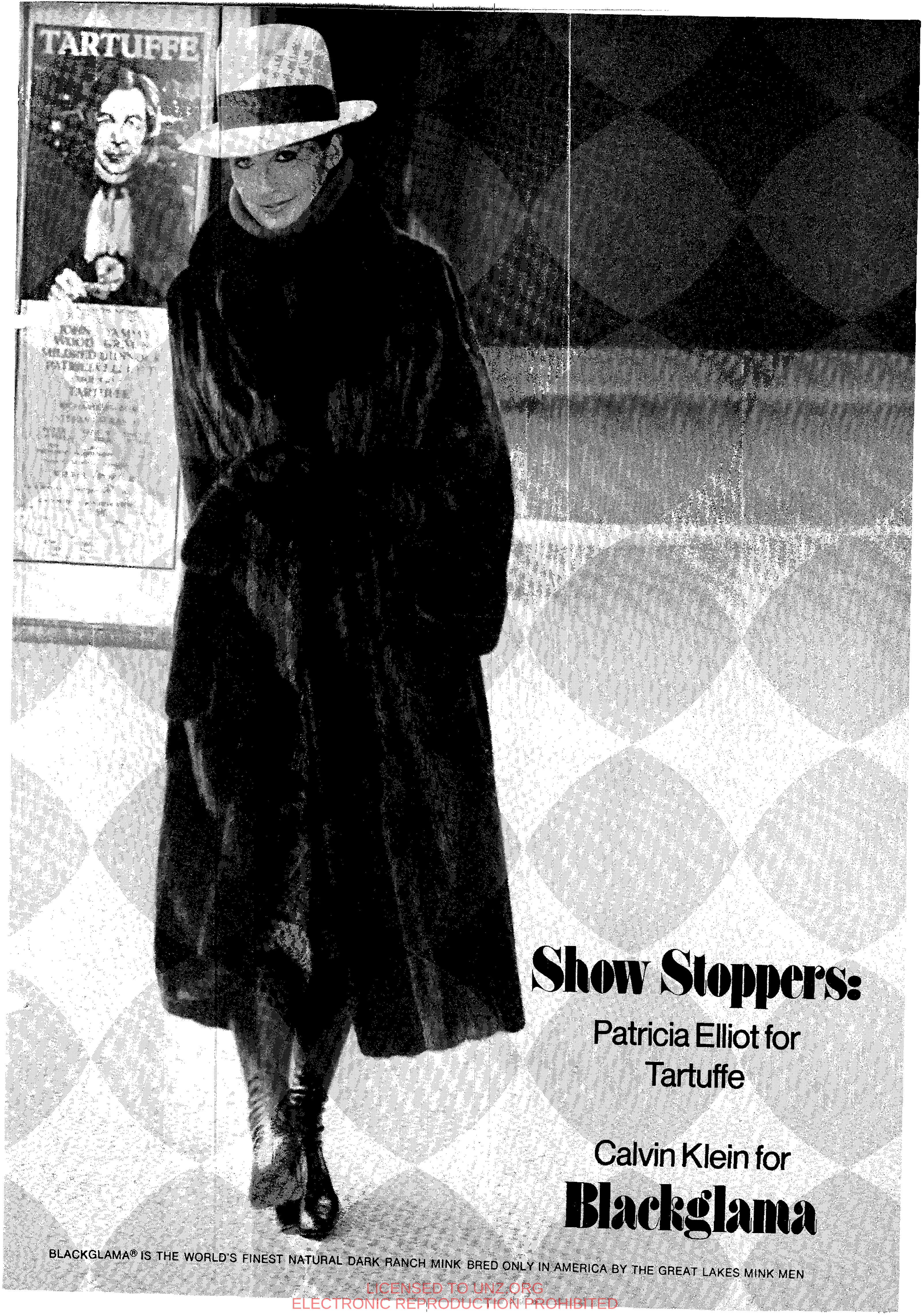

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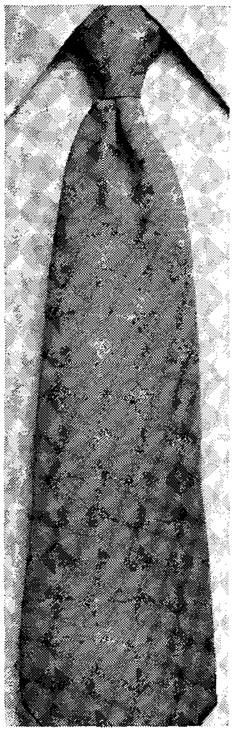

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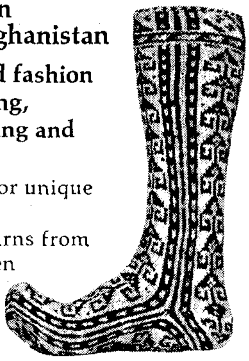

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lescence. The approach is usually self-serving and often exploitative. It is also sometimes maddening—at least, to those who are not themselves adolescents. On the other hand, I suspect that everyone has gained a little something from it. For, as Joseph F. Kett has pointed out in his interesting new book, "Rites of Passage: Adolescence *in America, 1790 to the Present,*" two movements are under way among the young people of the country, and one of them is clearly in the direction of a breakup or decline of the conventional institutions and psychologies of adolescence. In other words, the hundred-year-old, adult-sponsored youth culture of America, with its vast paraphernalia of youth organizations—societies, fraternities, sororities, church groups, scout groups, cadet groups, and so forth—has been in a steady and quickening stage of disintegration since the nineteen-fifties; and with that has come a corresponding loosening or expanding of the determinedly youth-oriented and immature values of the young people who were once so firmly embedded in that culture. Thus, while the Boy Scouts today are out of favor, with declining teen-age membership, American young people today seem much more self-reliant and independent than they once were. Despite their vast stereo armaments and heavy footfall, young people currently travel the country, or the world, on their own, initiate political action, handle sex no worse than anyone else, and generally model their aspirations closer to Thoreau's than to Booth Tarkington's. Nowadays, parents, in their jogging outfits, sometimes seem younger; children in many ways seem more adult. Young people, in fact, appear to be gradually emerging from the dark woods where adults of previous generations had put them (for their protection!), and where they stayed for so many decades—restrained by classification, by what they supposedly could do or couldn't do, could be or couldn't be. It would be excessive to say that television, all on its own, has piped this youthful army out of its adult-defined isolation and back into the wider possibilities of the world. All the same, television—especially the hustle-bustle television of the marketplace—has played an important role in giving young people something of their own, something that wasn't brought to them by watchful and well-intentioned grownups. Young people now "buy" their own programs, the way they buy their clothes and records—the way grownups buy what they need and what they want. It is no small thing, after

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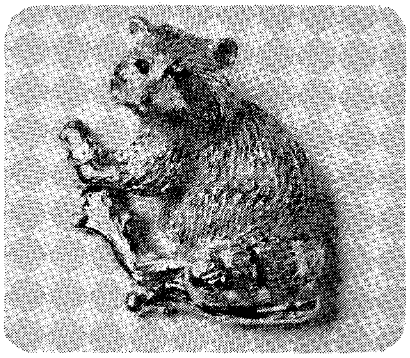

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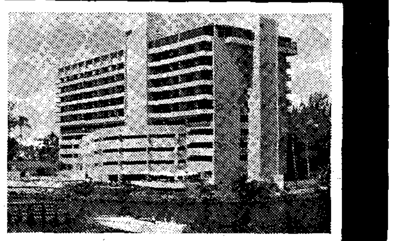

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all, for an emerging person to own a little piece of territory, even if the territory is nothing larger or more solid or "better" than a television program: "Charlie's Angels" or "Baretta" or "Welcome Back, Kotter."

So far, so good. But if there are two movements under way (as Mr. Kett and others have pointed out), only one of them points toward greater maturity and assimilation. The other movement is in the reverse direction, and not only back to isolation but to a fortress isolation. In other words, it is the movement that leads to a rival, competitive "youth" culture, as if youth were still one nationality and age another, as if the two vague categories could be defined in fact as neatly and easily as they are elsewhere—for instance, on TV. Commercial television plays on this polarization more often than not, for it speaks in easy symbols to the young. Its transactions are quick and simple. It is the voice that trivializes both youth and age by isolating them—by making youth self-conscious and age invisible.

Fortunately, however, there is a third approach to the problem, besides those of the institution and of the marketplace. For after the programs are over and the set is turned off—the audience remains: parents and children, young and old and in between. Here real power and energy reside. Here, too, are the dangers to be protected against. Here, in the bosom of the family, lie sex and violence and aimless twaddle and everything else aplenty. Here, also, are the possibilities for the future. Of course, sometimes the audience could use a bit of help in nurturing along the youngest generation, but a bit of help in these matters usually leads to too much help—some more Boy Scouts or a teenage Civil War militia corps or a new "philosophy of programming." In bringing up young people—or in anything else, for that matter—the best thing is, as they say, to get some sleep and start again in the morning. In any case, those contented, competent families are usually the ones *on* television—not looking at it.—MICHAEL J. ARLEN

•

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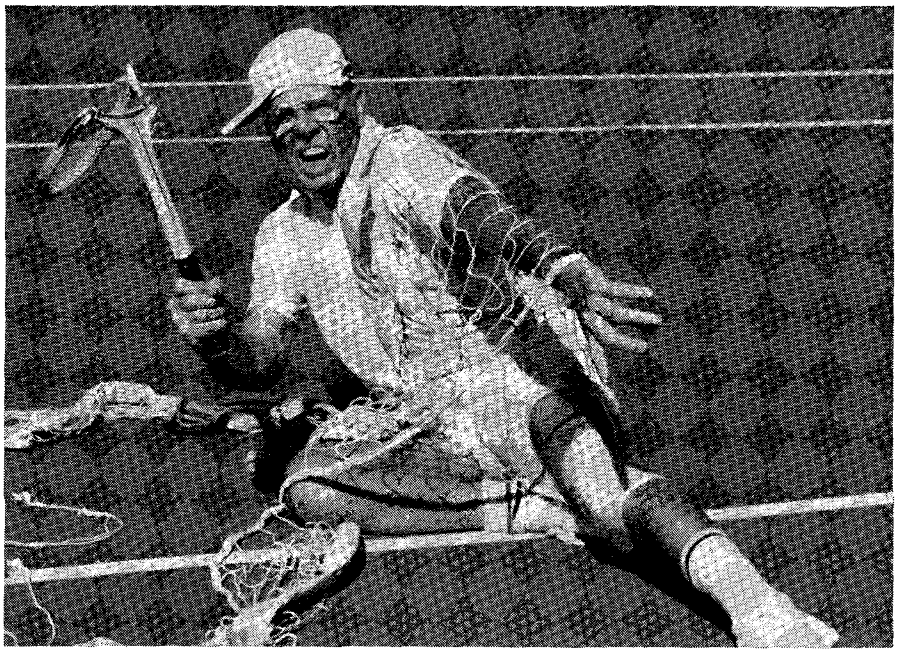

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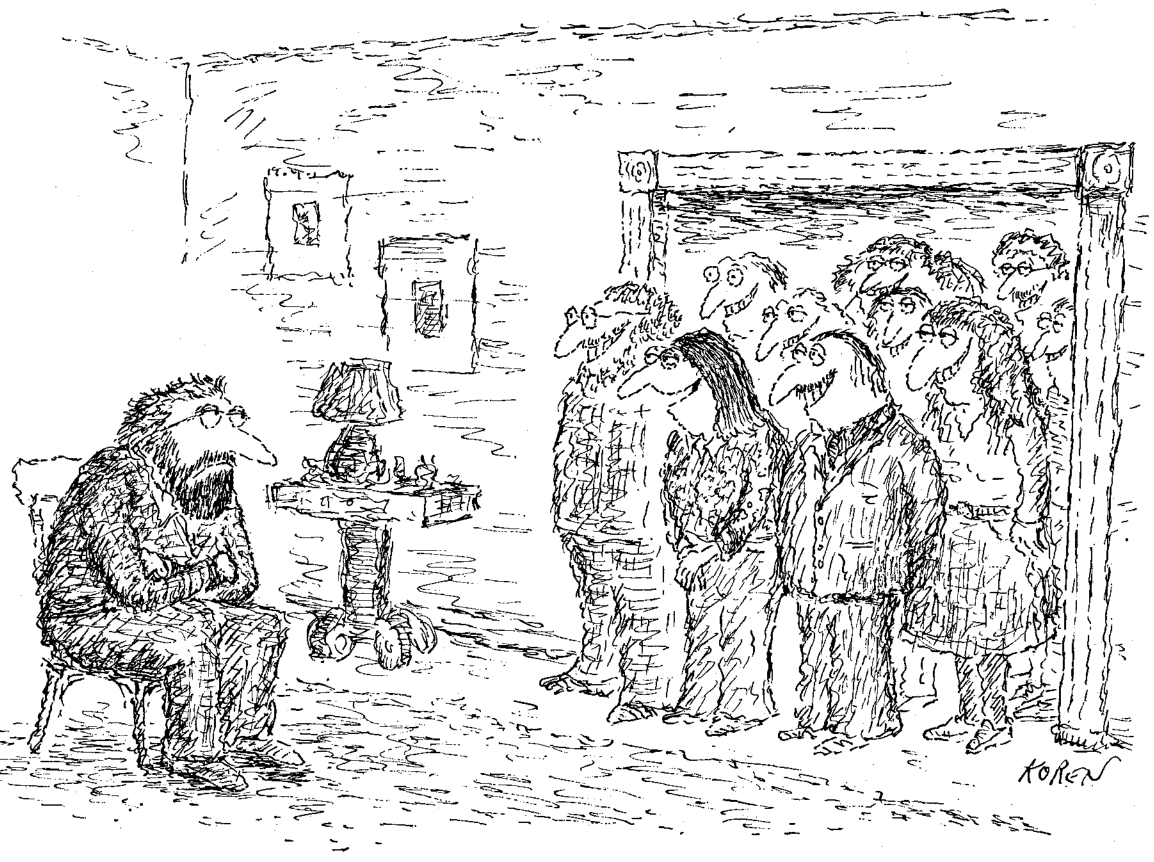
Enacting the Ineffable

WITHIN a week, three of America's great orchestras—the Philadelphia, the Boston, and the Chicago—visited Carnegie Hall. (Cleveland comes in February.) The Philadelphia Orchestra, under Claudio Abbado, gave the most poetic, most exciting, most beautiful account of a Mahler symphony I have heard in years—since, in fact, Abbado conducted No. 2 with the Philadelphians and No. 6 with the Clevelanders early in 1973. Strange that there should be a hundred Mahler symphony recordings on the market and only one (of No. 2, with the Chicago Symphony) conducted by Abbado. He is the most picturesque and most lyrical of Mahler interpreters, and supreme at making the picturesqueness precise, the lyricism lucid. The symphony he did this time was the Fourth. It became a voyage of delights, an adventure of enchanted melodies and sounds, a progress from a pastoral landscape, where the grass still bore prints Haydn and Schubert had left, through scenes of shadow and sadness, dispelled by large shouts of joy, to a vision of untroubled happiness. His use of rubato was bold. He was not afraid to pause for an instant of delicious expectation before launching into some heart-easing melody, to press forward within a phrase toward its climax, to dwell tenderly on a sweet cadence. The Philadelphians played for him like angels. The sensuous beauty of their sound was extraordinary. Every color was clear and full, every line lovingly drawn. And all was in balance. The counterpoints were limpid. There was unusual depth to the sonic picture: some music seemed to come from far, far away, some to spring up under one's feet, and everything conspired to create a world of marvels among which a listener was not lost but led to live an intenser life. Hall, orchestra, conductor, audience disappeared in sound. Although in a performance like this Mahler's music becomes filled again with surprises, fresh as when first encountered, Abbado shapes the forms securely. When we reach at last that E-major heaven where St. Cecilia and her colleagues are court orchestra, and angel voices invite us to mirth, it is clear that the open fifths of the start—B and F-sharp through the merry jingle of sleighbells—have been pointing there all the time, across the smiling G-major meadows and the calm, deep valley of the Adagio. In an age when Mahler has become an everyday composer, played almost as a matter of routine, rarely, rarely in performances of his music come that spirit of delight and that spirit of desolation and despair which make him unique. But Abbado showed that a Mahler symphony—even Mahler's best-known symphony—can still provide a transcendental experience.

AT its first New York concert of the season, the Chicago Symphony, with attendant soloists and chorus, did Mahler's Eighth, a work not to be approached lightly by performers or audience, since it is the early twentieth century's great artistic statement of the conflict between faith, humanism, and despair—as Goethe's "Faust" is that of the early *nineteenth* century. The Eighth, wholly affirmative, is self-sufficient, a complete statement, but nevertheless one that a Mahlerian sets against the doomed close of the Sixth Symphony, the poignant resignation of "Das Lied von der Erde," the stoic tragedy of the Ninth, and the loving farewell of the Tenth. In the finale of his Fourth Symphony, Mahler used a "Wunderhorn" text—a child's description of Heaven, a naïve intimation of immortality—as symbol for an adult's untroubled joy. The texts of the Eighth Symphony—the "Veni Creator Spiritus" and the final scene of "Faust"—are symbols, too, "to convey something," Mahler told his wife, "which, whatever form it is given, can never be adequately expressed. . . . Christians call it 'eternal blessedness,' and I cannot do better than employ this beautiful and sufficient mythology—the most complete conception to which at this epoch of humanity it is possible to attain." Similarly, Goethe had told Eckermann that in his final scene he used Christian mythology not as a believer but because "I might very easily have lost my way in vagueness had I not through sharply defined figures and images of the Christian church given my poetic design a beneficently restricted form and substance."

Deryck Cooke,

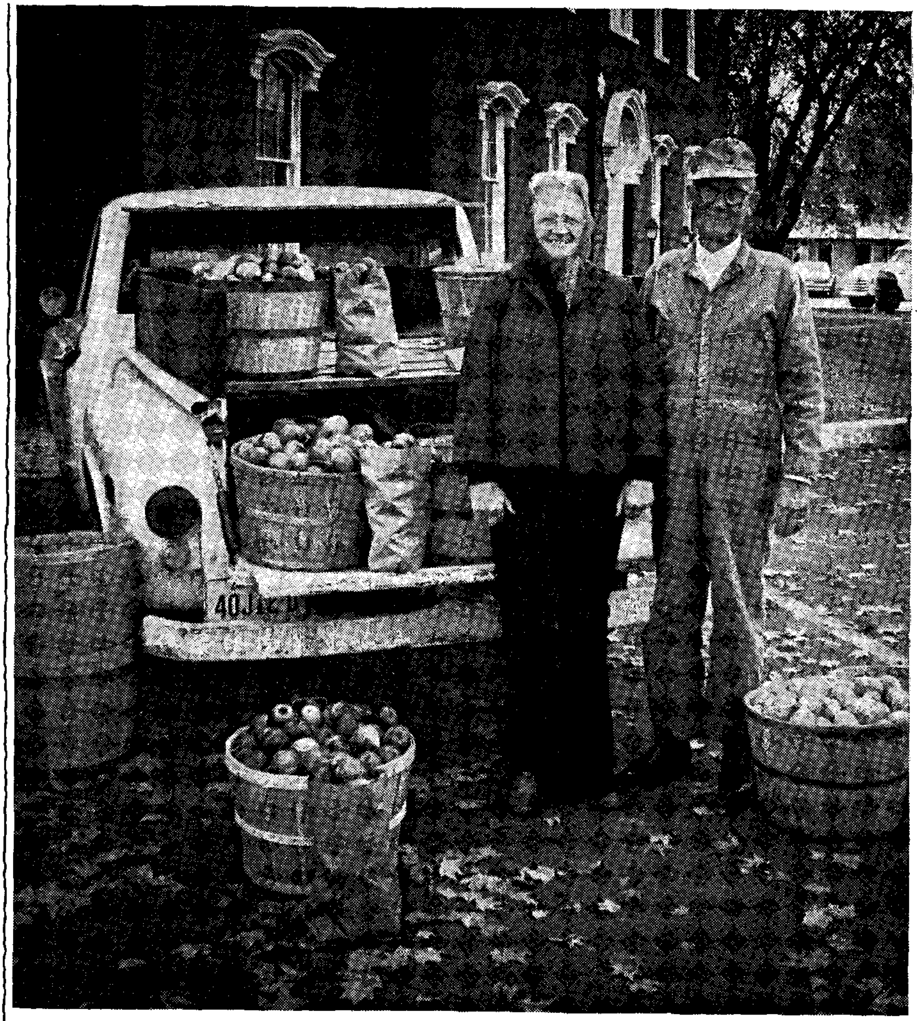


"Richard, we heard you were in a sulk, so we've all come to help."

whose numerous fugitive essays on Mahler should be gathered between covers, linked the Eighth Symphony and the third scene of "Faust," where the philosopher is moved to retranslate the New Testament: In the beginning was . . . the Word? (well, not exactly) . . . the Thought? . . . the Power? . . . the *Deed* (ah, that's the word). The final scene of "Faust," it has persuasively been argued—by Stuart Atkins—is Faust's last dream in life, a dream of his own salvation. He knows he will not be damned, because "Who ever striving drives himself on, Him we can redeem." Goethe and Mahler both strove to find what Mr. Atkins has called "the supreme and most comprehensive symbol of all those things which men regard as evidence that life is neither Mephistopheles' 'void eternal' nor the romantic's vague aspiring, but is, rather, directed striving with meaning certainly intuitable if not certainly knowable." In *das Ewig-Weibliche*, Faust's knowledge of Gretchen, his dream of Helen, and a vision of Mary, Queen of Heaven, are combined. The scene needs music as fully as do those of the Helen act which specify it. "It will produce a most unusual effect on the stage," Eckermann said of "Helen," "that a piece should begin as a tragedy and end as an opera. But something is required to present the grandeur of these persons and to express the sublime language and verse. . . . If only we could get a good composer." "It should be one," Goethe replied, "who, like Meyerbeer, has lived long in Italy, so that he combines his German nature with the Italian style and manner. However, that will be found somehow or other."

Meyerbeer! If Mozart had lived long, he would have been seventy at the time of that conversation—and, surely, the right composer for "Faust." Schumann's setting of the final scene is beautiful but not sublime. Mahler's is the adagio, scherzo, and finale of a symphony that has the impetuous "Veni Creator" march as its first movement—not music for Goethe's play but a great musical enactment of the "directed striving with meaning certainly intuitable" that is Goethe's theme. In this symphony, as Cooke noted, Word becomes Deed, and Deed Word. It is the text of faith, the "Veni Creator," that is set to march music, which (as in Beethoven's Ninth) usually celebrates humanism and the deed, and Goethe's humanistic text that is clad in hymn and chorale, music's symbol of faith.

Sir Georg Solti long ago mastered the technical difficulties of executing



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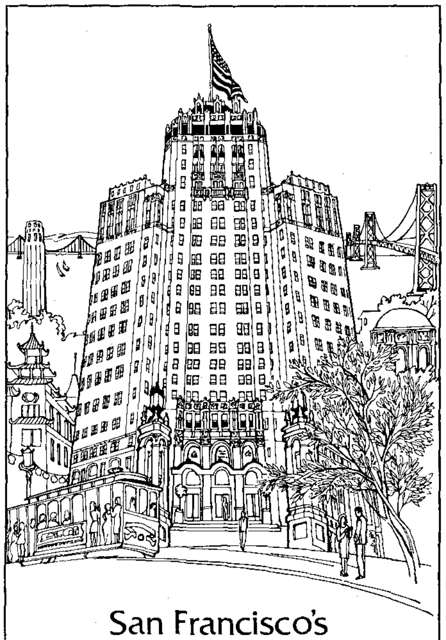

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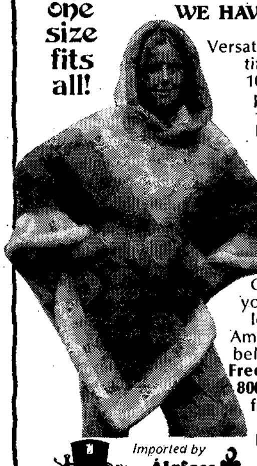

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Mahler's symphonies. His performance of the Fifth last season showed that he has also begun to respond to their emotional and spiritual content. One looked forward with excitement to the Eighth he was billed to conduct. But he injured himself. Margaret Hillis, director of the Chicago Symphony Chorus, took over. She "saved the show." She beat time efficiently. She held the immense forces together with aplomb. She launched into the first movement with a headlong energy to match Mahler's own when he composed it. But on all other counts it was an unaffecting, earthbound, unworthy performance of a work that should change the world of those who hear it. The soloists made an ill-blended septet in the first movement (Kenneth Riegel's dry tenor hacksawed through the ensemble), and in Part II only Barbara Hendricks, in the brief role of the Mater Gloriosa, sang purely.

AS its first Carnegie bill of the season, the Boston Symphony brought two concert performances of Berlioz's "Béatrice et Bénédict." The piece can be enchanting in the theatre. In concert, its spell is broken when Berlioz's numbers are bridged not by his own brief dialogues but by large chunks of "Much Ado," and when words spoken and words sung are assigned to different casts. This happened at Carnegie Hall, and things were made worse because in Act I the speakers were largely unintelligible, while in Act II they achieved intelligibility only by delivering Shakespeare's lines at a snail's pace. Frederica von Stade, below form, and Stuart Burrows were acceptable but unremarkable singers of the title roles. Sheila Armstrong gave Hero a spreading tone and an uneven line; Gwendolyn Killebrew was a fuzzy Ursula. Berlioz described his work as "a caprice written with the point of a needle," and one that needs "an extremely delicate performance." Seiji Ozawa's handling of it was lively but neither needle-sharp nor delicate.

Three days after their first "Béatrice," the orchestra and the admirable Tanglewood Festival Chorus, again under Ozawa, did Brahms' Requiem, in the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, on Columbus Avenue, just south of Lincoln Center. The work had its first performance, in 1868, in Bremen Cathedral. The cathedral-like acoustics of St. Paul's lent impressiveness to the dark, soft tread of the drums and muted strings in the second movement; they caught up and enhanced the voices of the soloists, Judith Blegen

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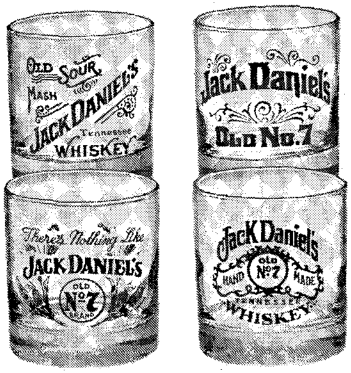
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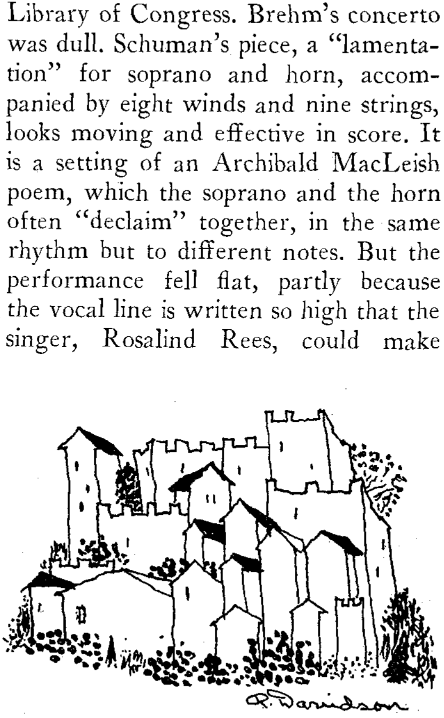
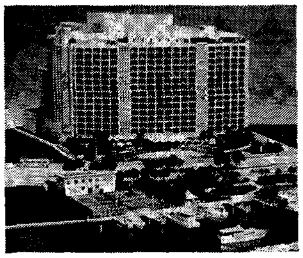
and Benjamin Luxon; but they blunted the edge of contrapuntal writing, mushed the fugues on "Der Gerechten Seelen" and "Herr, du bist würdig." The Tanglewood choir adopted an unusual platform disposition, grouped not S.A.T.B. but with the voices scattered at random. This produced an excellently cohesive choral tone—but at the expense, again, of contrapuntal definition; one did not hear the successive entries strike in from different places. The orchestra, on the other hand, was stratified—all the violins on the left, the double-basses way out on the right, almost in a side aisle. Boston Symphony program books, now edited and largely written by Michael Steinberg, are the best in the country, packed with information and observation, and legibly printed. For this church concert, the orchestra brought along its own publication (whereas in Carnegie the Boston matter gets reset in the small, close type standard for New York programs). Text and translation were included—and then the lights in the church were turned down so that they could not be read.

THE St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, billed as the only full-time professional chamber orchestra in the country, came to Alice Tully Hall last month to give three concerts. The programs included a new work, Alvin Brehm's Piano Concerto; two local premières, Hans Werner Henze's "Aria de la Folía Española" and William Schuman's "The Young Dead Soldiers;" and an American première, John Christian Bach's cantata "Cefalo e Procri," whose autograph is in the Library of Congress. Brehm's concerto was dull. Schuman's piece, a "lamentation" for soprano and horn, accompanied by eight winds and nine strings, looks moving and effective in score. It is a setting of an Archibald MacLeish poem, which the soprano and the horn often "declaim" together, in the same rhythm but to different notes. But the performance fell flat, partly because the vocal line is written so high that the singer, Rosalind Rees, could make





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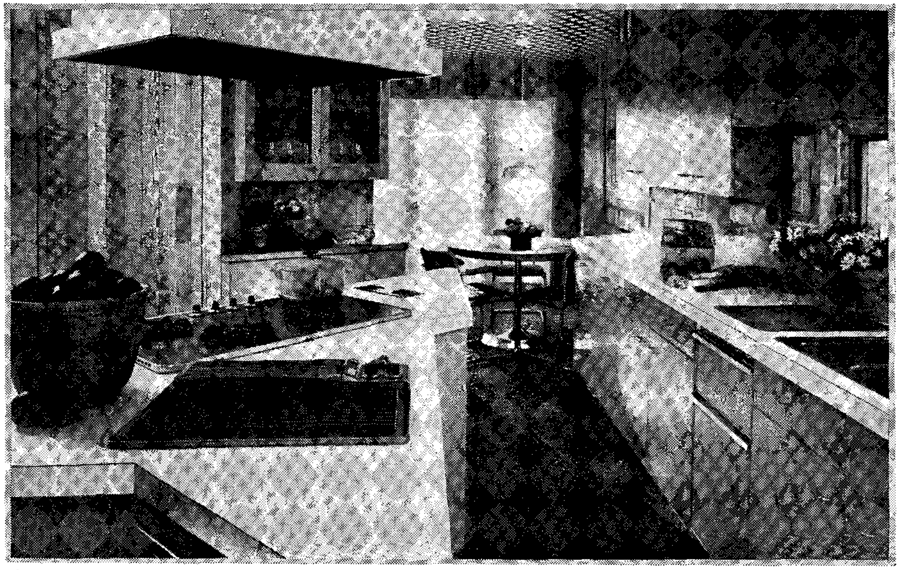

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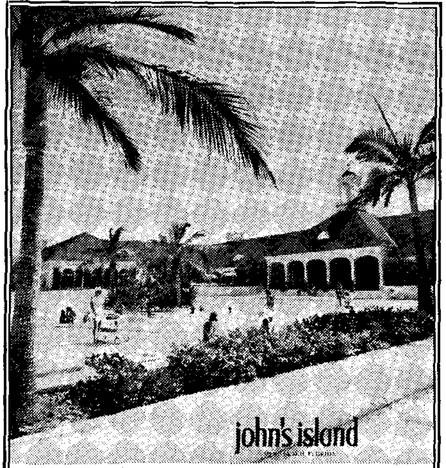

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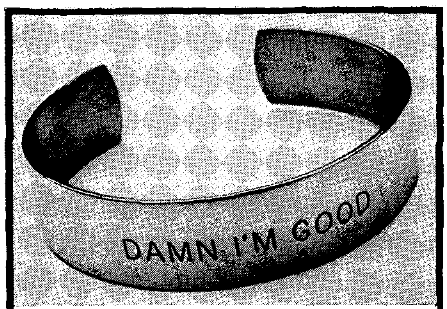

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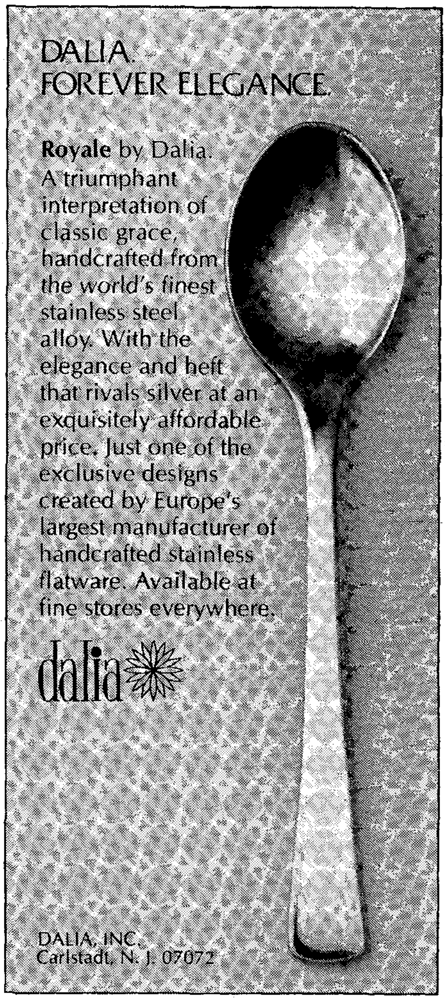
nothing of the words. Henze's "aria" is a new set of variations, for small orchestra, on that *folia*, or "Folies d'Espagne," theme that Corelli and other composers have made famous. In Corelli, it is a dignified strain, but Grove notes that the *folia* "was originally a noisy dance accompanied by tambourines and performed by men dressed as women, who behaved so wildly that they appeared to be out of their senses." Henze's piece starts sedately enough but gradually becomes wilder, reaching its climax in an impetuous fandango. It is not one of his major works but an amiable and ingenious stretch of music (about twenty minutes long), including several extended solos for the St. Paul players, for whom it was composed. The J. C. Bach cantata is an elegant trifle, attractively scored: an air for Cephalus, two airs for Procris, an air for Aurora, and a final trio, linked by recitatives. Something could be made of it, but not much was. Angela Bello and Karen Smith sang the title roles in small, clean, pretty voices, without dramatic emphasis; Janis Hardy was a cloudy Dawn. It is mere prejudice, I suppose, to suggest that a scruffy-looking band is unlikely to play *galant* music with aristocratic grace and elegance; if the St. Paul conductor and his players got their hair cut, it might not alter the cut of their musical phrasing. But it can fairly be said that their playing of eighteenth-century music was not exquisite. At the second and third concerts, there was an exquisite soloist, Heinz Holliger, who played Hummel's Adagio and Variations for oboe, Antonín Reicha's Scena for English horn, and Mozart's Oboe Concerto with wit and seductively captivating refinement. At the first concert, Charles Rosen played Beethoven's Second Piano Concerto with magisterial intentions but uneven fingers.

THE Chamber Music Society's second program of the season, in Tully Hall, included the first performance of William Bolcom's Piano Quartet, commissioned by the Koussevitzky Foundation. It is a loose-knit four-movement piece, which opens pleasantly by alternating a Chopinesque barcarolle with a section called "Ketjak" (the Ramayana monkey chant; the Balinese original can be heard on the Nonesuch record "Golden Rain"), and drops for its third movement, Intermezzo, into a cocktail-time ditty. James Buswell, the violinist, cued the ensemble by giving a loud sniff before each entry. I felt rather sniffy about the piece, too. On the Society's third bill, Victoria de los



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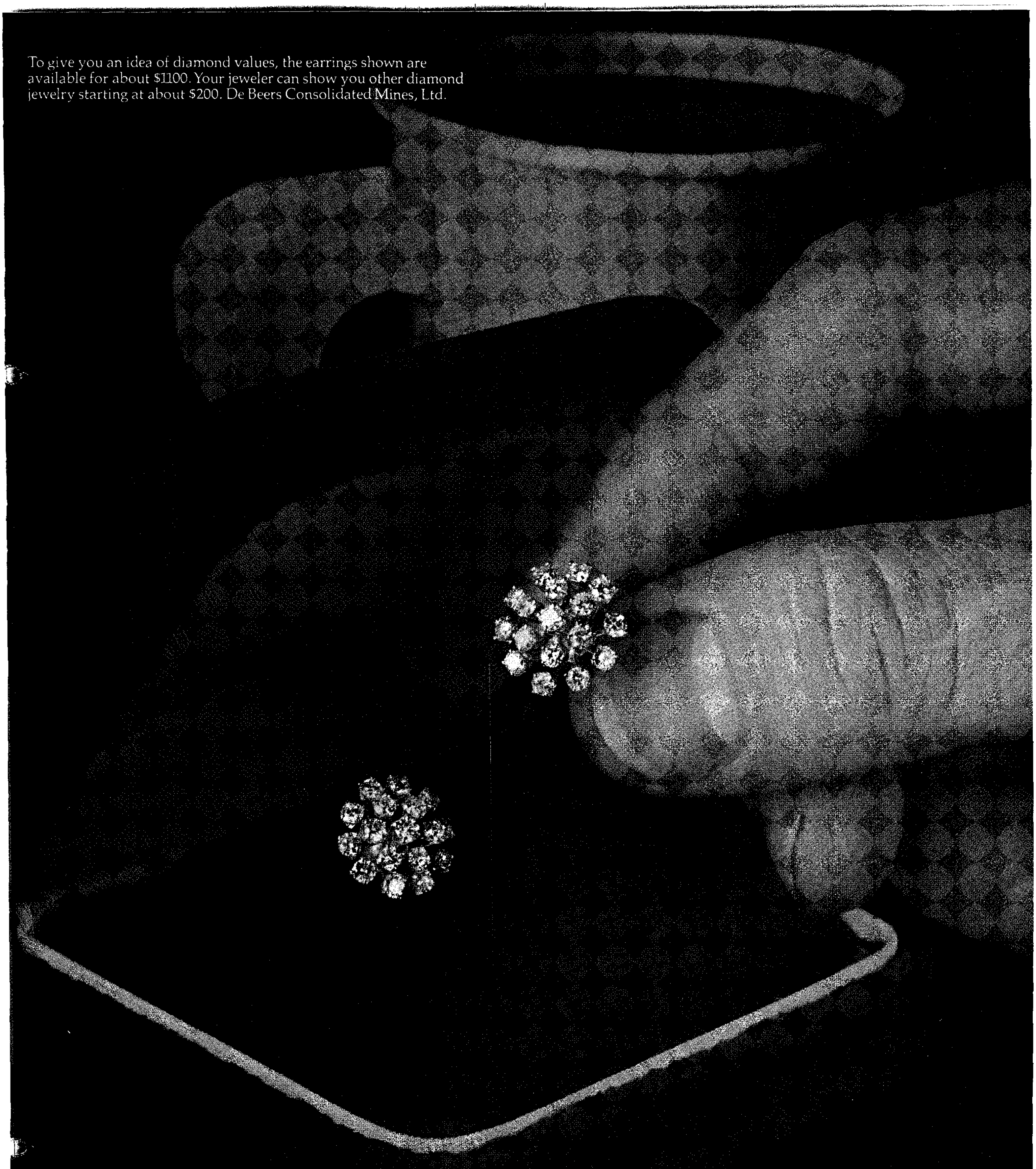

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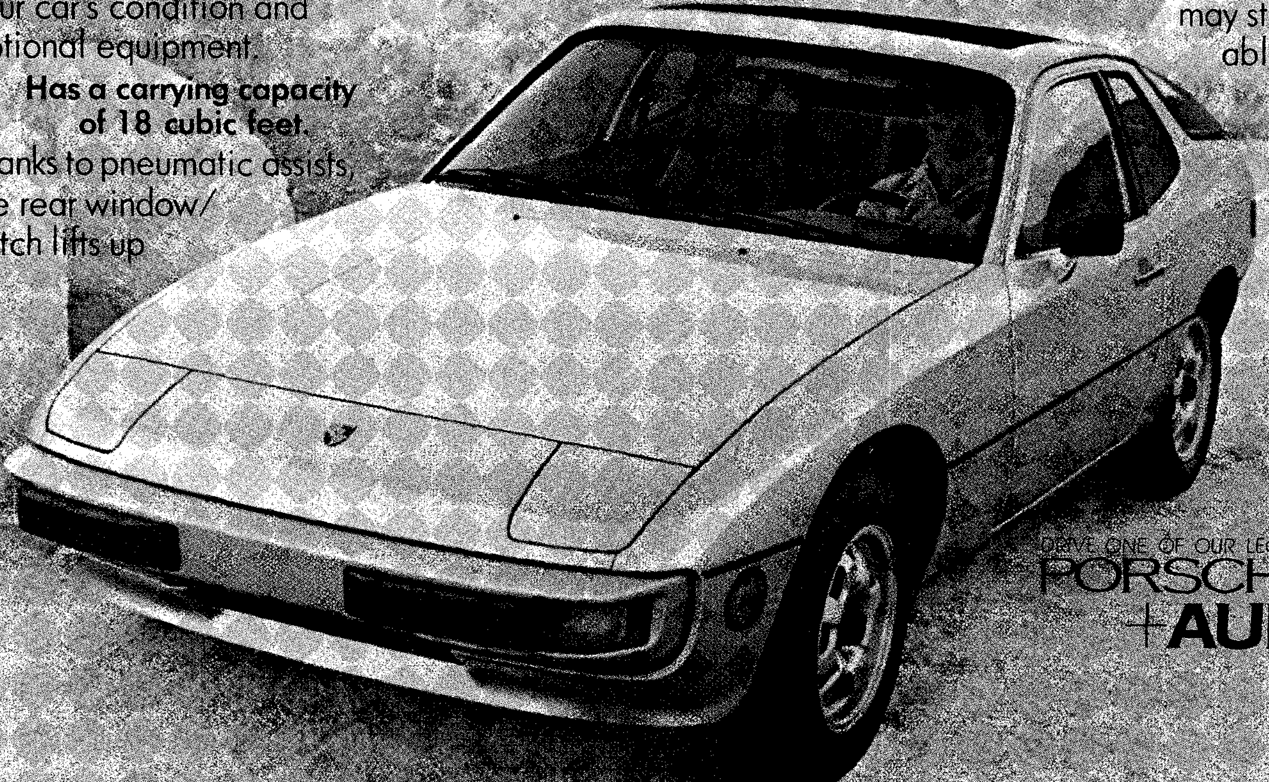

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The day before, Johanna Meier, in the same hall, gave her first New York recital. The place is not friendly to singers. Its dry, clear acoustics are unflattering. They could not sully the purity of Victoria de los Angeles's tone, but they showed up cruelly Miss Meier's unevenness. She is a puzzling performer. The personality she presents is generous and attractive, and the voice at its best is uncommonly beautiful—a rich, full, shining, warm soprano that evokes comparisons with Leonie Rysanek, even Lotte Lehmann. But Miss Meier has not learned how to keep it at its best; suddenly the focus will blur, the purity go, the tone spread. She sang the first quatrain of Mendelssohn's "Venetianisches Gondellied" magically, and then lost control in what followed. Weber's "Ocean, thou mighty monster" (which, for some reason, she did in a German translation) was in part large, radiant, and steady, as good as can be, and in part unsteady and imprecise. In her first group—Handel, Mozart, Haydn—breaking words into separate syllables and phrases into separate notes, she provided a demonstration of modern non-legato singing.

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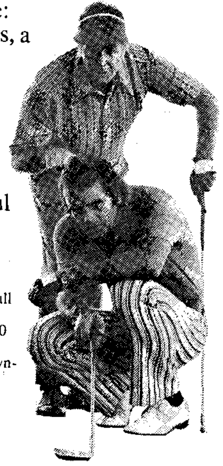

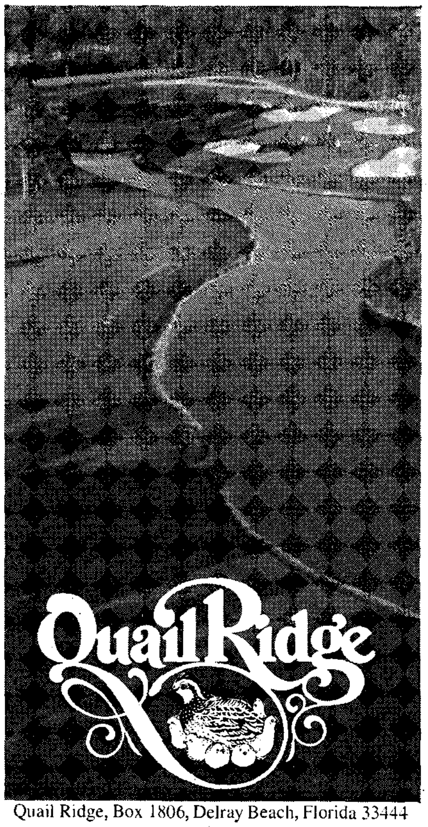

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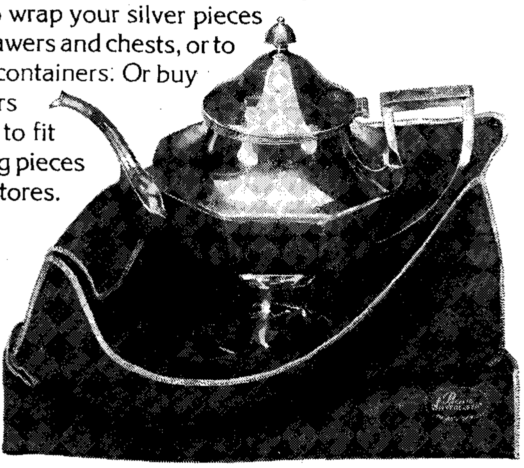

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"Die Freunde von Salamanka," "Claudine von Villa Bella," "Die Bürgschaft," "Die Verschworenen," and "Die Zwillingsbrüder." The performances are elegant.

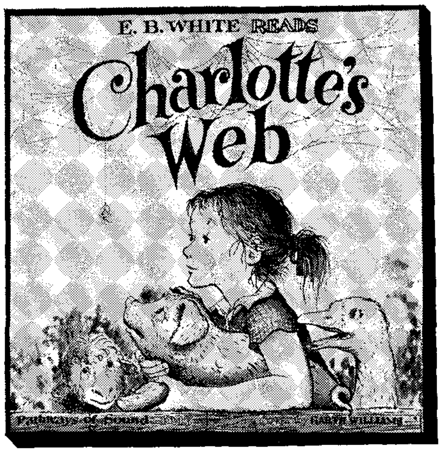
Saint-Saëns' Requiem Mass has been recorded, for the first time, by RCA (AGL 1-1968; single). The forces involved are the Orchestre Lyrique de l'Office de Radiodiffusion, Télévision Française, and the Ensemble Choral "Contrepoint," with Danielle Galland, soprano; Jeannine Collard, alto; Francis Bardot, tenor; Jacques Villisech, bass; and Micheline Lagache, organ. The conductor is Jean-Gabriel Gaussens. This is a noble work—one of Saint-Saëns' finest—and the performance is superb.

Another French organist, Marcel Dupré, has composed a series of preludes and fugues which appears on a record that also includes Olivier Messiaen's "Le Banquet Céleste" and "Les Bergers" (Mercury SRI 75088; single). All are played on the organ of Saint-Sulpice by M. Dupré himself. Dupré's compositions are tonally ambiguous, and attractive. The Messiaen works, as usual, are super-refined impressionism, mystical and not completely intelligible to the ordinary listener.

Westminster has issued a rather interesting recording of music for harp and orchestra, played by the Soviet harpist Olga Erdeli, with the Moscow Radio Symphony Orchestra, under the batons of Boris Khaikin and Gennady Rozhdestvensky (WG 8346; single). The compositions are by Glière, Mozart, and the contemporary Frenchman Jean-Michel Damase. Damase's style is quite traditional. Miss Erdeli is obviously an outstanding harpist, and the performances are all worthwhile.

Ana-Maria Vera, a twelve-year-old pianist with a mature style, plays Mozart's Piano Concerto "Lützow," K. 246, and Haydn's Piano Concerto in D, accompanied by the Rotterdam Philharmonic, under Edo de Waart, on a disc just issued by Philips (6833 199). Miss Vera, who was born in Washington, D.C.—her father is Bolivian and her mother Dutch—is clearly a prodigy, and plays with excellent phrasing and clear articulation.

Rossini's ballet music from "The Siege of Corinth," "William Tell," and "Othello" has been recorded by the Orchestre National de l'Opéra de Monte Carlo, Antonio de Almeida conducting (Philips 6780 027; four sides). It is all typical Rossini, light and enjoyable, and the performance is excellent.



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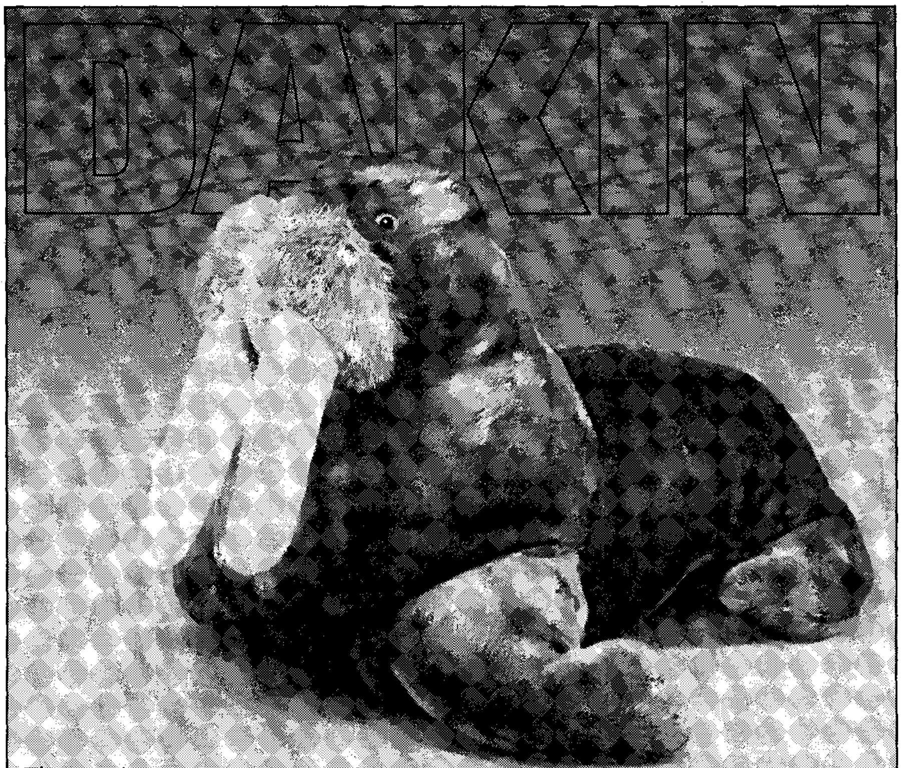
The guitarist Pepe Romero has recorded Joaquín Rodrigo's "Fantasía Para un Gentilhombre" and Mauro Giuliani's Introduction to a Theme with Variations and Polonaise, Opus 65, with the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Neville Marriner conducting (Philips 9500 042; single). Rodrigo is a contemporary Spanish composer, Giuliani a late-baroque Italian composer. This is pleasant music, with a generally Spanish flavor.

A recently released Nonesuch disc offers Busoni's Six Short Pieces, Stravinsky's Four Études, Bartók's Three Études, and Messiaen's Four Rhythmic Studies, all played by the pianist Paul Jacobs (H 71334; single). The Bartók is atonal and a bit noisy; the Messiaen is also atonal and slightly noisier than most Messiaen; the Stravinsky is remarkable for its Romanticism. Everything is capably performed.

Don Smithers, the master trumpet player, has recorded works by Dowland, Frescobaldi, Handel, Purcell, and others on the natural, or valveless, trumpet characteristic of the baroque period (Philips 6500 926; single). His dexterity on this archaic instrument is dazzling.

The soprano Judith Blegen and the trumpet player Gerard Schwarz have collaborated in a number of arias and recitatives for voice, trumpet, and orchestra with harpsichord (Columbia M 34518; single). The orchestra is the Columbia Chamber Ensemble, conducted by Mr. Schwarz, and the music is by Alessandro Scarlatti and Handel—a welcome addition to the recorded repertoire of the baroque period.

Franz Liszt's "Années de Pèlerinage; Deuxième Année: Italie" has been recorded by David Bean, a piano virtuoso with an attractive Romantic style (Westminster WGS-8339; single). Among other noteworthy piano recordings is Bach's Concerto No. 5, S. 1056, along with Franck's Symphonic Variations and Shostakovich's Concerto No. 1 for Piano and Orches-



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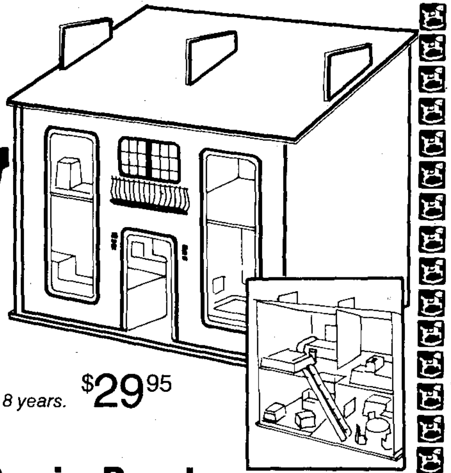

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tra, played by Maria Grinberg, who is one of the seemingly inexhaustible supply of brilliant Soviet Romantic pianists (Westminster WGS 8325; single). The Bach is done with style, the Franck is a showpiece for virtuosity, and the Shostakovich is from his lively early period. Brahms' Opus 117, 118, and 119—ten Intermezzi, the Ballade in G Minor, the Romanze in F, and the Rhapsody in E Flat—are performed by another of the brilliant Russian pianists, Dmitri Alexeev (Angel S 37290; single). And yet one more of these Russian pianists, Yakov Flier, who is a thundering virtuoso, performs some of Chopin's Nocturnes, Mazurkas, and Waltzes, and his Barcarolle, Opus 60, and Polonaise, Opus 26, No. 2 (Westminster WGS 8341; single).

THERE have also been a lot of single-disc vocal recordings recently. Arias by Verdi and Puccini are sung by Sylvia Sass, with the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Lamberto Gardelli (London OS 26524). Miss Sass, a Hungarian by birth, is Europe's latest operatic discovery—a rich dramatic soprano with great range, power, and eloquence, and a special ability to convey intimate emotion. A recording of highlights from "Tosca," with Vladimir Atlantov, tenor, and Tamara Milashkina, soprano, accompanied by the Bolshoi Theatre Orchestra, conducted by Mark Ermler, has been issued by Columbia/Melodiya (M 34516). Mr. Atlantov has a thrilling voice but one that is a bit heavy for Cavaradossi. He will be heard from again—I hope in "Aida" or "Trovatore." Russian tenors are a rarity, and this is a great one. The soprano Ileana Cotrubas sings arias by Mozart, Donizetti, Verdi, and Puccini, with the New Philharmonia Orchestra, John Pritchard conducting (Columbia M 34519). Miss Cotrubas has a cultivated style, accurate and sometimes spectacular fioritura, a good trill, fine phrasing, and a lovely, sensuous quality of voice. Dramatic-soprano arias by Verdi, Mascagni, Puccini, Catalani, Ponchielli, and Giordano are sung by Montserrat Caballé, accompanied by the Orquesta Sinfonica de Barcelona, conducted by Armando Gatto and Anton Guadagno (London OS 26497). She is electrifying on this record. Jessye Norman, soprano, sings Schumann's "Frauenliebe und Leben," Opus 42, and "Liederkreis," Opus 39, with Irwin Gage at the piano (Philips 9500 110), and provides very sensitive and subtle lieder singing. Ingvar Wixell sings arias by Verdi,

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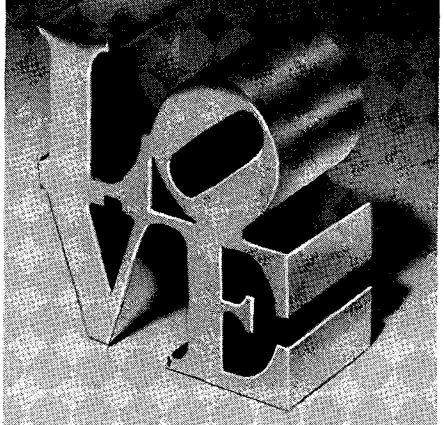

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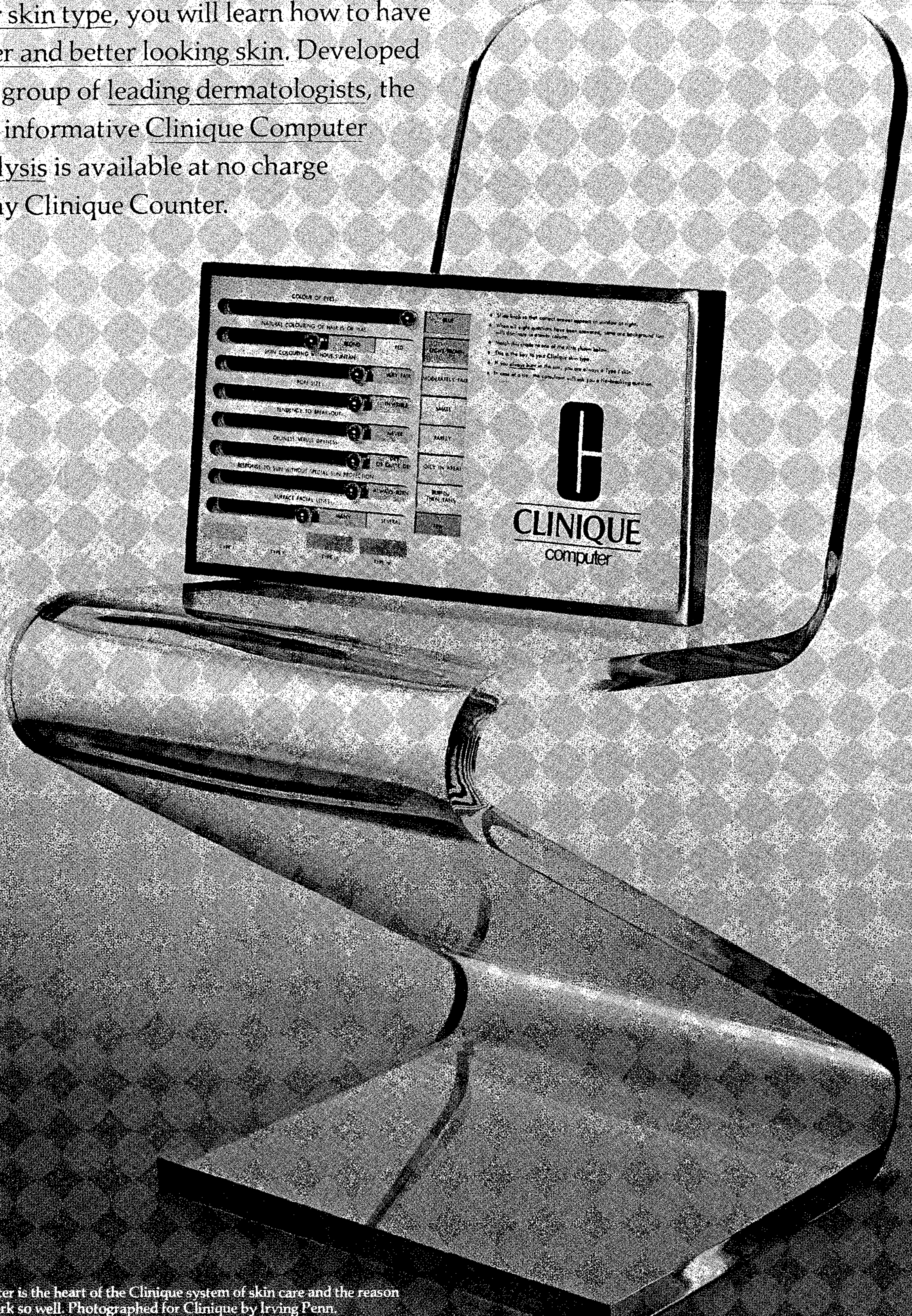
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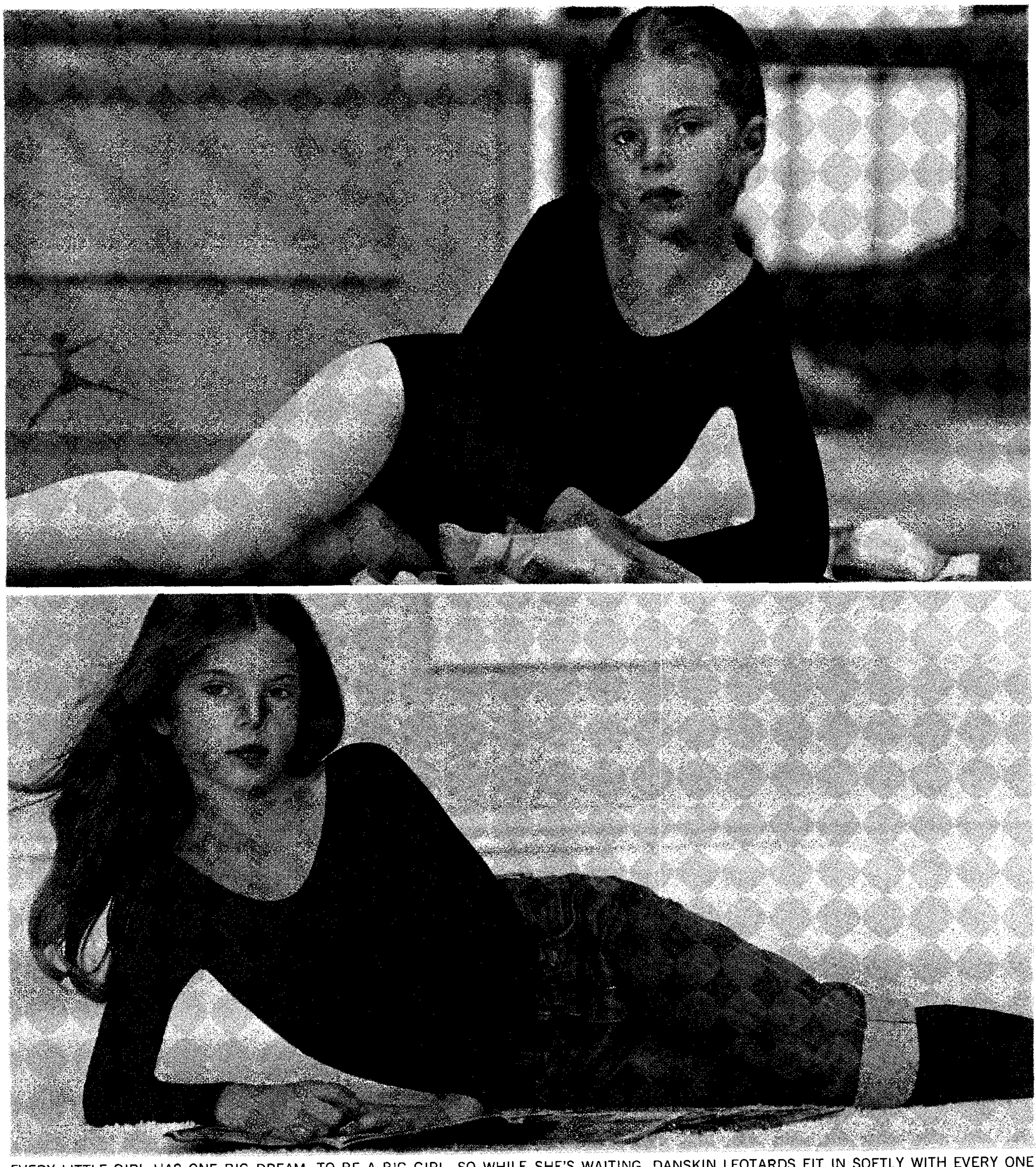

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Finally, there is an album called "Lily Pons; Coloratura Assoluta" (Columbia D3M 34294; mono; six sides). This is a collection of arias by the great coloratura soprano of yesteryear. Those who remember her will recognize her clean accuracy, her agility, and her innate musicality. A total pleasure for nostalgiacs.

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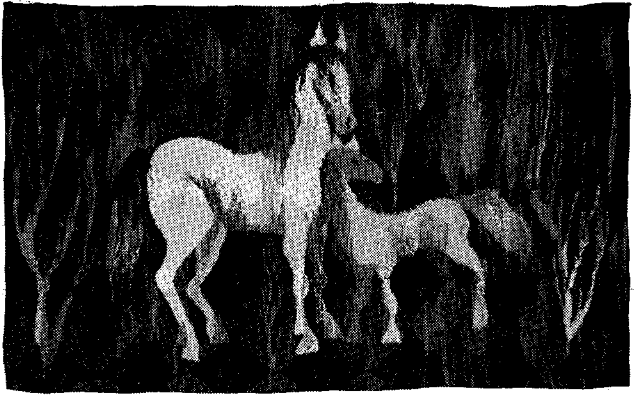

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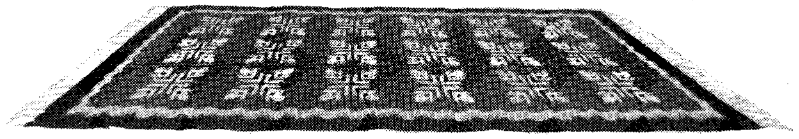

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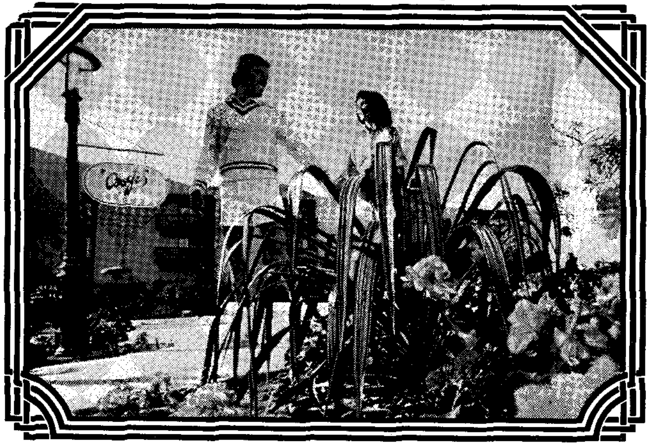

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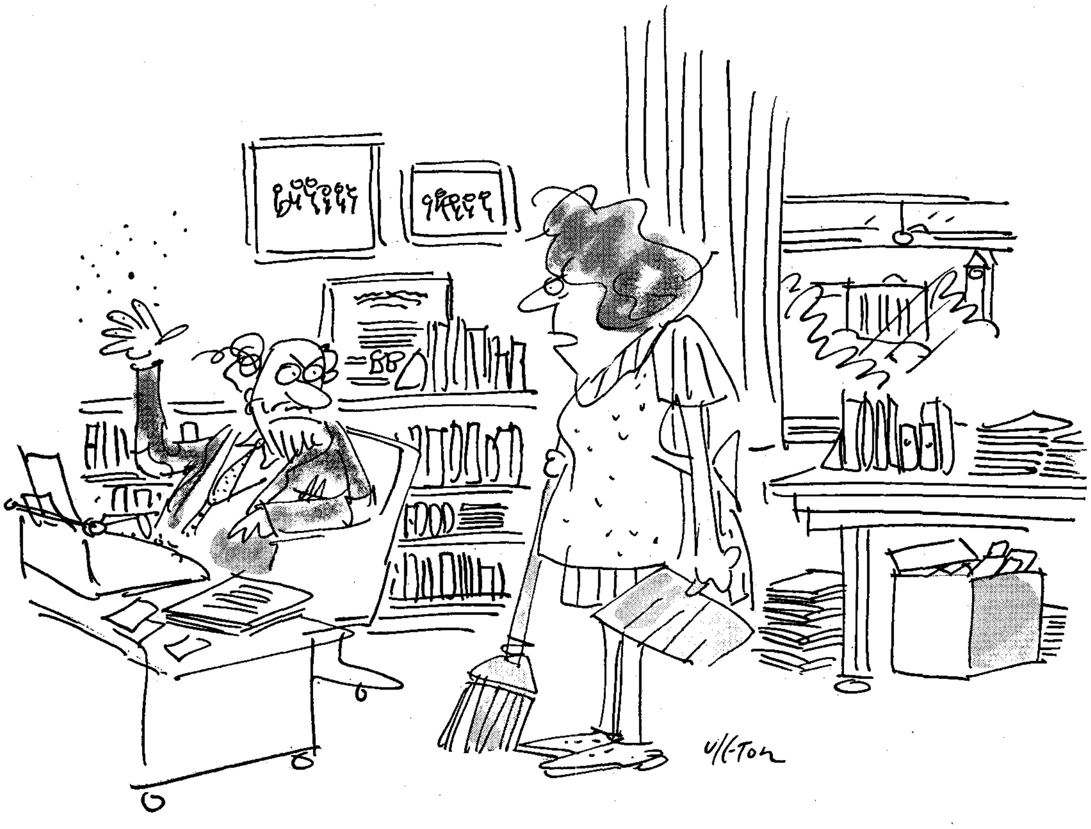
LETTER FROM LONDON

NOVEMBER 2

THE news of the Government's decision to let the pound float free, since its strong upward surge could not be contained, made many British wonder whether to cheer or to pinch themselves first. After all the years of ghastly monetary tidings, the rapidity of the transformation here has been extraordinary enough to seem dreamlike. People can hardly believe that things have changed so much since the worrying spring, when the by-elections were sending tart messages of no confidence to the Government, the pound was on the floor, and Cassandras were prophesying from every Fleet Street rooftop. Almost overnight—or so it appeared to confused citizens, who had perhaps grown weary of hearing promises about it for so long—North Sea oil was flowing, and the corresponding torrent of foreign money began to pour into the City of London. This euphoric improvement in the country's financial position naturally resulted in the strengthening of Labour's stock, too. Not so long ago, it seemed comfortably certain to many in Margaret Thatcher's party, and appallingly likely to her opponents, that she would be the next Prime Minister. Now people are less sure that they want to change the management than they were when Mr. Callaghan's left-wingers were cutting up loud and strong, scaring off moderate voters. Because of all the sudden talk about a general election, variously forecast for next spring or even the one after, it is noticeable that these voices have prudently piped down of late. In several recent utterances, the Prime Minister cheerfully announced that he intends to be able to preside over the real economic recovery and the beginning of unbelievably better times that will be possible for Britain if only people keep their cool now and do not pull down the wages ceiling on their heads. The test of whether the people were listening has come very quickly. As a comradely hint to the public that the winter may be a dark and cold one, the electricity workers are staging go-slows that plunge haphazardly selected parts of the country into gloom for two or three hours nightly, with the lights first flickering off and on to give annoyed householders a gentlemanly few minutes to hunt for candles. Here in London, this begins at the rush hour, when the traffic lights suddenly shut up shop and the streets are jammed solid with crawling cars. The coal miners' thundering "No!" to staying inside the Government's suggested pay guidelines will seriously dim the glowing picture of satisfaction that the Government benches would have presented when the Commons reassembles tomorrow.

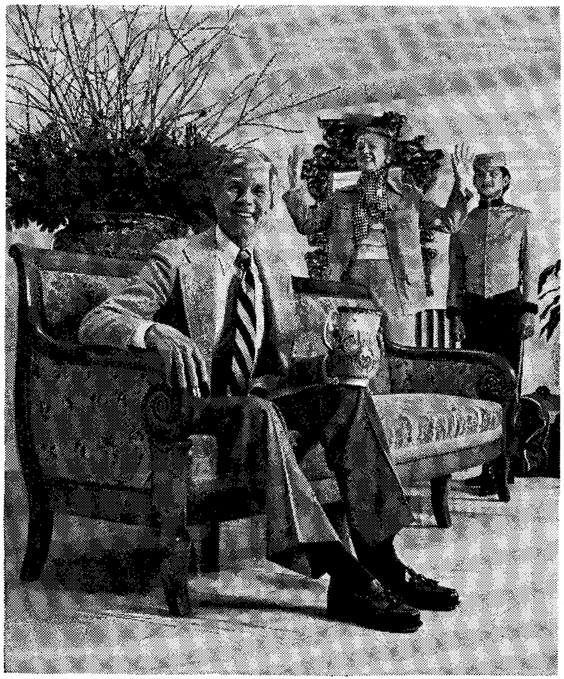
THE last of the Jubilee shows is the Royal Academy's huge, crammed, fascinating package tour of British painting during the years of the Queen's reign—a gala event by all counts. The first and most agreeable of its surprises is to find that such artists as Graham Sutherland and Francis Bacon, who normally would not have been seen dead in the academic groves at any time in the last twenty-five years, have loyally sent in canvases. It may be the poetic revenge of these august walls on some of the painters who have stayed outside for so long that their work sometimes seems oddly diminished when seen here crowded uncomfortably by warring styles and colors. The David Hockneys, which include one of the large swimming-pool series, are among those that lose out somewhat by becoming part of the cheerful mixing pot of what looks (to be truthful) very much like the Academy's usual and often derided summer show. The customary place of honor—the end of the largest gallery—has been given to Bacon, who shows five works (one more than almost everybody else), including an unexpectedly jaunty portrait of himself wearing a sporty raincoat and urbanely waggling a foot. The exhibition has something for everyone, from the father figures, such as Ben Nicholson (two splendid ones), through the Cubist-influenced artists of the fifties, such as Robert MacBryde and Edward Bawden, the acrylic meadows of the color-field painters, Op razzle-dazzle (two lighthearted pink-and-blue Bridget Rileys among them), the Cornish Abstractionists, such as David Lanyon and Bryan Wynter, and the Constructivists, to the occasional oasis (for the more timid visitors) of Edward Burra's haunting watercolors and the gentle landscapes of John Nash. The show is being stormed, naturally, by art students and schoolchildren, who need no interpreters other than their good young eyes as they rush from picture to picture. At the entrance, they crowd around a counter



"*Housekeeping, Herr Professor, is not an exact science.*"

where canvases, brushes, luscious tubes of paint, and other material are on sale—the Academy's benign encouragement, no doubt, to the possible new entry for the Golden Jubilee show of British art.

THE Fabergé exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum has just closed, and if the public had been asked to vote, it would surely have gone on for the next year or so. It may not be too late to report on its success, for it was absolutely phenomenal. Long queues waited patiently every day, seemingly drawn even in this egalitarian age by the strange magnetism of these exquisite toys for emperors, the ultimate in perfect craftsmanship and useless *grand luxe*, to which is added the double glamour of the related Russian and Edwardian English courts. The Queen's vast Fabergé collection from Sandringham was started by her great-grandfather Edward VII—whose beautiful Queen Alexandra was the sister of the Dowager Empress Maria Feodorovna—in genial brotherly emulation of the Czar's habit of ordering a fabulous imperial Easter egg each year for the Czarina from Carl Fabergé's workshops in Bolshaya Morskaya Street. King Edward's Fabergé presents to his wife, and hers to him, have an amusingly English-country-house flavor, being mostly portraits of the family dogs (meticulous wax models, complete down to the last hair and collar stud, were first sent to Sandringham for inspection) and other animals and birds, plus a whole Chelsea Flower Show of tiny enamelled blossoms, with jade leaves, and sometimes a diamond dewdrop trembling among their petals, seeming to be growing in rock-crystal pots apparently filled with water. Later, Queen Mary, an enthusiastic and formidable connoisseur, added important items to the royal collection, the center of the dazzling Victoria and Albert show, to which many public and private collectors here and in America lent treasures. Some of the loveliest things were the utterly simple, elegant boxes and cigarette cases in which Fabergé had combined different-colored golds with the superb translucent enamels, layer upon layer, like glinting plumage, that are his trademark. Of great historical interest were the various samples of the imperial Easter eggs—including the first, made for Alexander III in 1884—nearly all containing a "surprise," such as a marvellously ingenious mechanical peacock that opened and closed its enamelled tail, and a jewel-set painting of



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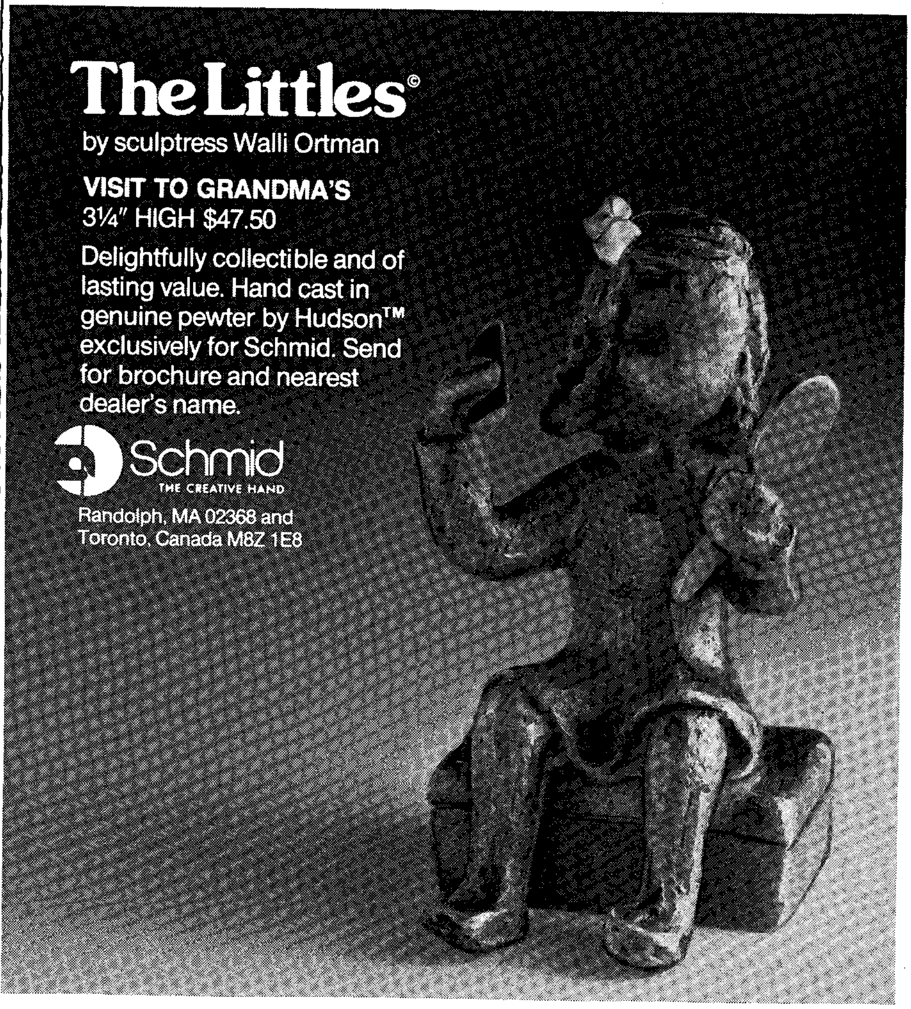

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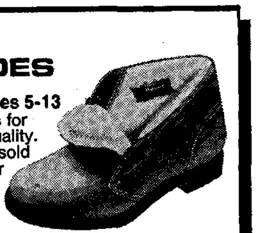

the handsome imperial children. The last, the Twilight Egg, named for the dark lapis lazuli with which it is encrusted, or perhaps symbolically for the approaching night of the Romanovs, was made in 1917, when the Czar and his family were prisoners in Tsarskoe Selo. They were not allowed to receive it. It vanished, and turned up mysteriously only last year at a Geneva auction, where it was bought by a collector in Zurich, who lent it to the London exhibition.

THE autumn theatrical season is leaning rather heavily on the more entertaining past, with the usual handsomely done revivals—no fewer than three productions of Shaw, for example, all excellent. The only major new play that deals seriously with our times, and manages to be extremely funny, as well as laceratingly melancholy, is Alan Bennett's smash success "The Old Country," at the Queen's. It opens with Hilary and Bron—a sixtyish English couple of vaguely academic appearance, given to Elgar records and bird-watching—rather edgily arguing on the shabby wooden veranda of their somewhat ramshackle rural retreat out in the unidentified wilds. It might be in the heart of brackeny Betjeman Surrey, but the game is given away when one of them finally mentions Moscow. This is the summer dacha of a Foreign Office man who defected to the Soviet Union many years ago, and outside in the forest, where Bron hunts for new wild flowers as brightly as though working up a jolly talk to the local Women's Institute, there are always a couple of attentively watching shadows, just in case. Later on in the act, Bron leaves two drinks on the veranda steps for these unseen, unspeaking characters, like a medieval wife placating malevolent household goblins with a saucer of milk. The nervousness behind the chat is caused by the impending arrival of relatives from England, the Old Country on the other side of the endless forest—an unseen character, too, but a pervasive one. Presently, the relatives turn up, with cries of overdone joy to cover the difficult reunion—Hilary's smartly dressed, amusing sister, Veronica, and her husband, Duff, a smooth literary man, who has come to Moscow, it seems, to lecture on E. M. Forster (this pair, straight out of Harrods, perfectly played by Faith Brook and John Phillips). They bring presents for Bron—Bath Olivers and Gentleman's Relish—and, for Hilary, a cruelly well-chosen record of the choir

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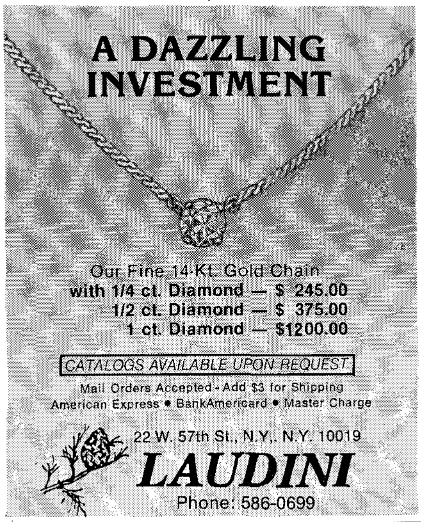

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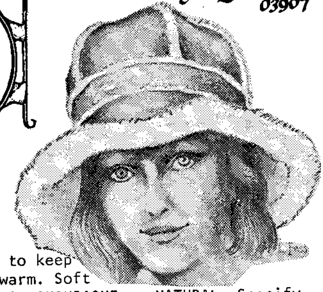

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of King's College, Cambridge, to which he listens for a minute or two, frozen-faced, before falling on the visitors as though they, too, were edible: "Forster is dead, isn't he? . . . Is it true that there are no Lyons teashops in London anymore? . . . What are these newfangled changes in the Anglican Communion service?" Alec Guinness is magnificent as Hilary, the seedy intellectual hanging on to the lifelines of music and books that lead back to the past, fretting his brains out in a dreary purgatory of loneliness. What brought about his flight to the Soviet Union is not divulged, but it is clear that he is a failed traitor, not trusted, or even, it turns out, valued. So the bitter question of the second act is how he and long-suffering, loyal Bron (beautifully played by Rachel Kempson) will react to the brother-in-law's disclosure that if he would like to return with them and face the music, an exchange has been arranged for someone the Russians want. It is the best new play that Londoners have seen for a long time, and they are gratefully flocking to it.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

To: DEANS, DIRECTORS AND DEPARTMENT HEADS
FROM: A. J. ALTEMUELLER ACTING DIRECTOR
SUBJECT: NOTICE CONCERNING THE CAMPUS CLOCK SYSTEM

Due to a failure of the signaling generator, we are unable to set the University clocks correctly. This problem was discovered in the change over of the clock system from day light saving time to standard time and the specific cause could be identified only by an expert who was brought in from Atlanta, Georgia.

Repairs to the generator have been under way since Friday, November 5 and are continuing around the clock. —*Memo circulated at the University of North Carolina.*

That's just compounding the trouble.

•

OUR FORGETFUL RHETORICIANS

[*From the Harper Dictionary of Contemporary Usage*]

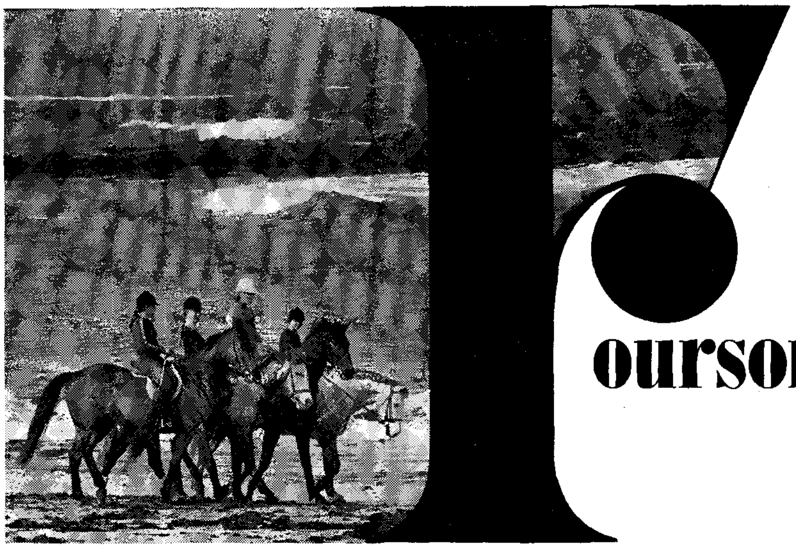
AS TO WHETHER

This formulation occurs frequently in the speech and writing of those who will never use a single word where three can be found. Example: "There is some question *as to whether* the bill will pass." The *as to* can simply be deleted. *Whether* says it all. —*Page 53.*

This raised the question as to whether, in view of rules of pronunciation . . . —*Page 102.*

A reader raises the question as to whether "very excellent" is acceptable . . . —*Page 231.*

The question as to whether a word should be spelled with "ie" or "ei" . . . —*Page 323.*



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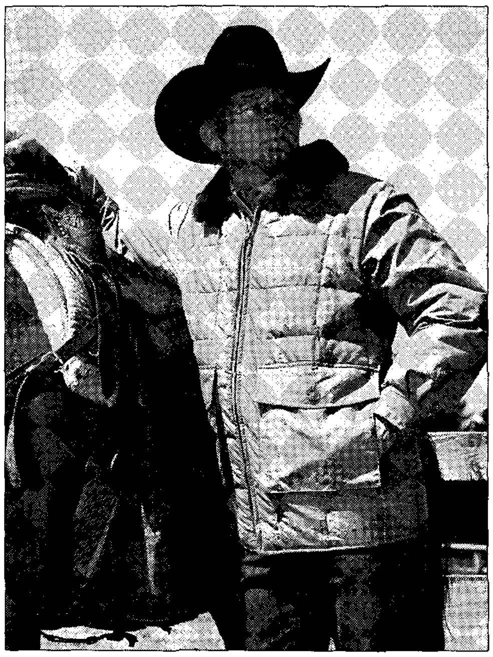

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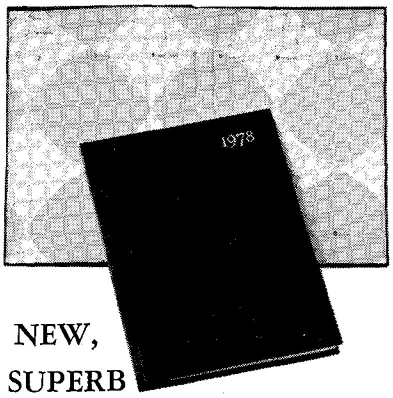
THE RACE TRACK

Laurel's Big Day

JOHNNY D., ridden by Cauthen, won the Washington, D.C., International by two and a half lengths from Majestic Light, with Exceller fourteen lengths farther back, at Laurel last Saturday. It took two minutes and forty-two seconds to run the mile and a half over as soggy a turf course as I have seen in some time. (The track record is 2:23⅘.) Some welcome sunshine brought out a crowd of 25,315, and the Turf Club was packed to capacity with notables from Washington. As the afternoon wore on, the sun disappeared, but rain held off until the racing was over. Eight came out for the twenty-sixth running of the International, whose purse had been increased to $200,000 this year—$120,000 to the winner, with prize money going back to the sixth finisher, who received $5,000—and Ed Blind, the starter, who was turned out in style, as usual, for the occasion, sent them off in good order.

Johnny D. was away slowly, but Cauthen quickly had him in his stride and into a good position not far behind the leaders, and he came through with a spectacular burst of speed going down the backstretch the final time round, opening up a lead of at least half a dozen lengths. He was tiring fast in the last furlong, but held on well under strong handling. Crow, ridden by Yves Saint-Martin—who has been the top jockey in France for years, and who rides the way our own L. Fator used to do—was leading after a mile, but then he tired and wound up fifth. Majestic Light and Exceller had both been far behind. After the race, Cordero, who rode Exceller, said he'd tried to move with everybody else, but the track was too soft. "My mount couldn't handle it," he said. Hawley, who rode Majestic Light, had much the same complaint about the going. Their mounts simply ran over tired horses at the end. To give you an idea, the time by quarters was 0:28⅗, 0:55⅗, 1:20⅘, 1:48⅗, 2:15⅘, 2:42.

Johnny D. is a light-bodied three-year-old bay gelding by Stage Door Johnny out of Dusk by Olden Times.



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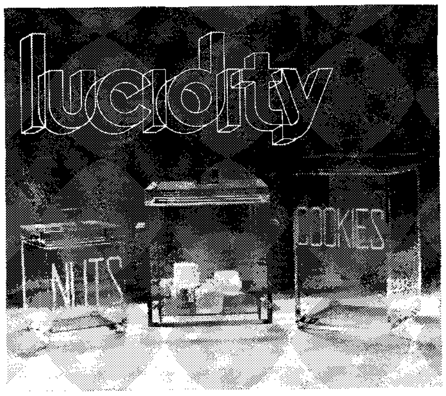

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He was bought by Dana Bray, Jr.—a Glens Falls, New York, businessman who had never raced a horse before—for $20,000 at the 1975 Saratoga yearling sales. This year, Johnny D. has started thirteen times and has won five races, all on the grass. His first victory in a stakes race was in the Lexington Handicap, on the closing day of Belmont's spring meeting, and he won by nearly ten lengths. Coming up to the International, he was third to Majestic Light and Exceller in the Man o' War Stakes at Belmont, and then third to Exceller and Majestic Light in the Canadian International Championship at Woodbine. No doubt he will now have a go at the $200,000 Turf Classic at Aqueduct a week from Saturday. He is trained by Mike Kay, who used to work for Elliott Burch, and who groomed Paul Mellon's Fort Marcy, with whom Burch won the International twice—in 1967 and in 1970. Kay cherishes a wristwatch Mr. Mellon gave him as a memento.

The International was a good show, with name horses in gay blankets being saddled in the infield, and all that, but there wasn't the undercurrent of excitement there had been before the meeting of Affirmed and Alydar in the Laurel Futurity the previous Saturday.

FOR THE RECORD: Sensational won the Ladies Handicap at thirteen to one at Aqueduct last weekend. Dotties Doll was second, and Charming Story was third. —AUDAX MINOR

•

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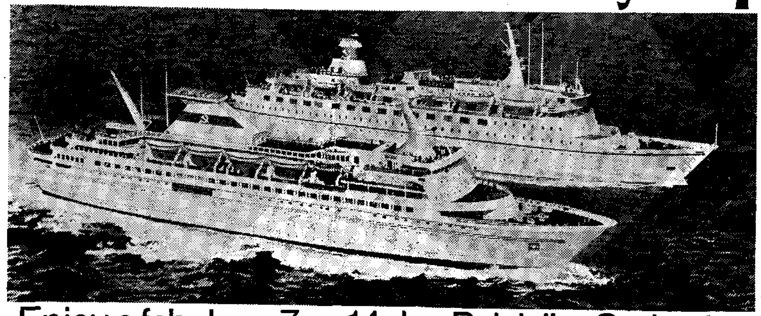

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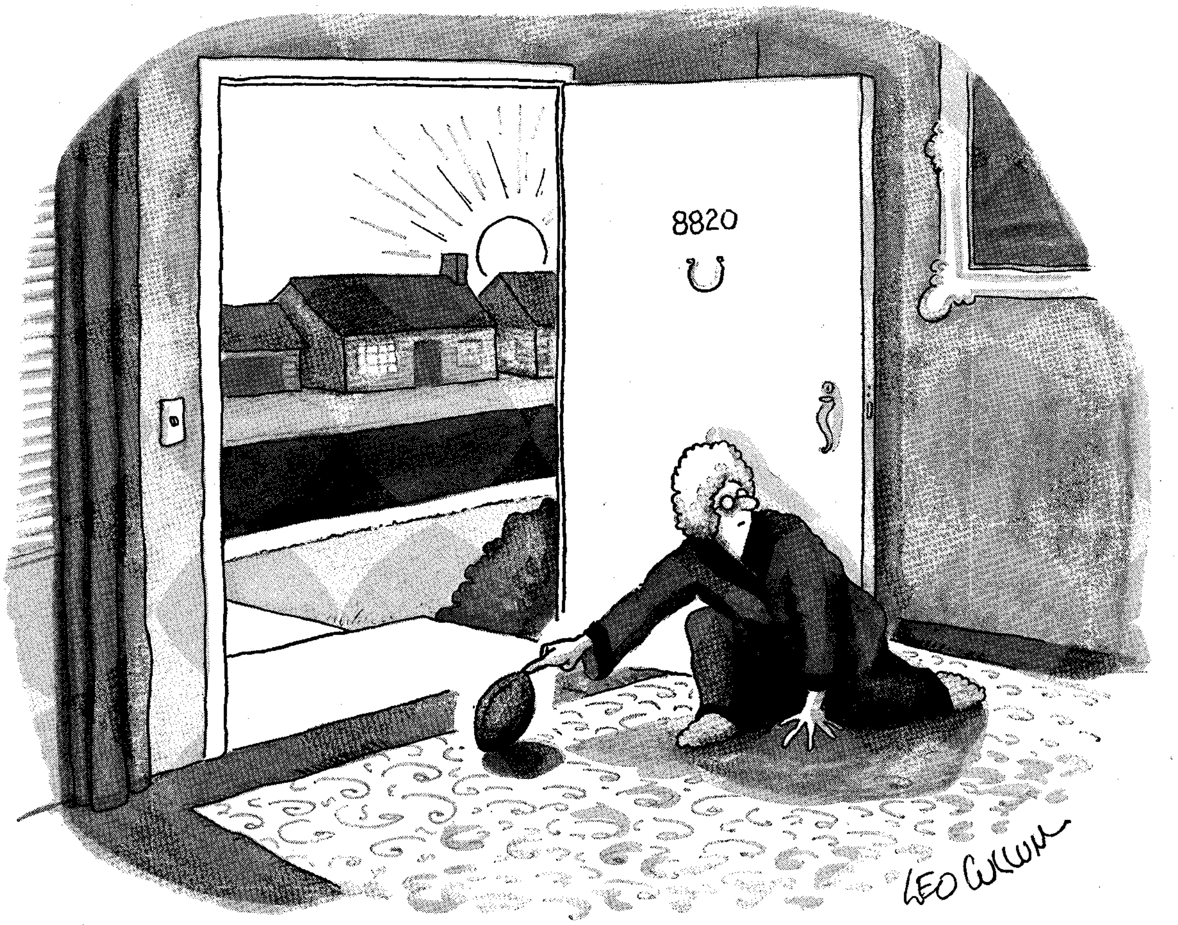
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

NOVEMBER 5

AT his news conference last week, President Carter said that earlier in the year his critics had seemed to complain that he was long on style and short on substance and that lately they had been saying there was "too much substance and not enough style." That is one way of putting it, though the term "style" is difficult to apply either to the Carter of several months ago or to the Carter of today. Apart from his efforts to strip the Presidency of some of its imperial trappings and his engineer-entrepreneur's zeal for orderly procedures, there is nothing really distinctive about his approach to political leadership; there is no modus operandi that can be described as Carteresque, no body of principle that can be called Carterism. There seems to be a split between his activist, populist side and the side of him that frets over giving offense to the business community—except in the energy sector—and its spokesmen in Congress. Part of him is Hubert Humphrey, part is Bert Lance, and there is no word in the Washington vocabulary for that improbable combination. What his critics, mainly in the press, meant in the spring was not that there was too much style but that there was too much preaching, too much inflated rhetoric, so that a call for prudence, foresight, and intelligent planning became a summons to a crusade, a declaration of a moral equivalent of war. But it has surely been the case that Carter has been asking the public and Congress to go along with him on a number of complicated and controversial propositions—matters that strain not only the nation's span of attention but his powers of persuasion and his capacity for accommodation. He recognized, he said at the news conference, that he had overloaded the circuits, and on that account had decided to strike one large item—tax reform—from the agenda and to advance no new programs for a year or two. In other words, if Congress, which was expected to adjourn last month, can clean up the business at hand, it will have a relatively easy time of it in 1978, and its members won't be locked in legislative combat when the time comes for active campaigning.

His explanation was not entirely ingenuous. The decision to slow things down was not so much his as that of Congress, which determines its own schedule and often the President's as well; yesterday he cancelled his plans for an eleven-day trip abroad that was to begin later this month. Beyond that, the decision was made necessary by a public which does not share his sense of urgency, which elected, narrowly, an activist President but has been unmoved by his calls for action. Carter was compelled to acknowledge that things were not going well for him, and that if he wanted to get anything done he would have to lower his sights. Part of the case for deferring tax reform—a movement that seems to exist in a permanent state of deferral—appears to be disagreement among his advisers over the nature and extent of the reforms to be sought. (One "reform" of a familiar kind—increased levies for employers, employees, or both—is already in the works on Social Security.) The economic forecasters don't know what to expect, though they seem to be bracing themselves for bad news, and, just as it used to be said that Supreme Court decisions follow the election returns, it can be said that tax policies follow the economic returns. Another part of the case for deferral is that it should remove one cause of the uncertainty and uneasiness in the business community, which has, of course, been uneasy since it first began to take Carter's candidacy seriously, and has become more so since the departure of Bert Lance and widespread talk that the President will name someone other than Arthur Burns as chairman of the Federal Reserve Board. The feeling is that Lance and Burns were men who would listen to the counsel of business leaders and pass their views on to the President, and that without them there will be no one to talk with except some left-wing academics who have never met a payroll. (Few seem solaced by the fact that Carter is the first President who has met payrolls and kept a sizable venture afloat and profitable.) Business may not like the present tax structure, but at least it knows what it is, and finds today's injustices easier to bear than those it fears may be inflicted by a Democratic Congress in what it perceives as today's anti-business climate. However that may be, the



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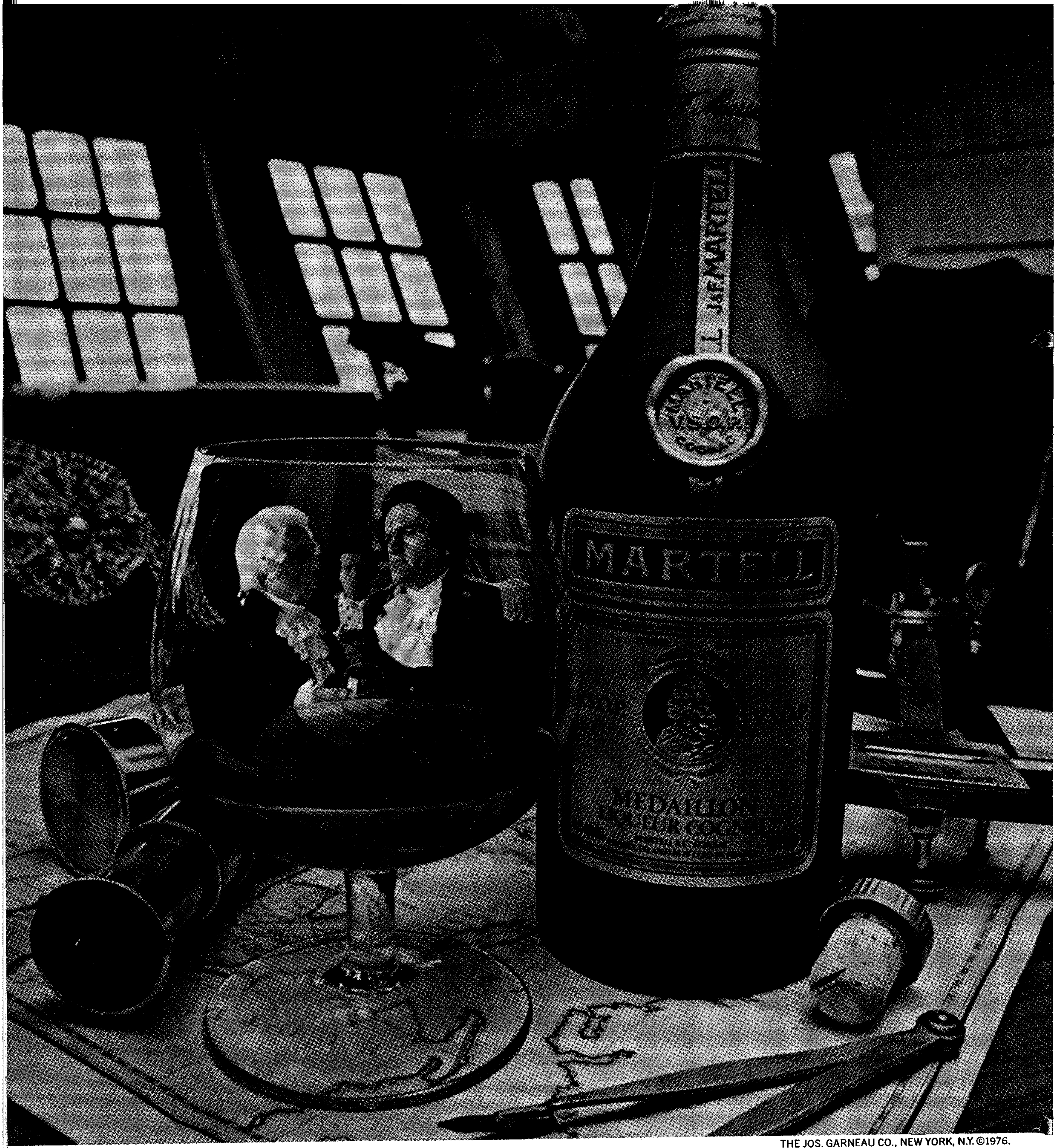

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In 1779, when John Paul Jones received command of the Bonhomme Richard, Martell may well have been there.

France's Minister of Marine places the frigate Bonhomme Richard under the flag of the United States and the command of Captain John Paul Jones. It is from this ship that Captain Jones will reply, "I have not yet begun to fight," and defeat the British vessel, Serapis.

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announcement was politically astute in a way that not all of Carter's recent actions have been. He has found one way of earning the gratitude of Congress, and it has cost him nothing.

Judith Shahn

By no means all of the President's difficulties flow from the number and scope of his programs or from his sometimes maladroit handling of his relations with the legislative branch. Ever since Franklin Roosevelt's last years, but increasingly since Vietnam and Watergate, Congress has been making life hard for Presidents, and the Ninety-fifth Congress, whose members owe Carter far less than he owes them, has been as assertive and as jealous of its prerogatives as any. Its members cast as cold a collective eye on Carter as they did on Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon. They came close to following up the War Powers Act of 1973, which was a codification of a role given Congress in the Constitution, with a measure that would have instructed our representatives in international financing organizations, such as the World Bank and the Inter-American Development Bank, to vote against any aid to countries whose political institutions displeased House and Senate majorities—a legislative intervention that would have had a crippling effect on American diplomacy in many parts of the world. There was a spirit almost of vengefulness in Congress's vote to deny benefits to some of those servicemen whose discharges had been, or were about to be, upgraded as part of Carter's amnesty program. But even if Carter's support on Capitol Hill and throughout the country were broader and more enthusiastic than it is, he would find it hard to convert it into backing for what he is asking. It is one thing for a President to build a constituency for himself and quite another for him to build one for his programs. Dwight Eisenhower was one of the most admired of national leaders—had the law permitted, he could easily have had a third term, perhaps even a fourth, as President—but not many of his admirers shared his economic conservatism, and he effected few of the changes he sought, some of which Carter also seeks. Like Carter, Eisenhower wanted a reorganized bureaucracy, reduced federal expenditures, and a balanced budget. Everyone regarded these as worthy ends, but when it came to means of implementing them the constituency wasn't there. There has been little criticism of Carter's energy program as such; his wish to reduce our dependence on imports, to conserve our resources, and to develop new ones is everywhere regarded as laudable. But almost every one of his proposals has gored one powerful ox or another—consumers of gas and oil, producers and distributors of those fuels, car and truck manufacturers, environmentalists, proponents and opponents of nuclear generators. Spokesmen for regions relying largely on electricity for heat want exemptions, as do representatives of those who rely on oil and natural gas. A more skillful operator—one more experienced in political tradeoffs—might have had less difficulty of the kind that has lately led some people to question Carter's competence, but it is doubtful if any amount of skill would have won him much of what he now calls "substance," as distinct from style. If he had the constituency, his competence or lack of it would be an issue only to those who look upon politics as a spectator sport. He came to the Presidency at a time when there was no clear consensus on any but a few of the problems he felt it necessary to address, and this is a circumstance that could stymie the ablest of performers. Nothing is more difficult in a democratic society than to persuade people to deal with a crisis that is not felt but merely anticipated, particularly when they are disenchanted with government as a means of managing crises or redressing grievances. Carter was very much aware of this during the campaign, and perhaps his greatest success was in persuading people that he, as an outsider and fellow-sufferer, had at least a chance of making the old machinery work. When he entered the White House in January, some seventy per cent felt that under his leadership confidence in the political process might be restored. By late October, that hope had been abandoned by all but fifty-one per cent. Given the circumstances, this is not an unimpressive figure, and is in any case a reflection less on his competence than on the intractability of the problems, but it is hardly a figure that can be described as a mandate. In most surveys, Carter's job-performance rating is about sixty

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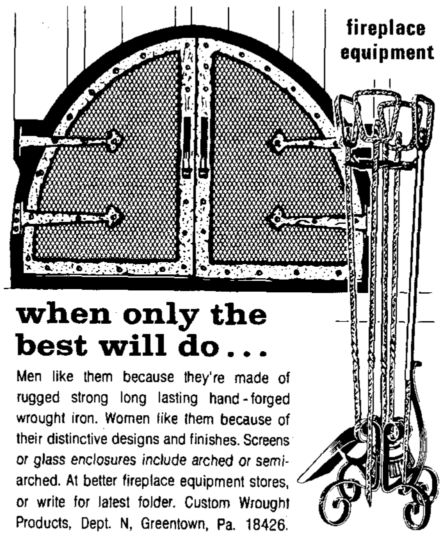

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per cent, which is close to where most recent Presidents have stood toward the end of their first year in office. On the possibility of achieving specific goals, though, the story is quite different. Only a third think he can do much to reduce unemployment, and less than a fourth see any prospect of a balanced budget by 1981. It is difficult to build a consensus for solutions to problems that are commonly held to be insoluble.

THERE is, to be sure, a consensus of sorts on certain foreign-policy issues. The stir over the October 1st Soviet-American statement on the Middle East, which was feared by the Israelis and their supporters here as a step toward recognition of the Palestine Liberation Organization and also as a step toward legitimizing a new Russian presence in the region, has largely subsided. Though Carter's policy still has articulate critics here and in Jerusalem, the repercussions have been fewer than were expected. Nor has there been any significant opposition to our interventions in the affairs of southern Africa or our support for the United Nations Security Council's resolution calling for a mandatory embargo on arms sales to South Africa. (Though we have maintained a voluntary embargo for a number of years, we, along with Britain and France, opposed a similar resolution in 1975.) But scarcely more than a fourth of Americans currently favor the Panama Canal treaties, and there is mounting opposition to present plans for negotiations with the Soviet Union on strategic arms. It is a paradox—though perhaps less a paradox of politics than one of human nature—that we seldom hold our leaders responsible when things are going badly in dealings with our adversaries abroad but grow restive and suspicious when they tell us that the outlook is rather promising. If our proposals on the Panama Canal had been rejected, our negotiators would not have been called upon to explain themselves or the terms they had offered; it would have been assumed that the Panamanians were ingrates who had turned down a just and generous arrangement. It was Panamanian acceptance that led many to think that a bad deal had been struck. There were few harsh words for the President or the Secretary of State when, last March, they failed to advance détente with the Russians, though most neutral observers felt that the failure was largely attributable to tactlessness on the American side. But when Moscow agreed to get negotiations back on the track, opposition began to stiffen, and

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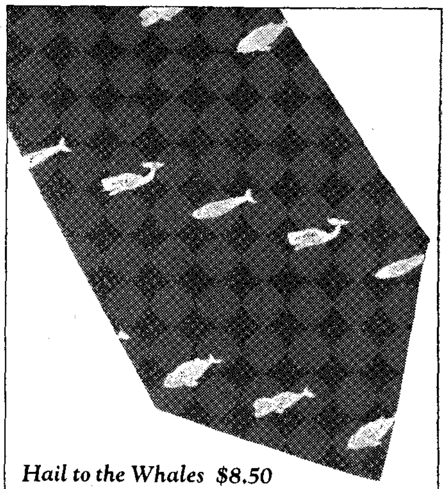

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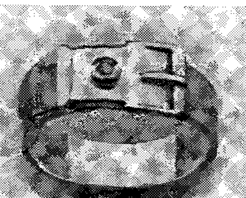

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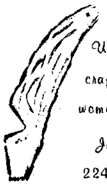

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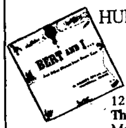

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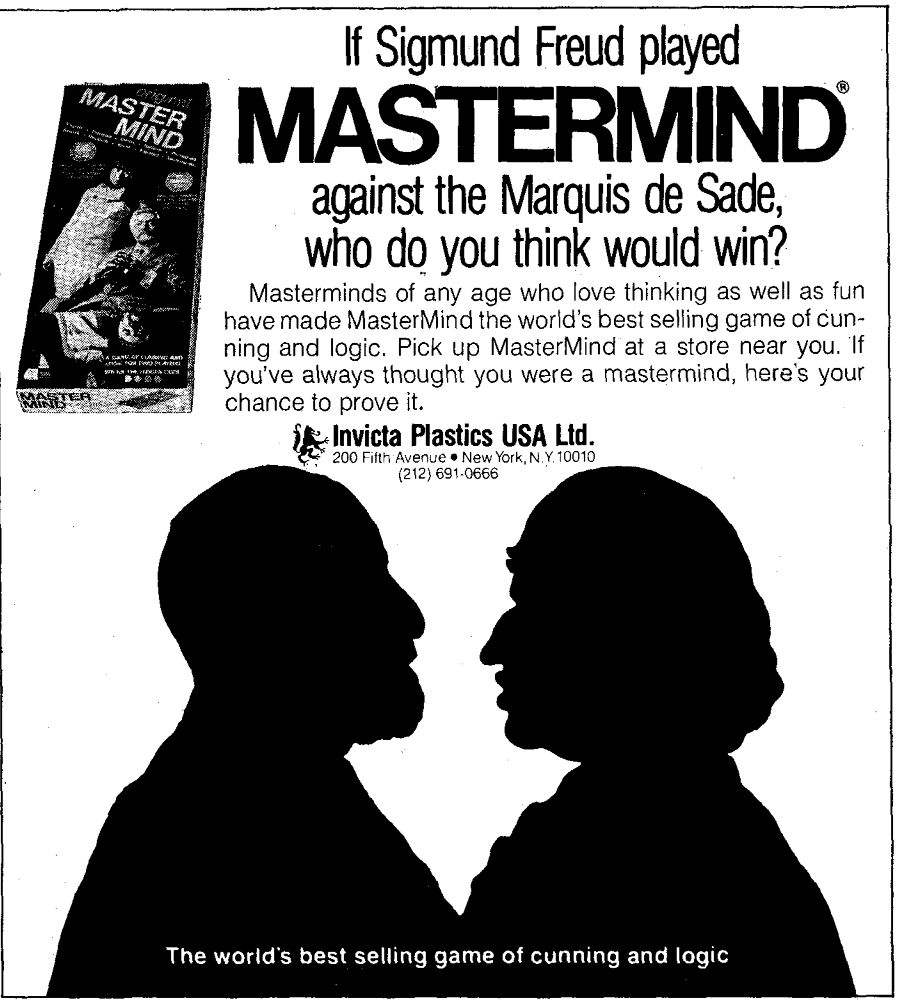
the Committee on the Present Danger, a hard-line pressure organization, stepped up its activity. One no longer hears accusations of incompetence or disloyalty when American diplomats fail or are critical of established policy, but there is still a widespread conviction that they are a gullible lot, easily outfoxed by their counterparts abroad, particularly Communist ones.

In some ways, a Senate rejection of the treaties with Panama would be less serious than a continued stalemate in the Middle East or a stepping up of the arms race with the Soviet Union. The consequences of rejection could be very ugly for us—sabotage, guerrilla warfare, increased hostility throughout Latin America—but the problems would be hemispheric, not global. From Carter's point of view, though, a refusal to ratify would be immensely damaging. In the Middle East and in the arms talks, time is still negotiable; all the parties concerned know that the differences cannot be resolved in a matter of weeks or months. (President Sadat of Egypt recently said that he would rather not have a peace conference now, because unless certain matters were settled in advance the conferees might still be at work in the year 2002.) In the case of the Panama treaties, there is no room for further negotiation and very little time for the Senate to vote them up or down. The documents are on the table, signed by the leaders of both countries and accepted by the people of one, and the President's stake in them is large and personal. If there should be another war in the Middle East, it would not be attributed to ineffectiveness on his part; if there should be a failure to get arms agreements, it would be seen as a joint Soviet-American failure and would not much affect our relations with our allies. But Carter has accepted the treaties, and if he cannot get the consent of a Senate dominated by his fellow-Democrats there will be no way to disclaim responsibility. Failure would directly af-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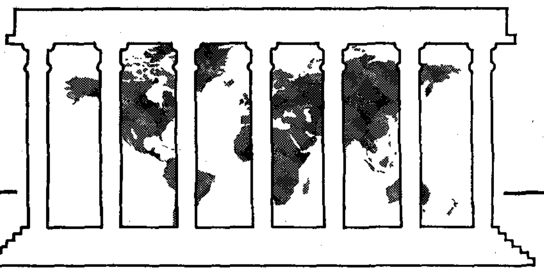

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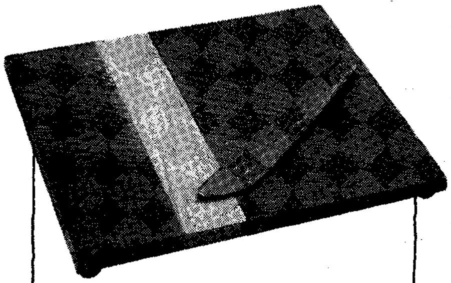

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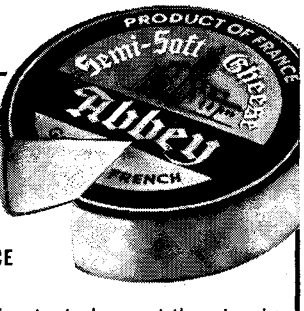
fect our relations with most nations in Central and South America. Beyond that, it would jeopardize the rest of his foreign policy. If he had already achieved some conspicuous victories, he might be able to afford a defeat. But this is his first major test in the field, and if the Senate repudiates the agreements that he has accepted, and that earlier had the general approval of Presidents Johnson, Nixon, and Ford, he will find it difficult to win acceptance for others. For the most part, those who oppose the treaties as "giveaways" are also opposed to the proposals on strategic arms, and on the same grounds. If Carter can overcome opposition when the treaties are taken up in the Senate next year, his chances of winning approval of arms-control agreements will be measurably improved.

According to the polls, the sticking point in the public mind is over our right to defend the canal and keep it open for our use in the event of an attack. Most of those opposed to the treaties say that they would support them if it were clearly understood here and in Panama that we retain this right. Administration spokesmen say that this is provided for in the treaties, and some point out that while it would probably be beyond our power to defend the canal against seizure or sabotage by Panamanians, we could best defend it against a hostile power not with troops on the ground in Panama but with planes and warships offshore denying access from the eastern or western approaches. They feel that if they can get across the message that the treaties do not call for any abdication or delegation of responsibility for the canal's defense, ratification will be almost certain. Debates on arms agreements, if any are reached at Geneva, are likely to be more political and partisan, for the merits of such proposals cannot be appraised by reference to texts and maps; those untutored in the calculus of strategic weaponry will have to weigh the credibility of experts on both sides. People who believe, say, that Senator Henry Jackson has as firm a commitment to national security as the President and a better grasp of the intricacies of strategic balance will support the Jackson view, which is one of deep skepticism on most points and opposition on several. The Administration's case, however, was considerably aided this week when Leonid Brezhnev, speaking in the Kremlin before Communist leaders from many countries, agreed with the United States position in proposing an end to all nu-



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clear test explosions, for peaceful as well as military purposes. This was one of the ends Carter has sought—he terminated our own civilian testing program, known as Plowshare, earlier this year—and while it is no great concession, it is, as it seems to have been intended, a sweetener, a gesture of conciliation. And Brezhnev's speech contained another announcement of at least equal interest. The Soviet Union, he said, finds itself with a shortfall of some twenty million tons in grain harvests and will have to make up the difference in imports. To American farmers with bumper crops and many complaints about falling prices in the domestic market a Soviet agreement to purchase American grains would be welcome, and it might soften resistance of many in Jackson country to agreements of other kinds.

We are in a period in which foreign policy, for all its dangers and complexities, seems more manageable for a President than domestic policy. Pleading the national interest, even on such abstruse matters as strategic weapons, is easier than pleading for social and economic change. Inside the country, power is scattered; the White House has the largest single share of it, but it can be forced to yield to legislative coalitions and judicial restraints. In foreign affairs, too, the President can be hobbled by Congress, but it doesn't happen often, and only he is empowered to speak for the nation to the world. Abroad, he but rarely has to concern himself about building a constituency or forming a consensus. Such agreeable thoughts were probably in Carter's mind when he planned the overseas travels he has now postponed; whether or not he gets what he considers an acceptable energy program, he is likely to persevere as an activist in foreign policy.

—Richard Rovere

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In April you pulled cartloads of manure to spread on the fields,
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All summer you mowed the grass in meadow and hayfield, the mowing
  machine
clacketing beside you while the sun walked high in the morning;

and after noon's heat you pulled a clawed rake through the same acres,
gathering stacks, and dragged the wagon from stack to stack,
and the built hayrack back uphill to the chaffy barn,
three loads of hay a day from standing grass in the morning.

Sundays you trotted the two miles to church with the light load
of a leather quartertop buggy, and grazed in the sound of hymns.
Generation on generation, your neck rubbed the windowsill
of the stall, smoothing the wood as the sea smooths glass.

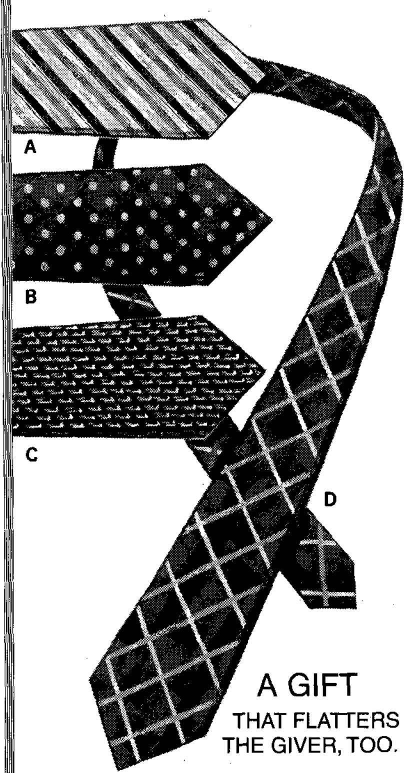
When you were old and lame, when your shoulders hurt bending to graze,
one October the man, who fed you and kept you and harnessed you every
  morning,
led you through corn stubble to sandy ground above Eagle Pond,
and dug a hole beside you where you stood shuddering in your skin,

and lay the shotgun's muzzle in the boneless hollow behind your ear,
and fired the slug into your brain, and felled you into your grave,
shovelling sand to cover you, setting goldenrod upright above you,
where by next summer a dent in the ground made your monument.

For a hundred and fifty years, in the pasture of dead horses,
roots of pine trees pushed through the pale curves of your ribs,
yellow blossoms flourished above you in autumn, and in winter
frost heaved your bones in the ground—old toilers, soil makers:

O Roger, Mackerel, Riley, Ned, Nellie, Chester, Lady Ghost.

—Donald Hall



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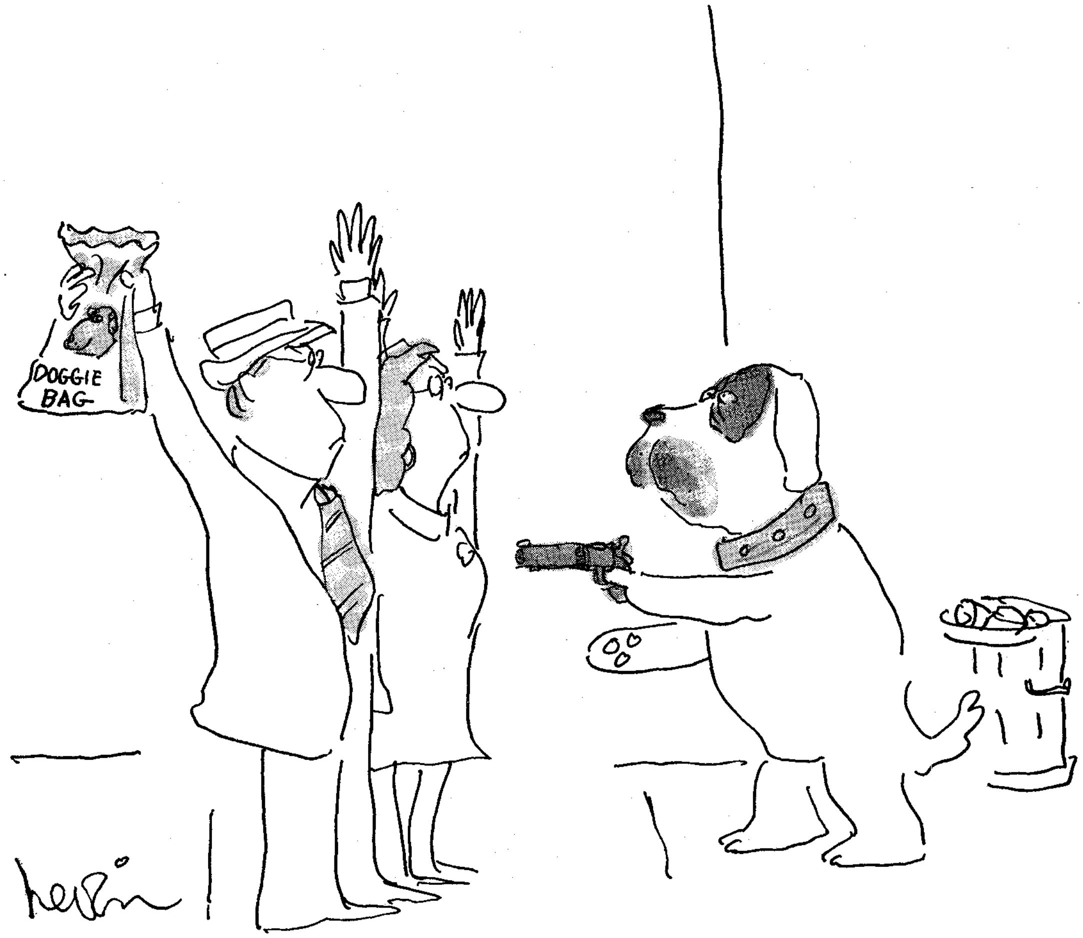
By Jove

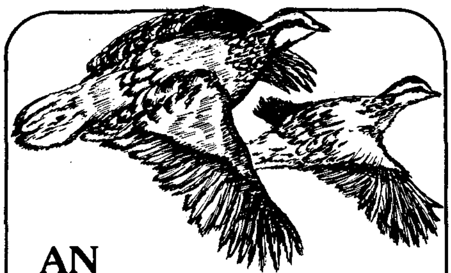
FROM about 200 B.C. until the fall of Constantinople, in 1453, the Hellenistic world, which encompassed not only Greece and Asia Minor but also Egypt and the northwest rim of India, did not produce any major poet, political thinker, or—except for Ptolemy—scientist. Leaving aside a handful of great poets, the same is true of the Roman world. (As a thinker and moralist, Cicero did little more than translate and simplify Greek philosophy of an earlier age.) Why this sterility over sixteen centuries?

The question is a famous one, and has its own rich history. Answers have been as diverse as have been Western ideologies, dogmas, and styles of thought. Montesquieu and Gibbon pondered the enfeeblement of internal Roman institutions and the apparent shift of vital energies to the barbarian nations. One line of analysis, initiated in the eighteenth century and reinforced by Marxism, sees the enigma of the collapse of the classical world in economic terms. Neither the fragmented Greek city-states nor the Roman Empire nor Byzantium managed to solve the economic problems posed by a slaveholding system, by inadequate liquidity, by the failures of commercial exchanges of primary products over ever-increasing distances. Recently, there have been fascinating, if harebrained, hypotheses on the possible medical-dietary causes of the decline and fall of Rome (progressive lead poisoning brought on by the dissolution of the lining of the aqueducts that carried water to Roman cities and towns). And already in the Middle Ages we find the notion, crucial to Spengler and Toynbee, of inevitable entropies in human affairs. Ancient Greece gave to the world its ideals in the arts, in letters, in abstract thought. The laws, the language, the military might of Rome covered the known earth. After such explosive and radiant performance, exhaustion and decay must ensue. A great culture has in it a mechanism of development, of temporary stability on an attained plateau, and of more or less rapid rundown. It is in this mechanism, so analogous to that of individual life, that lies a culture's humanity.

But, whatever the complex causes, one fact stands out dramatically. The intellectual, moral, and, to a mounting degree, the organizational talents of the ancient world came to be concentrated very largely in the hands of one minority. Pagan Greece and Rome produced almost no one to match the genius, the vitality, the richness of sensibility of a St. Paul, of an Ambrose, of an Augustine, of a St. Jerome. The achievements of these men, the triumph of Christianity over a plethora of more ancient and more immediately attractive competing creeds, seemed to enlist and manifest the remaining energies of a bewildered and declining world. The literary and plastic arts generated by early Christianity do not match, let alone surpass, those of classical antiquity. St. Paul, St. Augustine, Boethius are not speculative and analytical thinkers of the rank of Plato and Aristotle. The very notions of "style," "art," and philosophical inquiry shifted radically in Christian hands. But there was the life force, the will, the indispensable confidence that enabled a shattered Hellenistic and Roman culture to overcome inner collapse and devastation from without. One may deplore this fact. Aesthetes, romantics, and agnostics have done so since Voltaire, Gibbon, and Walter Pater. One may wish to emphasize the loss of certain pagan values or, more accurately, the extent to which Christianity cannibalized and otherwise exploited these values. But no history of late antiquity is worth taking seriously if it does not put in a just and central light the role of Christian energy. It is because it regards this role as largely accidental and pernicious that John Holland Smith's "The Death of Classical Paganism" (Scribners) is, for all its liveliness, a fundamentally silly book.

Predictably, Mr. Smith's hero is Julian the Apostate, who during a few years in the mid-fourth century strove to restore paganism as a state religion. Not very much is known about Julian's amalgam of a more or less Homeric version of the Olympian gods with the mystery cults of his own day. He was undoubtedly a romantic figure, and his doomed vision, if not the animal sacrifices of which his temples reeked, have attracted the literary imagination from the time of the Renaissance to that of Ibsen and Mr. Gore Vidal.





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But even if Julian had not perished in an obscure Persian war in 363 A.D., after less than three years of imperial supremacy, his fantasies would have been sterile. It was not only that the intellectual and nervous vitality of the times had all but abandoned the Olympian pantheon, or that Julian's paganism was, inevitably, a ragbag of literary atavisms and esoteric charades. It was, as the great cultural historian Burckhardt pointed out in his reflections on world history, that in a deeply instructive and dynamic way the development of Christianity paralleled that of the new national institutions in the Roman West and of the new empire in the Byzantine East. Thus, in an absolutely crucial sense Christianity was not the destroyer of the Roman world but its preserver. With uncanny skill, the early Christian communities and churches evolved precisely those modes of discipline, of centralization, of interaction in which the survivors of the classical cultures *and* the new semi-barbarian masters saw the best chance for stability. The analysis of this process, which has been undertaken by such masters of historiography as P. Courcelle and A. Momigliano, has demanded exact scholarship and rigorous thinking. Mr. Smith has little patience for either.

He is at his best when he deals with the intolerance of early Christendom—when he details the persecutions that the Church visited upon heretics within and pagans without. The period of victorious destruction ran from the mid-three-hundred-eighties to the sack of Rome in 410. It was not a pretty business. In November, 392, the Emperor Theodosius signed a decree prohibiting all reverence for the old deities. Even at the private hearth, the immemorial rites of sanctification were to be abolished. In 398, an edict was issued that called for the destruction of all pagan temples. Their nerves frayed by earthquakes and political turmoil, mobs throughout the *imperium*, and particularly in the East, were glad to oblige. Immeasurable loveliness was stomped to dust. In 407, Honorius turned with equal ferocity against heretics and those who still clung to the antique polytheistic faiths. He ordered the burning of oracles and books. (The Church has always been a busy book burner.) A decree dated 408 conveys the flavor of imperial zeal: "Means of subsistence of the temples are to be withdrawn. What statues there now are in temples and shrines are to be thrown out from their places, as we are well aware has been frequently reiterated

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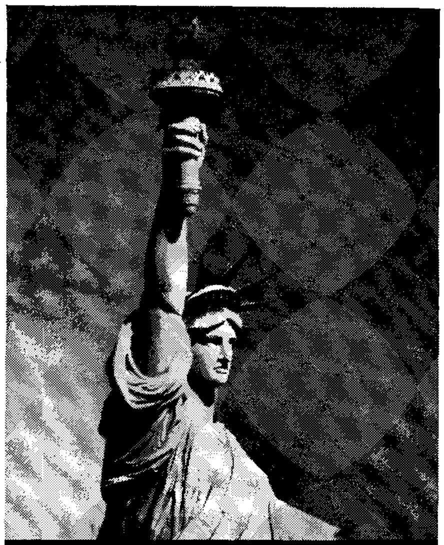

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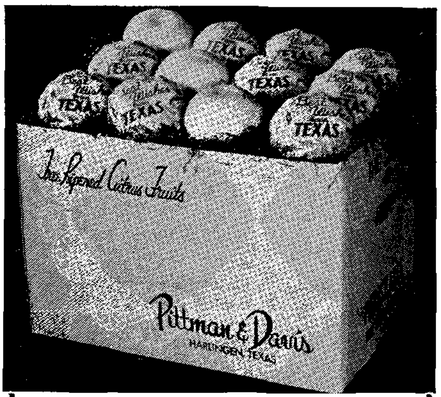
in former decrees. The structures of temples, whether in cities or towns or outside towns, are to be converted to public use, and altars everywhere destroyed."

Mr. Smith is perfectly justified in opposing to this vandalizing bigotry the eloquent catholicity of Symmachus, city prefect and scholar. There is an enduring sadness and splendor in Symmachus's plea:

> *Everyone has his own way of doing things: everyone his own religion: the Divine Mind has given every city its own protecting deity.... Even if time seems to have taken authority and power from our gods, we still want to follow them because they are old, because our fathers honored them.... So we are pleading for peace for the gods of our fathers, the gods of our founders. What all worship, one should have some regard for. We all look up to one common sky—and it encloses us within a common world.*

Twelve hundred years of religious conflict and persecution were to pass before Erasmus and Montaigne could voice comparable sentiments (and even then only obliquely). But though Symmachus's plea went unheeded, the eclipse of paganism was far less complete than Mr. Smith's lament would have us suppose. We need only glance at Pierre Riché's magisterial work on education and culture in the West between the fifth and ninth centuries to learn how manifold were the survivals. After 495, a number of temples and ancient rites were restored. Throughout rural Italy, Gaul, and Spain, to speak only of the most obviously Christianized regions, pagan beliefs and practices continued to flourish. When Rome itself was besieged, says the historian Procopius, many citizens demanded that the temple of Janus, traditional sanctuary in times of war, be reopened. Would the Western bishops have preached virulent sermons against the old gods if these had not, albeit subterraneously, remained vital?

However vehement, much of this struggle against paganism was merely on the surface. It was against internal challenges, notably that of Arianism, that the young Catholic Church fought for its life. The debates raging today over the Incarnation—over the hybrid nature of Christ's person (was he man or god or both?)—show that the Arian question has remained a constant element in Christianity and a constant problem for Rome. The struggle against the old deities, on the contrary, was one of absorption and strategic metamorphosis. At every point, the two worlds overlapped. Pagan feast days



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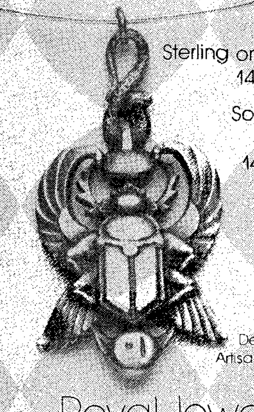

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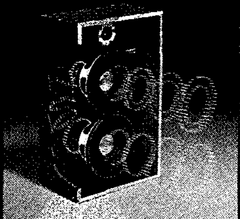
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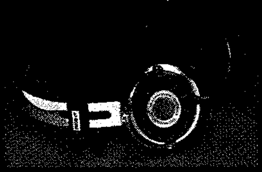

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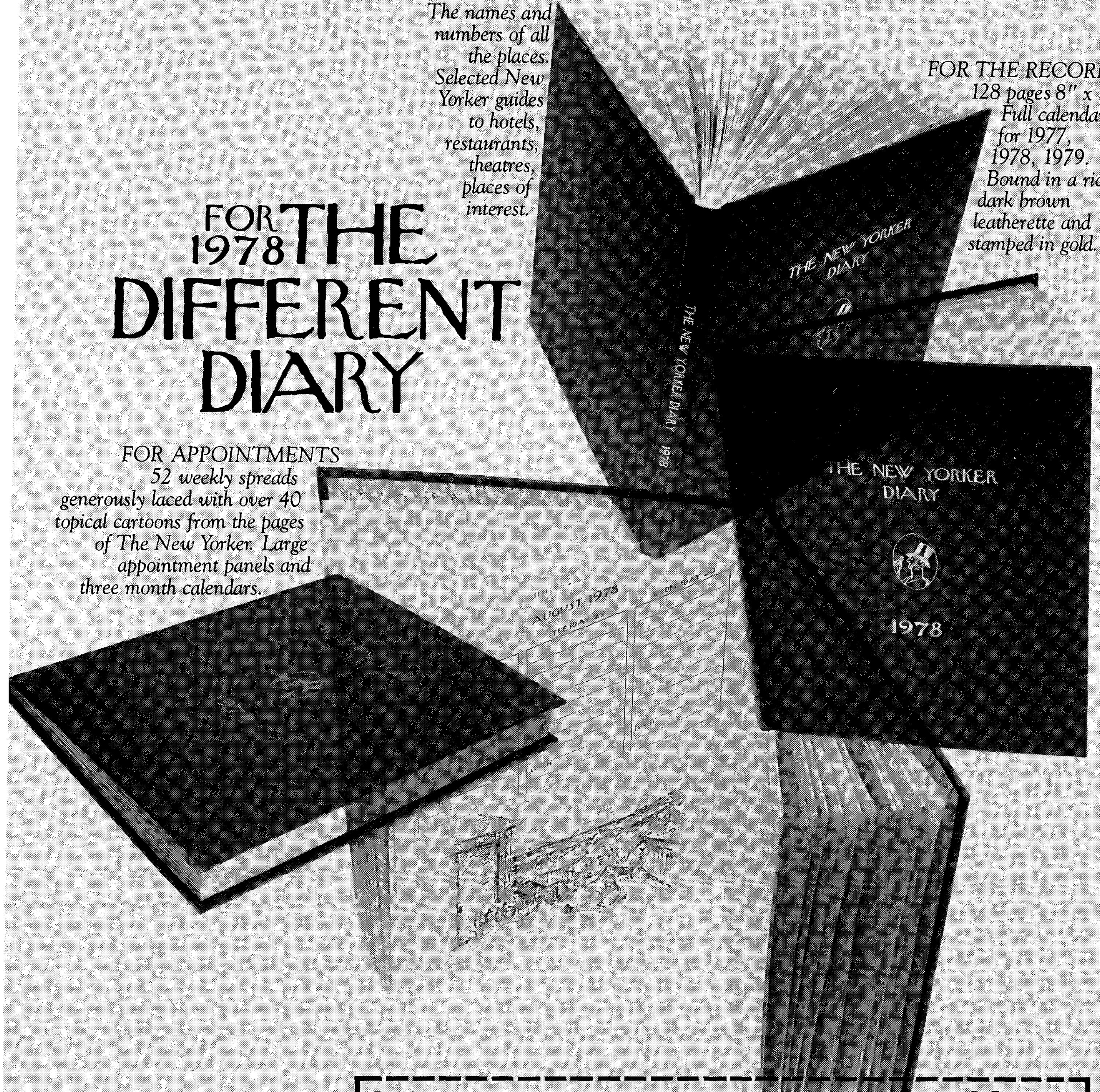
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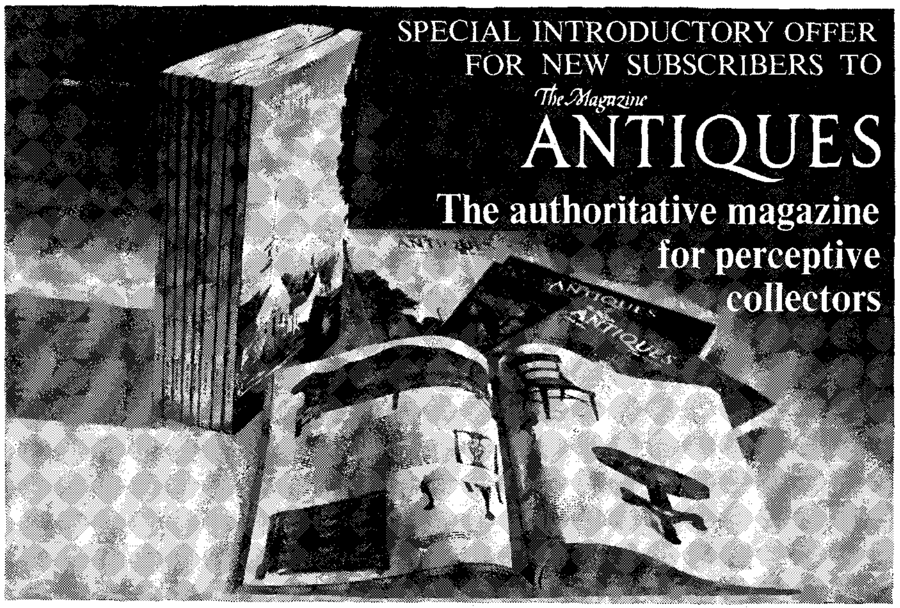
became Christian holidays. The Council of Clichy, as late as 626, found itself dealing ambivalently with the preservation and continued use of ancient temples. In the six-hundred-eighties, Vigile of Auxerre told of the honors bestowed on the statues of Greek and Roman divinities, of the wells dedicated to local nymphs. Astrology and astronomy, the two being in many respects indivisible until the age of Newton, imported pagan myths, names, and symbols into the core of Christian feeling. Wherever possible, Roman Catholicism incorporated into its own structure, by means of direct imitation or allegorical translation, the reflexes, images, and cultural wealth of the pagan past. In the mid-eighth century, the antique feast of the winter solstice was celebrated in the very forecourt of the Basilica of St. Peter.

Indeed, in one way or another, classical paganism has always been with us. Its pillars and porticoes adorn Athens, Georgia, and Rome, New York. Reference to Jove and to Venus, to sea-thundering Neptune and immortal Hercules, is the primary code of English poetry from Chaucer to Robert Lowell. The gods of Olympus and Parnassus crowd Western painting from Botticelli to Picasso. Where would Western opera and ballet be without their presence? Moreover, as Nietzsche, unmentioned by Mr. Smith, acutely recognized, there is a strong element of paganism in the modern romantic and postromantic return to nature. Our exaltation of sea and mountain, our search for the purities of grove and forest animate nature with healing numinous agencies and mysteries, just as did pagan myths. In one sense, it may well be that the current passion for ecology represents a revival of the sensory imaginings and animism of classical paganism. It would be at once striking and plausible that such a revival should coincide with the manifest weakening of the hold of Christianity and of Christian dogma on modern life.

This neo-paganism and its political implications constitute a fascinating theme for inquiry. Mr. Smith's professions are of another sort. He proclaims his views to be those of a pagan in the Hellenistic-Roman vein. He suffers "the shame of Apollo at Daphne" with the Emperor Julian. "The men in black took over the holy places of Greece," he writes. "Chaos ruled again." Mr. Smith's coda needs to be cited in all its plangency:

> The darkness lying over so many of the Christian centuries since has been a



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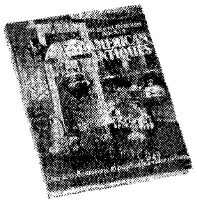

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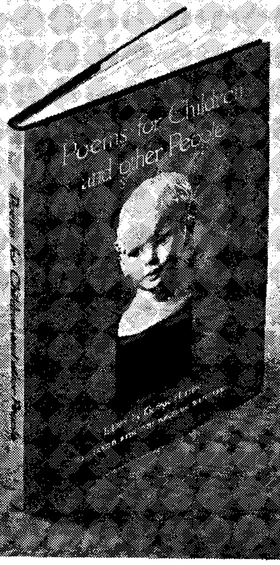

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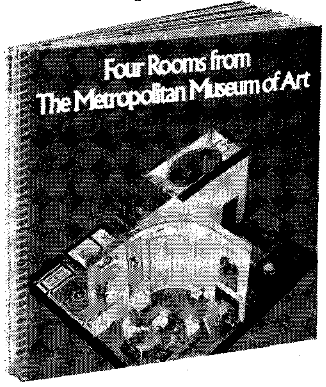

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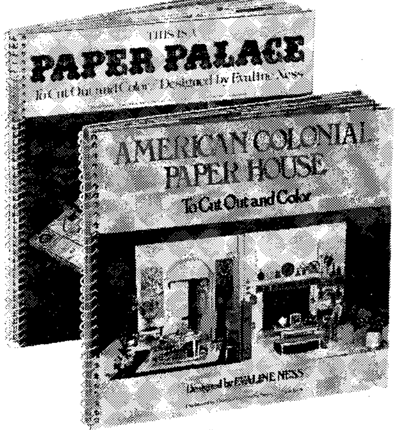
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For whom did Professor Jenkins intend his labors? For the scholar or seriously interested layman, Thierry's perfectly straightforward French text is available. For the public at large, this third-hand derivation, from Latin via French, is of little conceivable interest. The book does not even contain a map. (This is the case, as well, in Mr. Smith's threnody.) Book prices rocket, and publishers lament their inability to

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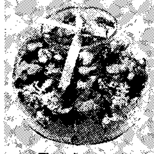

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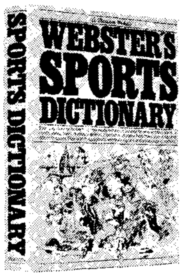

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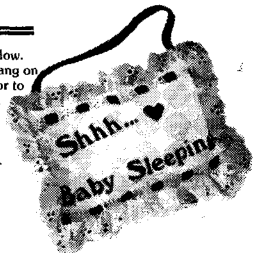

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accept original scholarly contributions. In this light, both of these books, unreliable, useless to the initiate, and uninteresting to the common reader, pose rather a puzzle. —GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

FIRE ON THE MOUNTAIN, by Anita Desai (Harper & Row; $8.95). An old Indian woman, tired of a lifetime of dinner parties, elegant teas (she is the daughter of an aristocratic adventurer and the widow of a university chancellor), motherhood, grandmotherhood, and great-grandmotherhood, has removed herself from a university town to a sparsely furnished, tile-floored aerie high above the Punjab plains. Against her wishes, since she prizes her isolation above everything, a great-granddaughter arrives one day to spend the summer. (She is recovering from typhoid fever and various family troubles.) The child (whose age is never made explicit, though she seems about ten or eleven) turns out to be even more withdrawn and private than her great-grandmother, and as the days pass the old woman is reluctantly drawn out of herself as she poignantly, if unsuccessfully, attempts to make contact with the girl. The story is a bit repetitive and ends on a discordantly melodramatic note, but the descriptions of the rocky, austere mountains, and the monkeys, parrots, pines, and lilies, and the remnants of colonial life are curiously gripping.

NOBODY'S FAULT, by Mervyn Jones (Mason/Charter; $7.95). A sensitive, satisfying novel about a young Englishwoman who is deeply attracted and attached to two men of entirely opposite natures. Mr. Jones, always a perceptive, lucid writer, seems to be able to write equally well about all classes, sexes, and varieties of people. The current volume focusses on a diffident, intelligent Oxford girl who is unable to choose between an ascetic, eccentric poet, who spends most of his time contentedly doing nothing, and a robust, aggressive working-class boy who eventually becomes a pop impresario. Both of them love her. First she marries the poet. Then she marries the impresario. Both marriages fail because she always misses the other man and because she is unable to summon up on her own whatever it is that each brings out in her. The time is the sixties, the setting is Lon-

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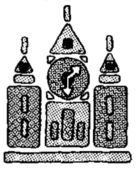

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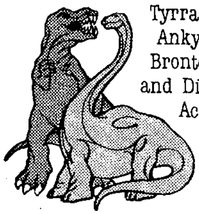

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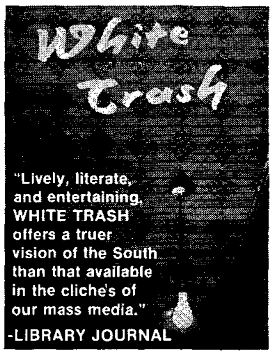

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don and, briefly, Scotland (where she and the poet spend a draining year in a croft), and hundreds of meticulously observed facets of modern English life add depth and resonance to the psychologically subtle story.

BEGGARMAN, THIEF, by Irwin Shaw (Delacorte; $9.95). Another thick, incident-filled installment of the saga of the Jordaches, which was begun in "Rich Man, Poor Man." As the novel opens, the ashes of murdered Tom Jordache have just been scattered over the Mediterranean. His family, faced with the task of settling his estate, is gathered on his yacht, in Antibes. Attention is focussed first on Tom's rich brother, Rudolph, with his millions of dollars available for straightening out the family's affairs, but it gradually shifts to Tom's sixteen-year-old son, Wesley, who is belligerent, like his father, and is determined to find out as much as he can about his father's life. Wesley's search for information—and, if possible, revenge—takes him into the movie business, where his Aunt Gretchen has been making a career for herself as a film director. Another strand of the story has to do with Wesley's cousin Billy Abbott, who is stationed with NATO in Brussels, and who finds himself involved with a gang of political terrorists. Mr. Shaw spins out his narrative in a smooth, detailed manner that at times does weave a spell, but the regularity with which the book reverts to the pulp staples of sex and violence shows fatigue, not inventiveness. The writing often achieves a gentle tone, and it seems to be searching for a less overheated subject. A Literary Guild selection.

GENERAL

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AND HIS WORLD, by David Daiches (Scribners; $9.95). There would have been, Henry James said, a kind of perverse humility in Stevenson's keeping up the fiction that a production as literary as "Kidnapped" was addressed to the immature mind. Professor Daiches' judgments are sometimes lenient, and his style is subject to academic potholes like "objective correlative," but in a small space he has dealt sensibly and knowledgeably with Stevenson's complicated personality and his illness, which appears to have been not tuberculosis, as is generally believed, but a bronchial cough so protracted and violent as to bring on hemorrhaging. Many

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of the illustrations are pleasant to have—in particular, a map of Stevenson's voyages in the Pacific, and photographs of a corner of the drawing room in his father's house in Edinburgh, of houses in England, Scotland, France, and California that he lived in, of his family and household in Samoa, and of Stevenson himself, bundled up in a huge buffalo coat and Astrakhan cap at Saranac Lake, or standing on the bowsprit of a trading schooner in the South Seas, or playing the flageolet in bed, with the mosquito netting pushed aside, in a room papered with old newspapers and lit by a kerosene lamp.

An Inheritance: The Memoirs of Dhanvanthi Rama Rau (Harper & Row; $15). The autobiography of a woman who has managed to be extraordinary without being troublesome. Lady Rama Rau was born in 1893 in India to high-caste, middle-income parents. Her mother decided that the traditional lot of Indian girls was not wholly desirable, and sent her daughters to school. The author was so well educated that her family began to doubt whether anyone would marry her, but luck brought her parents a proposal from the parents of a modern young man in the Indian Civil Service. Sir Rama Rau, as her husband was to become, zoomed up the ladder under the British; after independence, he served as India's Ambassador to Japan and the United States and, finally, as the governor of the Reserve Bank of India. Lady Rama Rau's own achievements were tucked in between the demands of her husband's career. She was a founder of the All-India Women's Conference, which became the largest women's organization in the world. After the Second World War, she focussed her concern on the welfare of women and children, and particularly on planned parenthood. At the time, the concept of family planning was barely respectable, but Lady Rama Rau persevered and persuaded, and has lived to be honored for her pioneering efforts.

Fighting Infection: Conquests of the Twentieth Century, by Harry F. Dowling (Harvard; $15). A celebratory history of the triumph of modern medicine over many of man's most threatening infectious diseases, and of the weapons—sanitation, immunization, and chemotherapy—that largely contributed to that victory. Dr. Dowling, a visiting

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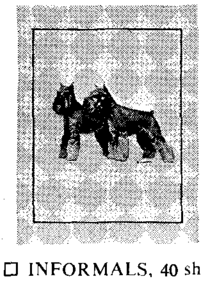

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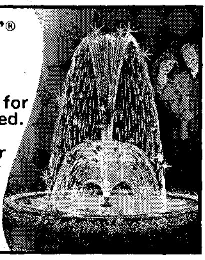

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scholar at the National Library of Medicine, is a clean and lucid writer (there is, blessedly, not the slightest taint of jargon here), and he orders his material with a comparable lucidity. He commemorates the birth of bacteriology in Leeuwenhoek, his microscope, and his little "animals;" the birth of immunization in Jenner and his discovery of smallpox vaccination; and the birth of a rational public-health program in the nineteenth-century fumbles toward the control of typhoid fever. On this firm footing, he then constructs the imposing edifice of biochemistry, whose evolution produced both the means of preventing certain diseases (diphtheria, mumps, whooping cough, measles, poliomyelitis, tetanus, influenza) and the drugs—first the sulfonamides and then the numerous antibiotics—with which certain others can be controlled. His book, however, is no mere hallelujah. The victories he describes are real and magnificent, but they are not, he makes carefully clear, millennial. There are many infections against which drugs are not effective, and there are certain infections whose agents have become resistant to once effective drugs. Moreover, the very effectiveness of what became known as "miracle drugs" has excited in the public an expectation that modern medicine can "cure just about everything." "When this proved to be impossible," he adds, "the patient and the family tended to blame the doctor, attributing his failure to stupidity or lack of interest." The result of which, of course, is the current eerie rumblings of an anti-science.

HEARTS AND MINDS: THE COMMON JOURNEY OF SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR AND JEAN-PAUL SARTRE, by Axel Madsen (Morrow; $10.95). This engaging dual biography does better at clarifying its subjects' purposes and careers than either has done for the other (or for the two of them). The author, who never editorializes but simply narrates and, occasionally, explains, displays two Europeans whose personal or daily lives were remarkably sheltered from the effects of two wars and a depression. Their rebellious decision—as of 1929—to be schoolteachers and not get married cannot seem particularly daring now, and perhaps was not then. In any event, by the end of the Second World War they had both achieved a very rare condition of security; then—deliberately, even doggedly—they set out to transcend it. Relying

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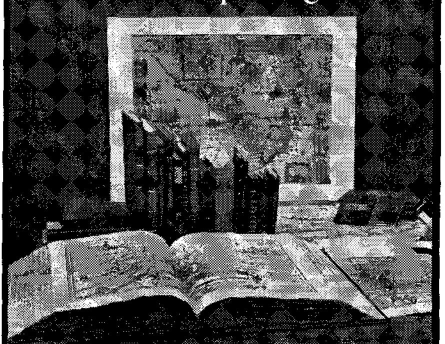
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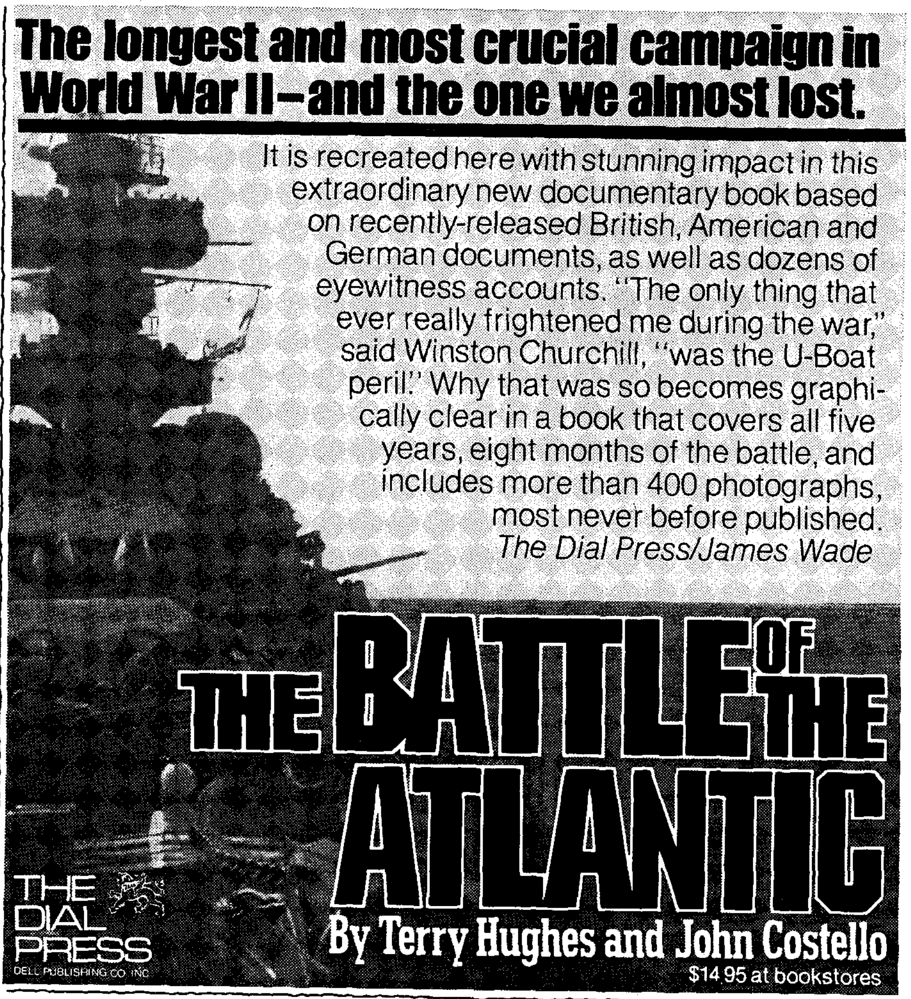
on abstract formulations as faithfully as navigators depend upon compasses, they set forth upon a quest that turned out to be full of unexpected zigs and zags, as one reality after another—a person, a party, a country—failed to fulfill the philosophical ideal. No matter; on they went. They suffered, perhaps, from a lack of spontaneity, arising from their habit of investigating an idea before investing any emotion in it, so that almost the only unpremeditated and irrepressible feeling that recurs in this account is Mme. de Beauvoir's jealousy over Sartre's affairs. But somehow they come through as staunchly innocent in their willingness to try again and again, and, if not exactly admirable, surely amiable.

MEETINGS WITH PASTERNAK, by Alexander Gladkov, translated from the Russian and edited by Max Hayward (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $8.95). The author of this enchanting reminiscence first met Pasternak in 1936, but they did not become intimate until the war years, when, under the threat of the German advance, both were evacuated from Moscow to the same village. Gladkov and Pasternak were different kinds of men, doing different kinds of work, but the memoirist, who died in 1976, has no difficulty in giving us the very presence of this unself-conscious, original personality. Possibly Gladkov's experience as a playwright reminded him to put down details of Pasternak's appearance and gestures, manners and movements, as well as his speech. Gladkov often went home and Boswellized Pasternak's conversations about literature, and the poet's thoughts are a unique combination of justness and sweetness.

A DICTIONARY OF CATCH PHRASES, by Eric Partridge (Stein & Day; $17.95). Like Mr. Partridge's score of earlier lexicographical exercises, this one is generous: some five thousand entries. It is also, like the others, hard going for an American. At least two-thirds of the presumed familiar comments or retorts offered here are British, and a large proportion of them are archaic, dating back to the sixteenth century: "How's your belly for spots?" "Come in if you be fat." "Zed is a whoreson letter." Some of his American attributions are equally peculiar—"Tell a green man," for instance, which he defines as "Put me wise" and claims is in use "among US jazz players." The explanation would seem to lie



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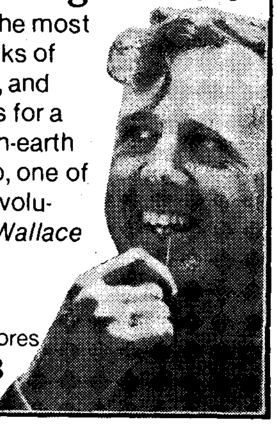

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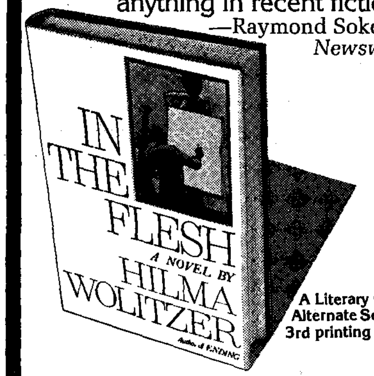

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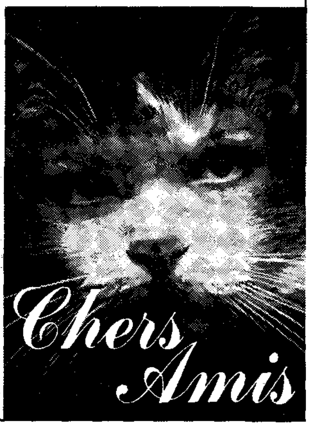

in Mr. Partridge's approach to popular language. He relies, he notes in his preface to this volume, on "pen-friends" and on wide reading, and that is exactly the trouble. For in this area the eye is no substitute for the ear.

EHRET: FLOWER PAINTER EXTRAORDINARY, by Gerta Calmann (New York Graphic Society; $32.50). This handsome book commemorates a man who was a nonpareil in his field in his time, and its ninety-five exquisite illustrations show why. The life, quite apart from the works, is all on the sunny side of the eighteenth century. Georg Dionysius Ehret was born possibly in Heidelberg in 1708, or possibly in Erfurt in 1710, and died in England in 1770. The uncertainty of his birthdate is a clue to his humble origins. He was a gardener's apprentice just at the moment that the science of botany began to be an independent study. Young Ehret's natural gifts and willingness to learn raised him from the company of servants to the international fellowship of scientists and wealthy amateurs. To be sure, all eighteenth-century gardens were not Edens—the Professor of Botany at Oxford treated Ehret as shabbily as the Archbishop of Salzburg treated Mozart, and, like Mozart, Ehret walked off the job. But mostly the book deals with such high-minded excitements as getting banana trees to bear fruit in Europe or receiving a packet of exotic seeds. And, of course, it is a reflection of Ehret's determination to render exact portraits of the flora of the known world.

NOTE: "Afterimages," a collection of Arlene Croce's dance reviews, has been published by Knopf ($12.95). Much of the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . "The Zapping of America: Microwaves, Their Deadly Risk, and the Cover-Up," by Paul Brodeur, has been published by Norton ($11.95). Portions of the book originally appeared in these pages.

•

At the same time, however, this open-formed multiplicity is rooted to an almost omnipresent foundation of sustained clusters, a propensity for sinuous lines based on involuted chromatic pitches (articulated clusters, in other words), and a familiar resemblance binding its variegated musical gestures. The result is an organic synthesis of unity and diversity, continuity and contrast.—*Program note, Boston Symphony Orchestra.*

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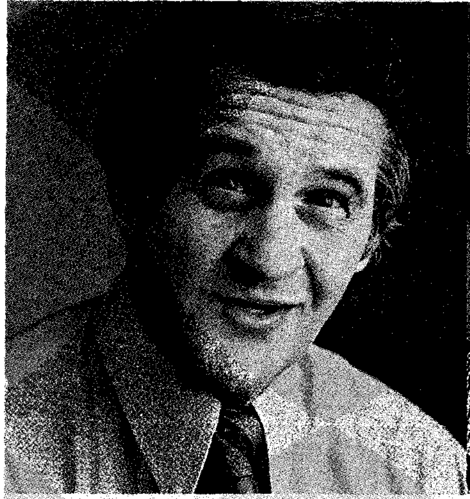

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